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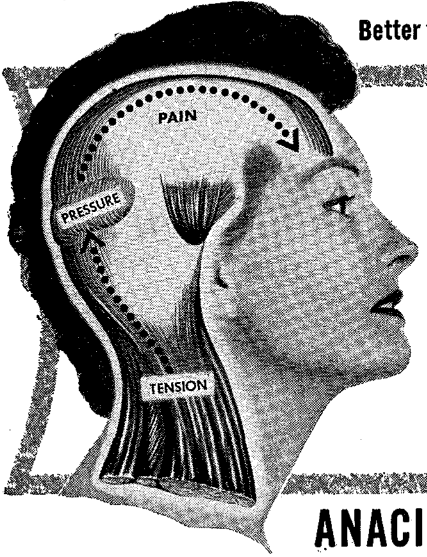
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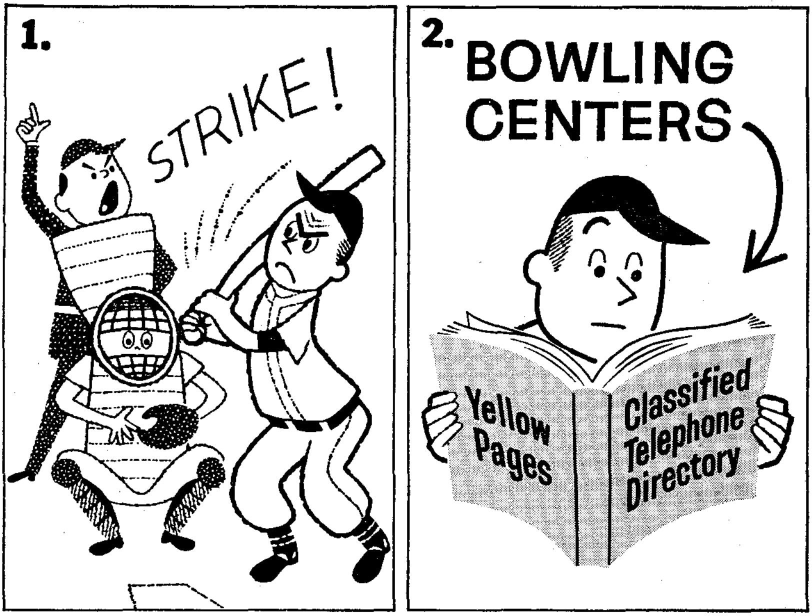
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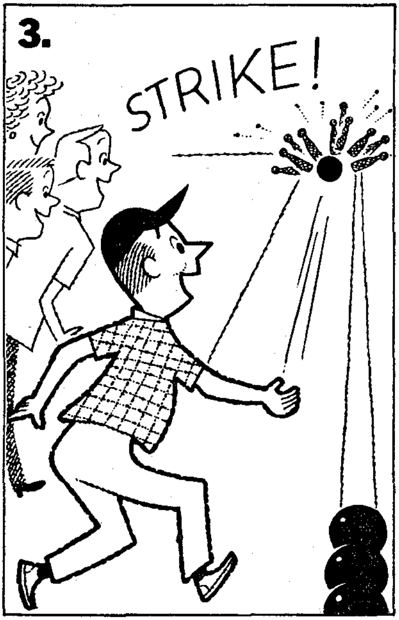

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Dear Reader:

Kropotkin: too many crayfish.

THE SUBJECT OF FOOD seems to have been inevitably linked with the life of Russian Princess Alexandra Kropotkin. In this issue, for example, food ties her to two seemingly unrelated features—her article "The No-Hunger 1111 Diet" on page 69 and the story behind Boris Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago*—"The Book That Shook the Kremlin"—on page 58. Pasternak's father, a famed Russian artist, was a friend of the Princess' father, Prince Peter Kropotkin. The elder Pasternak not only painted a portrait of the Prince, but undertook to teach his daughter the art of the gourmet. "After several sessions of fancy eating," Princess Kropotkin recalls, "he finally gave up on me when I was unable to eat six raw crayfish at one sitting!"

On the subject of *Doctor Zhivago*—a book many Americans have found difficult to read because of the variety of names each character has—Princess Kropotkin points out that in the Russian novels she has translated she has allowed only *two* names—the proper name and the diminutive to each character. For this contribution to international literature, most readers of *Zhivago* will agree, the Princess deserves some sort of award. But her literary activity goes well beyond this. She has been a newspaper correspondent and written hundreds of magazine articles, several regular columns and a book, *How To Cook and Eat in Russian.* And for variety has been an actress, a dress designer and a jewelry designer. She also speaks four languages and has kept house in eight different countries.

After the Russian revolution, she was jailed by the Communists and spent nine months "waiting to be shot" before she was freed. She left Russia in 1921. Today, she lives in New York with her husband, an American writer, cooks such dishes for him as Russian cabbage pie and obliges her friends who call up for recipes. "It's gotten so that I'm the telephone cook of the East Side!" she says.

The Editors

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all about you

Driving as a personality clue; enduring fame; planning the next child

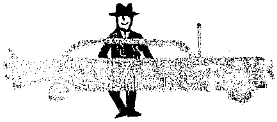
PREGNANT THOUGHTS

In spite of much modern talk about "planned" families, most children still just "happen" to married couples. Charles F. Westoff of the Princeton University Office of Population Research says studies reveal that fewer than 20 percent of first and second pregnancies are even "semi-planned." "Few married couples decide on an 'ideal' number of children and proceed to have them systematically," he adds. "The more typical case is the couple who has some general notion, for example, that they'd like at least two children and possibly another, depending on the sex of the first two or on the couple's financial circumstances at the time."

One preliminary study shows that the desire for a third child is stronger when both children are girls than when both are boys.

AUTOS AUTONOMOUS

A man and his car are one, judging by the conclusions of B. J. Bolin. Writing in *Psychoanalysis and the Psychoanalytic Review,* Bolin says that a car not only satisfies man's pent-up vanity, but also represents an extension of himself. As he presses on the accelerator, he feels that the response of the car is his *own* response, in much the same way that a woman will feel that her home or a room is an extension of her own body.



According to Bolin, if a man hangs trinkets such as baby shoes in his car, he is anxious to show his virility and ability as a good provider for the family. If a man tinkers excessively with his car, he is actually displaying a kind of hypochondria, for he associates the aches and pains of his car with his own physical condition.

CAREERS AND CHARACTER

The best mirror of your personality could well be the job you choose, according to John L. Holland of the National Merit Scholarship Corp.

In the *Journal of Applied Psychology,* Holland says that a person's choice of a career reflects his motivations, knowledge, and abili-

(continued on page 8)

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ties. Holland's conclusion is based on studies of 382 male freshmen at the University of Maryland. Engineering students combined an interest in physical activity and intellectual pursuits: business students tested high in the "Responsibility," and "Verbal Activity" categories of interests; agricultural students tested low in these two categories; students in arts and sciences had high interest peaks in the areas of "Intellectual Activity," "Responsibility" and "Emotionality" while they scored lowest in the "Conformity" category.

TICKLISH SUBJECT

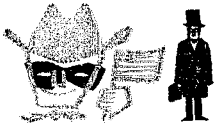
You may think tickling a child is a harmless bit of fun, but it's no laughing matter for the youngster, says psychologist Carlton W. Orchinik. If you tickle a young child, especially one between three and seven, you risk turning him into a chronic stammerer later in life, according to Dr. Orchinik. He points out that a child may suffer strong guilt feelings arising from the erotic impulses provoked by tickling. Along with this guilt, the child fears loss of breath and speech control—a fear which may be repeated later, in the form of stutters, especially when the child is under social stress.

Dr. Orchinik's theory was partly confirmed by his study of 14 past and present stutterers, 13 of whom recalled having been frequently tickled, usually by a parent of the opposite sex.

Of a group of 16 non-stutterers, only half had any recollection of being tickled breathless.

QUOTE QUORUM

If enduring quotes are a sign of greatness, Bugs Bunny is a greater American than Woodrow Wilson, and the Lone Ranger rates higher than John Paul Jones. This disquieting conclusion follows from a recent Gallup poll which found that 71 percent of the adults questioned could identify "Hi-Yo, Silver!" with the Lone Ranger, whereas only 14 percent recalled that Wilson had said, "The world must be made safe for democracy."



Eighty-six percent failed to recognize John Paul Jones' famous, "I have not yet begun to fight," but 40 percent knew that "What's up, Doc?" were the words of that great American, Bugs Bunny.

F.D.R.'s "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself," was remembered by only 37 percent of those polled, but 61 percent knew that it was Mae West who said, "Come up and see me sometime."

Important facts about diabetes and diet

Not long ago, a famous tennis player was guest of honor at a dinner. He polished off his steak and vegetables with good appetite. But when the pie à la mode arrived, he waved it aside with a smile. "I'll skip this course," he said. "I'm diabetic, you know."

Today, if you have diabetes, you can pursue almost any career you choose as long as you follow the diet and medical program your doctor prescribes. Scarcely any doors of normal living are closed to you. And in all probability, you'll enjoy a longer, more vigorous life than your non-diabetic friends who are careless of their health.

To feel well, it's important to eat well. Milk, meat, eggs, cheese, vegetables, fruits and cereals are included in diabetic diets.

Your doctor will map out a diet plan that's right for *you*. It will tell you the amounts of each kind of food you should eat.

To help you keep a good balance in sugar and insulin, your physician will advise you to eat *everything* you're allowed . . . at regular hours. If you're overweight, he'll probably recommend a reducing diet.

Of course, high carbohydrate (sugar and starch) foods are limited. But this doesn't mean that you must give up desserts—as long as you choose the right ones!

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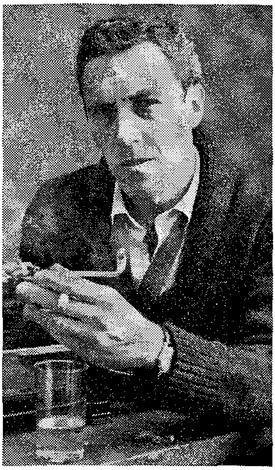
Robards' rocky road

Credit the late playwright Eugene O'Neill for helping transform **Jason Robards, Jr.,** from Navy radioman to successful actor. O'Neill's plays inspired Robards to study drama, and two of them served as dynamic showcases for his talent. Climaxing 12 years of struggle, Robards this season won stardom in the moving Budd Schulberg-Harvey Breit play, *The Disenchanted;* co-starred with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner in his first movie, *The Journey;* and played the hero in a TV version of Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls.*


Jason Robards, Jr.: versatile

TV and off-Broadway parts provided a meager living for Robards, his wife and two children (he now has three) until his big break. Because of his craggy features and 6′, 160-pound frame, he was usually chosen for character roles. Finally, a revival of O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh* in a Greenwich Village theater gave him a chance to show his versatility. Robards played the lead, Hickey, and made it memorable. He received $5 weekly during rehearsals and $65 (take-home pay: $50) during its run.

Iceman's success led to another O'Neill part—this time on Broadway—in *Long Day's Journey Into Night.* Robards' seemingly limitless capacity to pour out the depths of emotion overwhelmed critics.

Schulberg and Breit signed him to portray their tortured writer, Manley Halliday (based on the late F. Scott Fitzgerald, Jazz Age novelist) in *The Disenchanted.* Robards brilliantly characterized the writer, who sought to recapture his talent while trapped in a morass of inner doubt.

"Robards is a fine actor because he's also a warm, compassionate human being," says a close friend.

Now 36, Robards grew up in Hollywood, where his father, Jason, Sr. (who is appearing with him in *Disenchanted*), played villains in nearly 200 films. In the Navy, a fellow seaman, actor by trade, sparked Robards' interest in the theater and suggested he read O'Neill's plays. "That settled it for me," he recalls.

In 1946, Robards studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts for six months, then "quit to get some practical experience."

"I'm primarily a theater actor," says Robards. "I like working before an audience, getting an immediate reaction to what I do."

—Mark Nichols

(*continued on page 12*)

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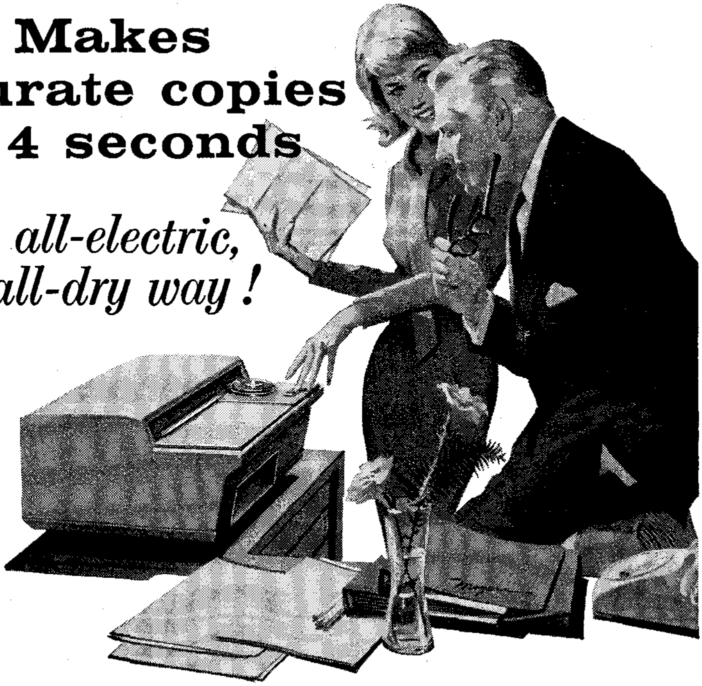

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MOVIES

Mixing music and mirth: Curtis, Lemmon, Monroe.

Some Like it Hot will leave audiences limp with laughter. It is that rare comedy in which every element—story, stars and direction—jells to perfection.

Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis play musicians who witness the St. Valentine's Day massacre in Chicago in 1929 and are forced to flee from pursuing gangster George Raft and his mob. In desperation, they don women's clothes and join an all-girl band for a Florida hotel engagement. The vocalist is Marilyn Monroe. From then on, things get frenetic. Curtis slips in and out of disguises, including a clever impersonation of Cary Grant; Lemmon finds himself "engaged" to millionaire Joe E. Brown; and the gangsters close in.

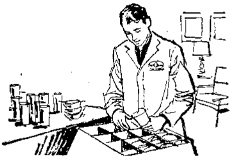
Certain to become a comedy classic: the band's cocktail party in a Pullman upper berth. Billy Wilder's deft direction enlivens this wacky, uproarious farce, and the cast, particularly Lemmon, gives him everything they've got.

THEATER

Rashomon is a tensely dramatic portrayal of human emotions told through four different re-enactments of a murder in a Japanese forest a thousand years ago. A bandit (Rod Steiger) encounters a haughty Samurai warrior (Noel Willman) and his provocatively-veiled wife (Claire Bloom). Subduing the husband, he rapes the wife. Later the Samurai is found slain.

In a court inquiry, the trio (the husband speaks through a medium) give their versions of the husband's death. A woodcutter (Akim Tamiroff) adds an eyewitness account. But truth is tinted by what each speaker wants the world to believe. This intriguing tale, adapted by Fay and Michael Kanin from a 1951 Japanese film, is superbly played in the stylized manner of exotic Eastern theater.—M.N.

Struggling wife (Bloom) amuses bandit (Steiger).



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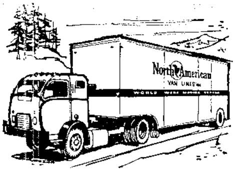

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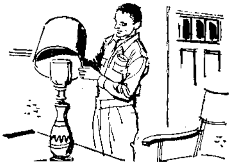

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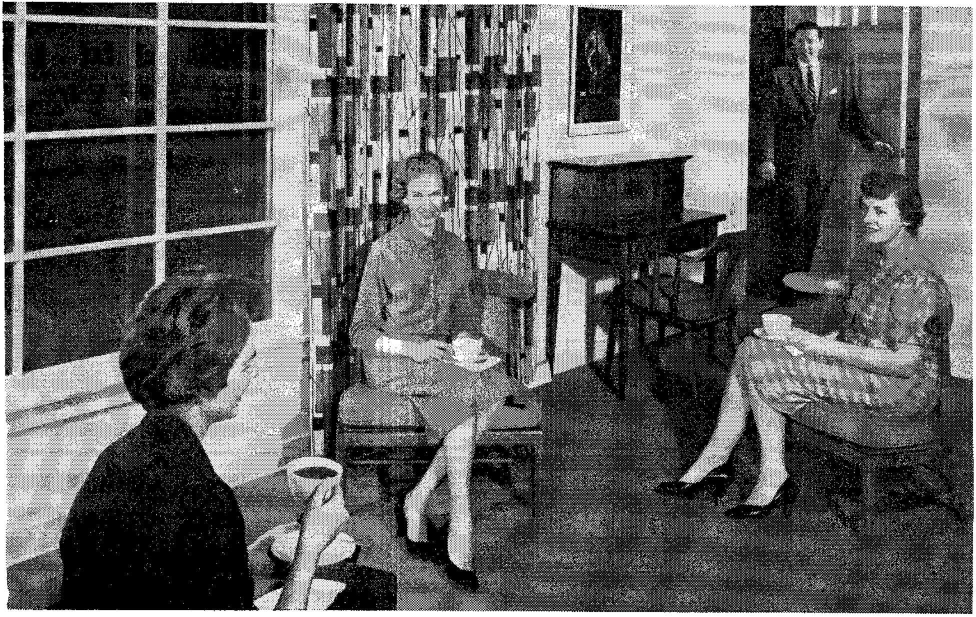

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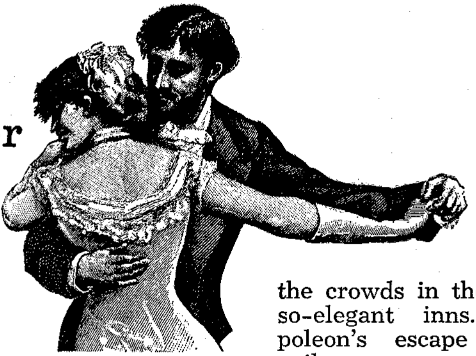

DANCE RIOTS . . . Rock-'n'-roll fans crashing through police lines . . . Furniture in dance halls completely demolished. It has all happened before.

In 1809, Vienna had 200,000 residents. And night after night 50,000 persons—one-fourth of the population—jammed the Austrian capital's ballrooms to dance—the waltz. In one dance hall, a battle between waiters and dancers climaxed in a riot, and 4,000 persons stormed the checkrooms and helped themselves to the clothes—mostly not their own. The owner advertised that he would make refunds. Whereupon 6,000 persons rushed down, touching off a new riot.

These were not teenagers or delinquents, but ordinary, fun-loving citizens caught up by the spreading waltz mania. Nor was this madness in three-quarter time limited to the burghers. For five months in 1814-1815, after the defeat of Napoleon, the princes and diplomats of Europe were gathered at the Congress of Vienna to draw a new map of the continent. During the day they deliberated with great formality. But at night they frantically danced the new dance; sometimes in the elegant ballrooms of their castles, at other times with the crowds in the not-so-elegant inns. Napoleon's escape from exile was announced while the courtiers were waltzing by candlelight.

The waltz was an innovation, indeed. Never before had couples danced in such close contact. As a wide-eyed foreign visitor to Vienna noted: "The male partner tucks his girl deep in his arm, and in the strangest way, they sway themselves into the measure . . . the actual dance begins with whirling rapidity, and the couple hurls itself into the maelstrom."

The guardians of decency condemned the waltz as immoral, sensuous and "the high road to the ruin of women." Lord Byron was shocked by its "lewd grasp and lawless contact." (Byron rarely danced, since he was afflicted with a clubfoot.)

Fearful that the whirling waltz might harm health, magistrates suggested laws to limit each dance to 20 minutes. And as late as 1877, the American satirist, Ambrose Bierce, in San Francisco, published a pamphlet, *The Dance of Death*, denouncing the "abominations of the waltz" as an "actual realization of a certain physical ecstasy which should be, at least, indulged in

(*continued on page* 16)

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Music, cont.

private." The *Chicago Interocean* applauded the pamphlet as "one of the ablest protests ever penned against the pernicious tendency of the modern waltz."

But by then the waltz had won. The elder Johann Strauss and his orchestra had played his Viennese waltzes in concerts and at balls throughout Europe. In Paris, where Strauss performed before the court of King Louis-Philippe, the ecstatic Duke of Orleans had torn Strauss' violin from his hands and conducted the orchestra. In London, Strauss played at Queen Victoria's coronation ball and the young queen had done the unheard of—danced the waltz. The composer's son, Johann, Jr., brought the waltz to America in spectacular fashion. The scene was the gigantic Boston International Musical Festival and Peace Jubilee in 1872. After the introductory prayer by Bishop Phillips Brooks, Strauss led the orchestra of 1,000 musicians in a rendition of his *On the Beautiful Blue Danube,* and threw staid Boston fans into "delighted frenzy."

But what probably stamped the Strauss waltzes as immortal art was the gesture of Johannes Brahms, the famed German composer. Scribbling the first bars of the *Blue Danube* on a lady's fan, he signed it: "Unfortunately not by Brahms." —Fred Berger

CORONET'S CHOICE FROM RECENT RECORDINGS

The Art of Song (Schubert, etc.): Valetti; RCA Victor LM-2280
Bach, Organ Works: Finn Viderø; Vanguard BG-580
Bartók, Divertimento for String Orchestra; Weiner, Suite: Dorati, Philharmonica Hungarica; Epic LC 3513
Beethoven, Bagatelles for Piano: Matthews; Vanguard VRS 1033
Beethoven, Piano Concerto No. 1: Gould, Golschmann, Columbia Symphony; Columbia ML-5298
Beethoven, Symphony No. 9 ("Choral"): Seefried, Fischer-Dieskau, Fricsay, Berlin Philharmonic; Decca DXB 157
Brahms-Schumann Recital: Maureen Forrester (contralto); RCA Victor LM-2275
Grieg, Piano Concerto in A Minor: Entremont, Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia ML-5301
"Encore": Ruth Slenczynska (pianist); Decca DL 9991
Mozart, Quintets in G Minor and C Minor: Griller String Quartet, Primrose; Vanguard VRS 1029
Offenbach, Gaité Parisienne; Khachaturian, Gayne Ballet Suite: Fiedler, Boston Pops; RCA Victor LM-2267
Opera Overtures: Leinsdorf, Philharmonia; Capitol P-8465
Operatic Arias: Leonie Rysanek; RCA Victor LM-2262
Palestrina/Monteverdi: Netherland Chamber Choir; Angel 35667
Strauss, Richard, Capriccio: Schwarzkopf, Fischer-Dieskau, Sawallisch, Philharmonia; Angel 3580 C/L
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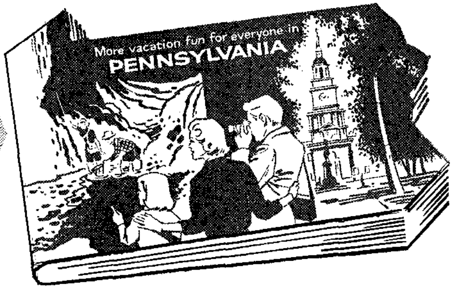
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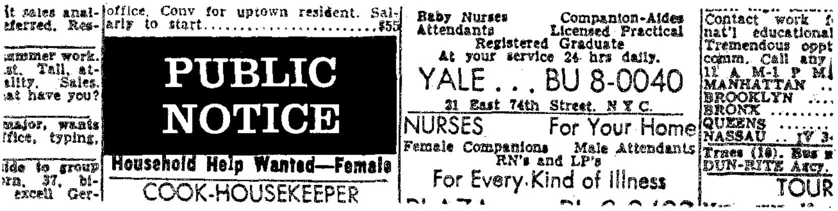

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—MARIJANE MOORE

CIVILIZATION IS on the march in Darkest Africa.

The council of the remote Rumpi district has issued a notice that any native wishing to beat a tom-tom in public in the future must get a license costing 70 cents.

If the tom-tom playing is for charity the license is only 20 cents.

—*United Press*

HEADLINE ON A St. Louis newspaper's society page: Miss Cutter Engaged To Mr. Scissors.

—KAY GERRISH

IF YOU'RE FEELING hungry but not ravenous, drop in at a downtown restaurant at Sherbrooke, Quebec, in Canada and enjoy the specialty of the house—which the restaurant advertises as: "Large small Steak."

—CAROL HENDLEY

A SIGN OUTSIDE one of the large estates along Maine's Casco Bay, warns in determined black capitals, "POSITIVELY NO ADMITTANCE."

But down in one corner a small resigned script concedes that people will be people and asks meekly, "Please close the gate."

—MRS. G. B. JACOBS

IN NEW YORK, a peddler's pushcart carries this notice: "Don't Be Fooled By Imitators—This Is My Only Pushcart."

—CLAUDE GRANT

SCRATCH ONE old saying. Outsiders soon *will* have to carry coals to Newcastle.

The Montague colliery, last of the coal mines in Newcastle, has published an announcement to the effect that its seams were almost worked out after 450 years of mining.

—JANET ADAMS

THE FOLLOWING classified appeared in a Buffalo, New York, newspaper: The wallpaper you once loved removed by steam. Estimates cheerfully given.

—MRS. REGINA SAURO

AT A NEW YORK cocktail lounge this sign over the bar cautions patrons: "In case of an Indian attack, you're probably very drunk!"

—LOUIS SOBOL, *New York Journal-American*

SIGN ON A PARTIALLY demolished Cheyenne, Wyoming, church: "Sidewalk engineer with better ideas on how to wreck this building, please leave note in suggestion box. Suggestion box is on the roof."

—BOB BROWN

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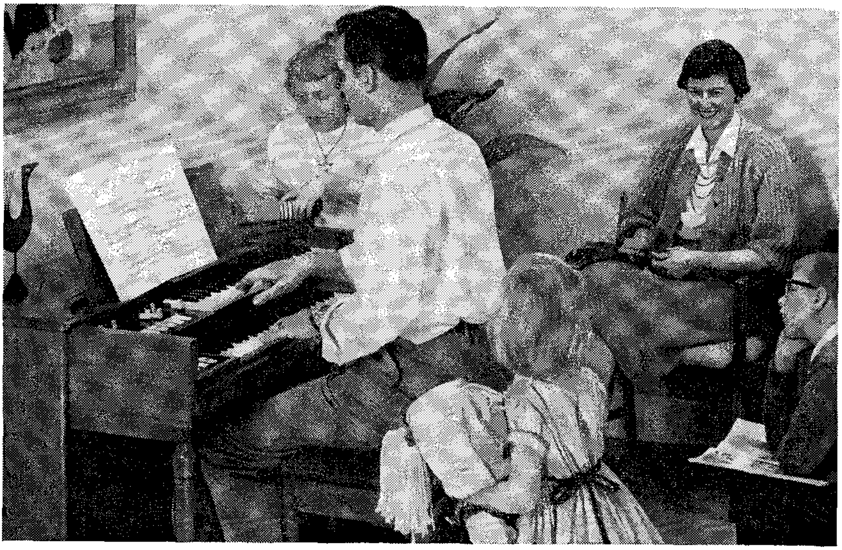

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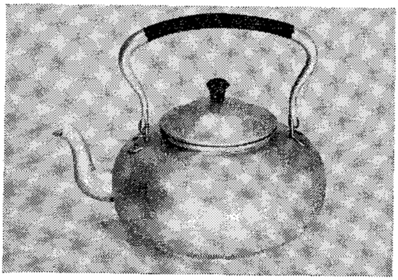
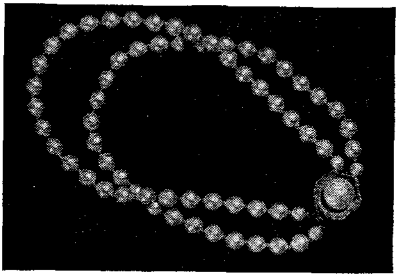
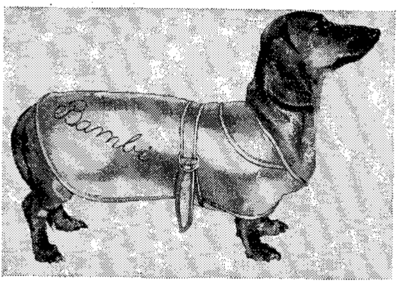
PRODUCTS ON PARADE edited by Florence Semon



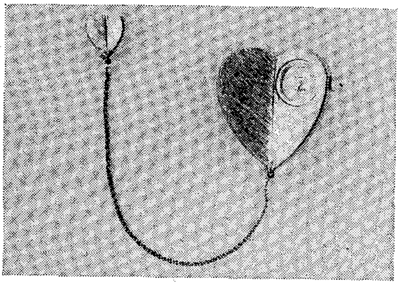
Old-fashioned tea kettle in modern dress is practical and attractive gift for mother. Made of high quality polished aluminum with insulated Bakelite handle that stays cool. 2 qt. size, $6.45; 3 qt., $7.45 pp. Hathore House, Dept. COR, 542 3rd Ave., N.Y. 16, N.Y.



Double strand simulated pearl necklace with alternating gold bead has decorative clasp which can be worn in front or back. Fresh-water or South Sea finish. By Richelieu. Necklace $6.60. Earrings $4.40 pp. Robert R. Pulver, C, 51 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10, N.Y.



Personalized raincoat for man's best friend. Made of clear plastic with red trimming and inscribed with dog's calling name. In 12, 14, 16 and 18″ lengths. Measure from neck to tail. $1.29 pp. Barilen Corporation, Dept. A-1, 11 E. 47th St., New York 17, N.Y.



Gold-plated "heart to heart" pin has 17-jewel watch in corner of large heart and is linked to smaller one by fine gold chain. Watch is upside down so you don't have to turn it to read it. By Natacha Brooks. $32.95 pp. Gimbels, Box C, 33rd & Broadway, N.Y. 1, N.Y.

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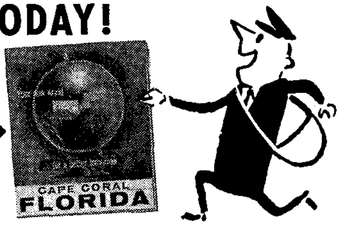

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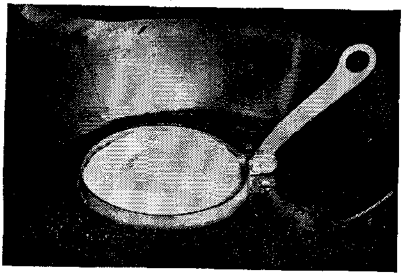
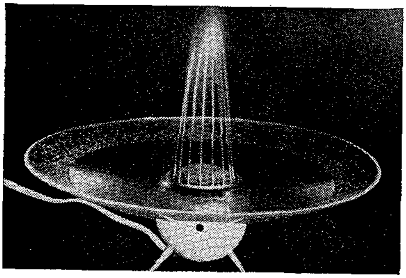
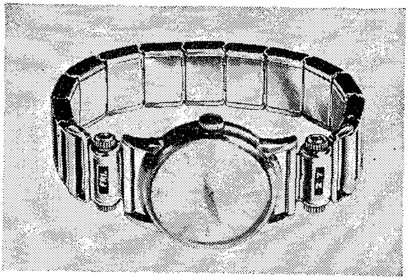


Even if you can't boil water, you can make beautifully rounded fried eggs with aluminum rings. 4 fit into standard-sized pan; handles fold for storage. Can use for potato pancakes, hamburgers, etc. 2 rings $1.00 pp. Decorama, C-1, 240 E. 92nd St., Brooklyn 12, N.Y.

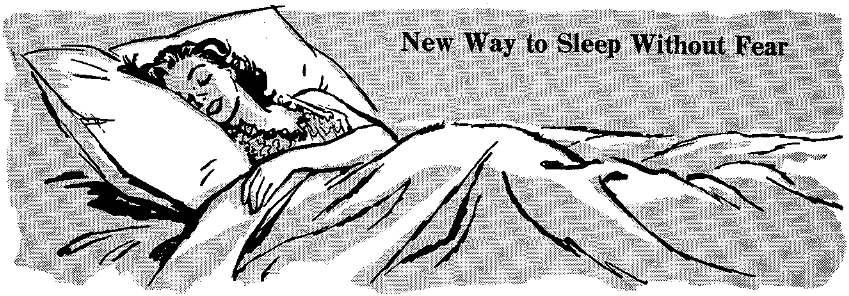
Scientifically designed contour sandals exercise and strengthen your feet as you walk. Hand-finished poplar with adjustable red or beige strap. Specify shoe size and send pencil outline of foot. $9.95 pp. Teltscher, CT, 20 W. 47th St., New York 36, N.Y.



Miniature fountain is beautiful centerpiece surrounded by flowers, etc. 10″ Plexiglas bowl has precision-motor pump which propels 15 sprays from rosette in center. Adjustable spray. $30.45 pp. Canal Electric Motor, 310 Canal St., New York 13, N.Y.



Calendar watchband not only tells the day and date but can be used to keep game scores, record sales calls, etc. Expansion style in stainless steel. Fits standard-size man's watch. $5.95. Gold-filled with stainless steel back, $7.95 pp. Date Watchband, OK, Omaha, Neb.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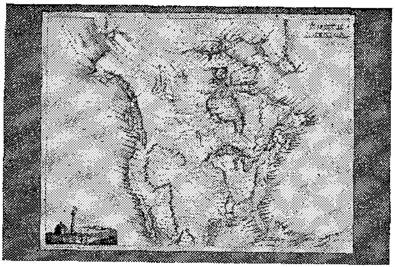
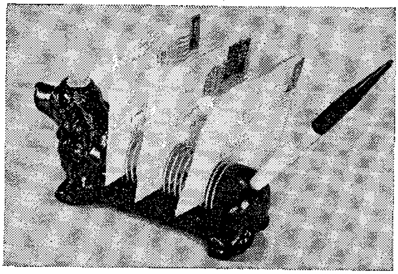
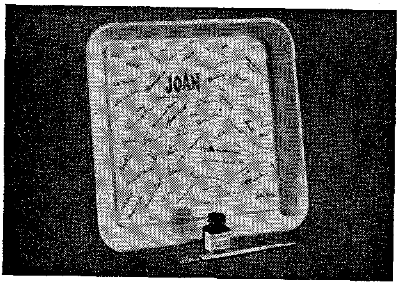


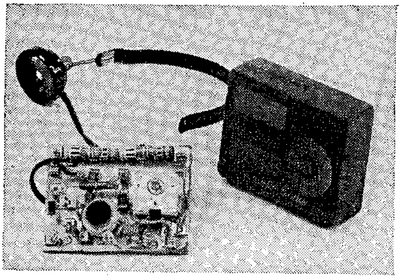
Original maps of every country in world and every state in United States dating back to 1600s. $2.00 to $35.00 plus 50¢ postage. Shown is colorful antique map of North America made in 1830. $5.00 pp. Argosy Gallery, Dept. COR, 116 E. 59th St., New York 22, N.Y.



Letter hound is creature of many talents. Tail is a pen, wire spiral in center holds letters and he has stamp and envelope moistener at top of head. In black ceramic with gold trim; measures 7″ long. $1.25 pp. Bruce Sales, Dept. EC, 121 E. 24th St., New York 10, New York.



Tole tray with golden pen and permanent black ink is unusual guest book. Alcohol-resistant; measures 13¼″ square. Choice of white, pastel blue, pink or turquoise tray. Complete set $3.50 pp. Filomena's Gifts, Dept. C-1, 196 Chestnut St., Nutley 10, New Jersey.



You don't have to be an expert mechanic to assemble this transistor radio kit. Instructions make it easy. Pocket-sized set plays on Penlite batteries. Case and earphone included. $7.95 pp. North American Ind., TR-8, 101 W. 31st St., New York 1, New York.

For additional mail order products see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper beginning on page 183.

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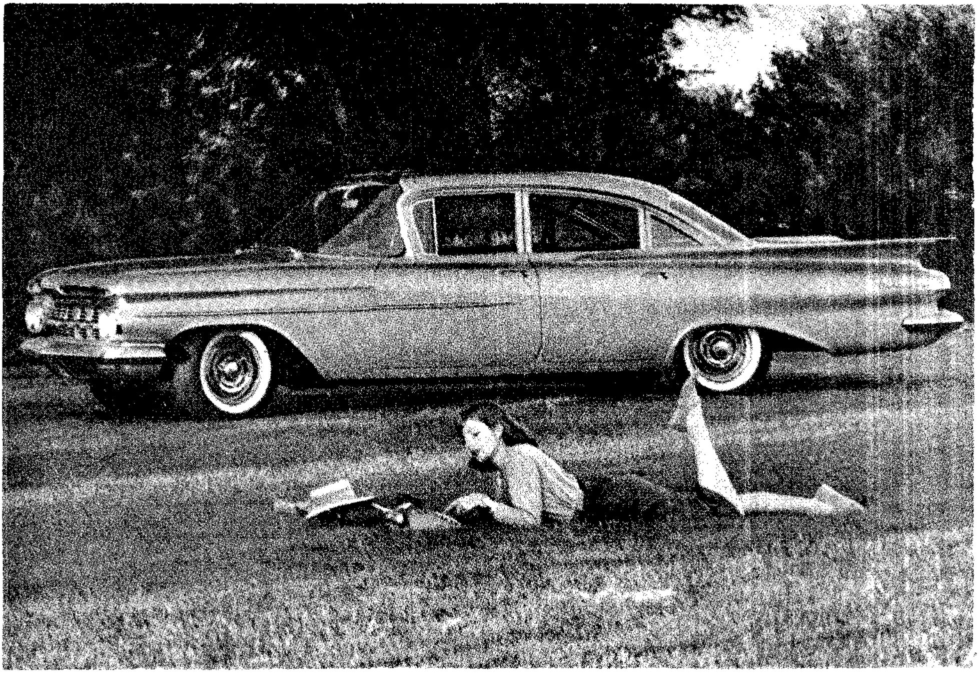

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Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan

CORONET

Baseball's bungling baby sitters

by Al Stump

To keep players from misbehaving, paid snoopers shadow them night and day in the wackiest of cloak-and-dagger antics

ONE OF THE MOST REPUTABLE, hard-hitting firms in America sent about 30 hand-picked employees to Detroit last September to tie the strings on a deal worth $600,000. But no sooner had these top men arrived at the Statler Hotel than they realized they were being shadowed. Not by scheming rivals—but by order of their own company executives!

Spies lurked around the lobby, bar and taxi stand of the hotel, ready to turn any indiscretion into a damning report to the home office. But instead of boiling with resentment, the men grinned and took evasive action.

Two of them ducked into a revolving door, spun back across the lobby, shot through a rear exit up a side street and leaped into a taxi. Others led their confused trackers around the block, doubled back and disappeared down service elevators or hotfooted out side doors. The hilarious scene reminded onlookers of an old-time Keystone Cops movie chase.

It was deadly serious and slapstick comedy at the same time, though, for these were the New York Yankees, baseball's most famous team, being tailed by private detectives because their bosses didn't trust them. There was nothing unusual about it, however. Unknown

The hotel lobby was soon in a tizzy as the players ran their pursuers dizzy.

to most fans, baseball club owners in both big leagues frequently go in for espionage, paying substantial sums for fingerprint-lifting, stakeouts, telephone taps, stool pigeons—even female Philo Vances.

As one Yankee player said angrily, "It's not only insulting, it's a waste of money. But if the owners want to play cops-and-robbers, we're ready to oblige." In the case of the Yankees, who were in Detroit to finish wrapping up another pennant, the spies picked up the trail of infielders Tony Kubek and Bobby Richardson and pitcher Bobby Shantz as they entered a building blocks away from the Statler. Perhaps a gambling dive or bottle club? Closing in, the agents found Kubek, Richardson and Shantz munching popcorn and playing ping-pong—beneath a sign which read: Detroit YMCA.

Another agent shadowed pitcher Don Larsen to an airport at midnight and skulked about as Larsen said good-by to an attractive woman. Later, the red-faced detective discovered that Larsen's lady friend was his mother, en route home.

Ryne Duren, the bespectacled fastball pitcher, drew *two* private eyes, disguised as livestock buyers from Kansas City. For four hours Duren sat in the hotel lobby, staring at them. At curfew time, the Yankee star arose, leveled a finger at the "undercover" men, went "rat-a-tat-tat-tat" and departed for bed.

This winter, however, the Yankee players found that the detective follies were no laughing matter. Several players were threatened with pay slashes—curfew infractions were given as the reason. "I want my players to be sharp and alert," rasped Manager Casey Stengel. "They had better be ready to tell midnight from noon."

Spying on big-leaguers has been in vogue for over 80 years and elaborate counter-defenses have been developed by the players.

A few seasons ago, a National League first baseman—suspected of knowing too many bookies—noticed a charming brunette in his vicinity during spring training. He received three phone calls. "Watch out," they warned. "She's a cop."

Liking the brunette's looks enough to overlook her vocation, the player wound up dating his private eye. "Swell girl," he said later. "On her next report to the front office about me, she wrote—'Have kept in close contact with subject. He is no longer interested in horses.' "

Nevertheless ballplayers *do* get in serious trouble occasionally. In 1952, a member of the Chicago White Sox appeared before a Chicago grand jury charged with rape (the case was dismissed). In 1958, a star of the Philadelphia Phillies was involved in a morals scandal. Last July, four Milwaukee Braves made headlines after a Hollywood party during which one of them shoved a feminine guest into the pool. The year before, a night club brawl cost six Yankees—including top stars Mickey Mantle, Yogi Berra and Whitey Ford—a total of $5,500 in fines.

"Good grief, what else can we do but watch our men?" demands one team official. "Baseball is a public trust. We have to know what's going on all the time." From management's standpoint, another disaster like the "Black Sox" game-fixing scandal of 1919 could wreck a $100,000,000-a-year industry.

But you can't sell that line to the irate wives of major league players. Two seasons ago during Florida spring training, the wife of one American League star awoke and stood at her beach cottage window, stretching. Suddenly she discovered a pair of binoculars zeroed in on her from across a sand dune. "Why, the nerve of you!" she later screamed at her husband's manager. "I wasn't wearing a stitch!" What concerned her far more, however, was: Whom did the ball club's Keystone Cops think her husband was with?

Among bachelor members of the big-leaguers' "trade union," the Major League Players' Association, plans are afoot to force owners to sign a no-spy pact. The experience of Billy Martin, the Cleveland Indians' second baseman, is held up as a typical grievance.

"One night I dated a girl for dinner," gripes Martin, "but before we could eat she was a nervous wreck. A peeper kept showing up wherever we went. The girl thought he was out to mug us and got so hysterical I had to take her home."

On another black night occurred what has come to be known as "The Case of the Gummed-Up Gumshoe." The characters in the sketch were Bob Carpenter, owner of the Philadelphia Phillies; a firearms-packing detective; and Granville Hamner, the Phillies' captain.

Driving home from a night game

Told to trail a guy who over horses was silly, she relaxed and became the guy's favorite filly.

in Philadelphia, Hamner noticed a car running almost bumper-to-bumper behind him. In a twisting, turning chase, through red lights, they raced across town, until Hamner at last felt he had eluded the mystery car.

But to make sure, he hid in his garage and watched. Stealthily, the other car reappeared. When it kept circling the block, Hamner called the police. Subsequently arrested—with a loaded revolver beside him—was a private eye. He was charged with possessing firearms without a Pennsylvania license.

The Phillies' owner reportedly posted $500 bail for his bloodhound. But the hue and cry continued. The sleuth claimed it was a case of mistaken identity—that actually he was on a different man's trail and had confused the Philadelphia captain's convertible with another of a similar make. But Carpenter, according to the newspapers, said flatly that he had hired detectives to trail all 25 players on the club's roster—to check on whether they observed curfew regulations.

"Gestapo tactics," snapped Hamner, "will never win us the pennant. If Carpenter wants to wreck his club, just let him go on treating all of us like two-year-olds."

Crying, "Out of a molehill you make a mountain!" he flipped McGraw & company into the fountain.

Despite their occasional embarrassments, modern-day diamond detectives have little to complain about, as an item from a sporting gazette of the 1920s points up: SNOOPER WHO TRAILED HACK DISCOVERED IN TOMBSTONE.

The headline didn't mean the snooper was dead, but referred to Tombstone, Arizona, to which fans of Hack Wilson, the roistering Chicago Cubs slugger, had shipped the agent after drugging his coffee. Their complaint was that the great Hack—without a dependable supply of prohibition liquor—wasn't Hack. They had a point. At the peak of his gay career, Wilson hit 56 home runs—which, nearly 30 years later, is still the National League record.

Baseball sleuths first appeared around the 1870s, when Manager Spalding of the Chicago White Stockings hired the Pinkerton agency to "gain uncontestable evidence of intemperance and bummerism on this Ball Club." On some days, Spalding couldn't locate nine men in condition to play.

"Pinkerton's findings," Spalding later wrote, "were too awful for public consumption. I avowed that thereafter each man must swear in writing never to touch spirits again." Yet no sooner had the pledge been signed than the great King Kelly, of "Slide, Kelly, Slide!" fame, took the outfield astride a donkey while he blew a bugle.

In 1922, detectives who were unable to keep pace with Shufflin' Phil Douglas, World Series hero of the New York Giants, were directed to take him to a "cure" home. When the Giants billed him $224.30 for sanitarium charges and taxi fares, the enraged pitcher wrote a letter to a rival player, saying that for an "inducement" he would run out on the Giants and leave them in the lurch. Douglas was banned from baseball for life—a fate critics also demanded for all private eyes.

Instead, they flowered during the regime of John McGraw, the Giants' Little Napoleon, whose busiest curfew-breakers were pitcher Arthur "Bugs" Raymond and catcher Larry McLean.

McLean could stand just so many sleuths. Finally he snatched up one private eye and flung him into a hotel fountain. He did the same thing to the chunky McGraw, who made quite a splash. Then McLean walked out and never again played big-league ball.

But "Bugs" Raymond more than filled the gap. Never one to stand on ceremony, he quickly befriended one of the detectives assigned to watch him, a man named Fuller. As the two toured barrooms, "Bugs" would say gleefully, "This is my keeper. I'm full but he's Fuller."

Today one team is known to enlist hotel doormen, bellboys and cabbies to warn of suspicious-looking guests or lobby-sitters. In self-defense, players on all teams swap information on backdoor exits from bars and hotels. For instance, a description of two operatives assigned to the Yankees last fall ("one wears a bright blue sports jacket, brown hat; the other's in yellow pigskin shoes") made the rounds in no time.

For some reason, the club executives seem to have overlooked an obvious solution to the morality problem. The only known use of this technique is credited to Jimmie Dykes, when he managed the Chicago White Sox. Dykes printed up the following form letter:

"Dear Mrs. ———: I wish you would do me a favor. If you find out where your husband goes every night when he leaves the hotel after 12, please let me know. I've been unable to do so."

Dispatching this request to team wives, Dykes slept soundly. He had banished Keystone Cops forever.

In A Word

SALVADOR DALI, THE SPANISH-BORN surrealist painter was once persuaded to address the student body of an Eastern university in connection with a showing of his works. Dali was accompanied by his Russian-born wife. Since he spoke in his native tongue, very few of the students and faculty could understand what he had to say, and they were much relieved when at the end of his talk he announced in halting English: "My wife will now give translation." And Mrs. Dali did translate his speech—into her native Ukrainian.

—MILT WEISS

With electronic baby sitters, swimming pools, golf courses, playgrounds and sleep-inducing quiet, the new super motels are truly plush—in everything but price

Luxury hostels along the highway

by Norman and Madelyn Carlisle

WHEN JACK MINTZER, a Miami Beach motel owner, went on vacation with his wife and three children, the family stayed—naturally—at motels. Usually they were able to locate a baby sitter in the neighboring towns. But on several occasions they failed. Whereupon Mintzer was struck by an idea that sent him hustling back to Miami

Beach to order something special for his brand-new Beau Rivage Motel—an electronic baby sitter.

Guests at the Beau Rivage can now go out for the evening knowing that a trained supervisor is watching their sleeping children through closed circuit television.

This innovation is just one of the luxurious features to be found in the booming new motels that are being completed at the rate of one about every 90 minutes along the highways and byways of America.

Many of these motels will make the motorist rub his eyes in disbelief. Instead of the traditional ground-floor styling, the super de luxe models are often two, three or even four stories. Designed by top architects, they stress sweeping roof lines, gardened walks and brilliantly colored panels. They have scores, often hundreds of units. The world's largest, the Marriott Motor Hotel, outside Washington, D. C., has 366, with accommodations for nearly 1,000 people.

The grounds of the super de luxe motels are large—sometimes two or three acres in congested areas, more in less crowded ones. The San Pedro Hacienda Motor Hotel in San Pedro, California, occupies 53 acres. The Gardens Motel, in Chipley, Georgia, has one of the largest grounds—3,000 acres, including a 65-acre lake.

Many of the plush motor courts have putting greens, badminton, tennis and shuffleboard courts, as well as playgrounds for children. Often, in addition to the usual swings, whirligigs, sandboxes and teeter-totters, the small fry will find a wading pool and various Disneyland-like amusements. Hiway House in Phoenix, Arizona, has a complete miniature railroad that spirals around its 17-acre grounds.

Inside the super de luxe motor courts, the rooms have deep pile carpeting, air conditioning, TV, radio, running ice water and private terraces or patios. And wonder of wonders, it is *quiet*. You can hear a whisper across the room because the builders have conquered the ancient bugaboo of the weary traveler—

Ultra-modern Three Crowns Motel, in Sarasota, Florida, commands magnificent view of the sea.

highway noise. The Marriott Motor Hotel is located 250 feet from six-lane U.S. Highway #1; airplanes roar overhead from nearby Washington and cars pour in and out of the premises, where there are parking facilities for 450. Yet inside, there is silence. You're insulated by walls up to 14 inches thick, 150-pound birch doors buttressed with rubber and acoustical materials in ceilings and floors.

The super de luxe motels frequently have two or three restaurants. One may be a hotel-style dining room, seating as many as 300. When the Atlantic City Hotel Association held its annual meeting in 1958, its members met in a motel. This was not only a tribute to the status of the motel; it was also an indication of how big they're getting. They're the fastest-growing branch of the travel business. The estimated $2 billion Americans paid into motel cash registers last year is only a start, for new motels are being added to the 60,000 already in existence at a dizzying pace.

The super de luxe motel is not even necessarily out on the highway. It may be in the heart of a big metropolis. In midtown Manhattan, two-and-a-half acre Motel City is taking shape on what is undoubtedly America's most expensive piece of motel real estate. Chicago, Minneapolis, Denver, San Diego, and other large cities now boast downtown motels just as resort cities like Miami and Tucson long have.

Wherever it is, the large motel has recreational facilities, almost certainly a swimming pool, perhaps as many as a Virginia motel, which has three—a fresh-water pool, a salt-water one and an Olympic pool for serious swimmers.

Wonderful if you want to cool off your accelerator foot. But what does all this cost the traveler? "WE LOOK EXPENSIVE, BUT WE'RE NOT," proclaims a sign outside a lavish establishment on the Gulf Coast. This applies to most new motels. Their rates have risen, of course, but not, their owners insist, as much as other prices have in these days of inflation, and hardly in proportion to the extra luxuries they offer.

This was borne out by a spot check we made in an Eastern city where a de luxe motel charged $10 a day for a double room (a fairly standard price, in season). Older motels in the area were getting $6 to $8. Downtown hotels charged about $10.

For the most budget-minded travelers of all—parents who are taking their children along on vacation—there's also good news. Many motels, copying their competitors, the hotels, do not charge for children under 12. Others make small extra charges for roll-away beds, generally not over $1. Many parents travel with sleeping bags, air mattresses or folding cribs for their children. Some motels frown on their use; others feel this is a reasonable economy. Most, however, would rather supply the extra beds, and all insist (the law requires it) that the number of guests be correctly reported.

Another aspect of the motel business promises to be the biggest break of all for the vacationing motorist. It's a system that takes the gamble out of finding the right highway accommodations at the right price. This is the fast-spreading growth of motel associations, franchise organizations and chains.

Chains like those operated by the Sheraton Corporation of America, and franchise operators such as Howard Johnson Motor Lodges, build motels to standard specifications. If you like one, you'll like them all. There are more physical variations among the motels belonging to associations, such as Quality Courts, Best Western Motels, Superior Courts and United Motor Courts. But all members conform to the high standards set up by their association.

All have inspection services like those maintained by the American Automobile Association to make sure members meet specifications. Quality Courts, an organization with 500 members east of the Mississippi, has a system whereby fellow members check on each other. The member motels are described in booklets issued by the organization. Armed with such pamphlets and a map, you can project an entire trip, and, without having seen it, know exactly what each motel is like. Moreover, the association offers a service that lets you choose your accommodations in advance on a day-to-day basis, with the advantages of fixed, confirmed reservations. Here's how it works:

As you leave your motel in the morning, you can tell the manager where you plan to stop that night. He will thereupon telephone ahead to a member motel and reserve your room. You pay him, he gives you a receipt, and you go on your way knowing you can arrive any time, even after midnight, and be sure there's a room waiting for you. If you hesitate to make such arrangements in the morning, you can stop later at any association motel and the management will help you.

In spite of the growth of chain ownership, most motels are still owned by individuals. Some may have taken in stockholders to help

At the Beau Rivage Motel in Miami Beach, Florida, attendant keeps eye on sleeping children via closed circuit TV, while parents enjoy night out.

raise the huge outlay needed for plush accommodations; some may have as many as 50 employees, but chances are the owner will still be right there at the desk.

"One thing the individual owner has in his favor," says H. H. "Joe" Mobly, executive vice president of the American Motor Hotel Association, "is the warmth of the personal relationship with his guests." But M. K. Guertin, executive secretary of Best Western Motels, warns fellow motel keepers:

"We must not lose sight of the fact that motels came into being for comfort and economy. Car-by-door convenience, no tipping of doormen, bellboys, elevator operators, and other employees are advantages that make the motel appealing."

THE MOTEL OWNER can safely predict that about every fifth guest he talks to is going to tell him that he's thinking about getting a motel of his own when he retires. Obviously, the host is regarded as an enviable character who is making money hand over fist for easy work in pleasant surroundings.

The guest is likely to gasp with disbelief when told that motels may cost from $6,000 to $10,000 per room to construct and that the cost of maintenance is high.

"Running a motel," says Frank Upton, a retired sea captain who operates Rainbow Court, in Boulder, Colorado, "is twice the job of running a ship."

Owners of new luxury motels never know what strange problem they'll be coping with next. A Texas motel owner looked out one morning to discover that his swimming pool was floating away! There had been a heavy downpour during the night and water, flooding under the pool, had lifted it right up.

The experiences of owners range from near tragedy to comedy. What befell a Michigan couple is an example of the former. The day they opened their motel, road construction began in front of the place, closing off the road. For three months they averaged one customer a week.

The comedy often centers on the simple fact that people travel with pets. A Georgia motel keeper remembers the night a woman animal tamer took a cheetah into her unit with her—and then let it get out. The first the motel man knew about it was when he heard a scream from another guest who came dashing into the office swearing she'd seen a leopard. By that time, the woman animal tamer had caught up with the cheetah, who was lapping up water from the swimming pool. "Perfectly harmless," she explained.

A constant source of motel worry is the barking dog. To solve this problem, Morton's Motel in Pensacola, Florida, boards dogs in kennels on the grounds. Many other motels provide similar facilities for pets.

Loss by theft, something that has always plagued hotels, doesn't bother motel keepers much nowadays. They report that most travelers are honest—and getting more so. Surprisingly, the more luxurious the surroundings, the less inclination people seem to have toward petty larceny. "I used to lose my $3 bed-spreads," a veteran proprietor who graduated to a luxury motel says. "Now that I have $20 spreads, I've never lost a one."

Motel keepers agree that much more of a headache are the things people leave behind. About one guest in six forgets something. Perhaps the most common item is a shoe—not a pair of shoes, but one shoe. Motel keepers wish all their guests would look under their beds before leaving. That's the place where most left-behind objects usually turn up.

A motel man never knows when he'll get a really frantic request, as a Southern operator of a Quality Courts motel did. His former guest was calling from Mexico. "I left my tuxedo in your motel," he said, "and I need it tomorrow night in Mexico City. Will you please air mail it?" The motel man checked air schedules, found that a plane was leaving in half an hour. He dashed to the airport and got the package aboard.

Whatever else happens, one thing is sure—motels are going to keep getting more luxurious all the time. Henry End, the designer of many de luxe motel interiors, has already created what he terms a traveling guest's dream, the hotel or motel "Room of Tomorrow." "Why not," End asked, "base a room on the tremendous developments that are taking place today in the fields of electronics, television, flooring, air conditioning, communications and furniture design?"

His answer was to work for a year with a number of big American companies, comparing notes with their engineers, dreaming up new refinements of laboratory developments not yet on the market.

Walk into his "Room of Tomorrow" and you find yourself in what looks like a daringly modern living room, with low, sweeping furniture, and trim built-in sofa-beds covered with a leather-like plastic. Striking as it is, the most unusual feature is its nerve center, a control panel beside a lounge. Turn a dial on it to any temperature you want; this controls both the heating and air conditioning. Another operates the swivel TV set. A third controls the lighting, changing both its color and brightness. Turn a fourth and you set a radio to awaken you at a certain time. Now push the button marked "Bed" and the two divans in the room swing upwards, opening out into full-sized beds.

"Motel rooms like this," says Henry End, addressing the American tourist, "will not only pamper you to the point where you'll hate to leave, they'll give you a foretaste of comforts you'll soon have in your own home." ♛

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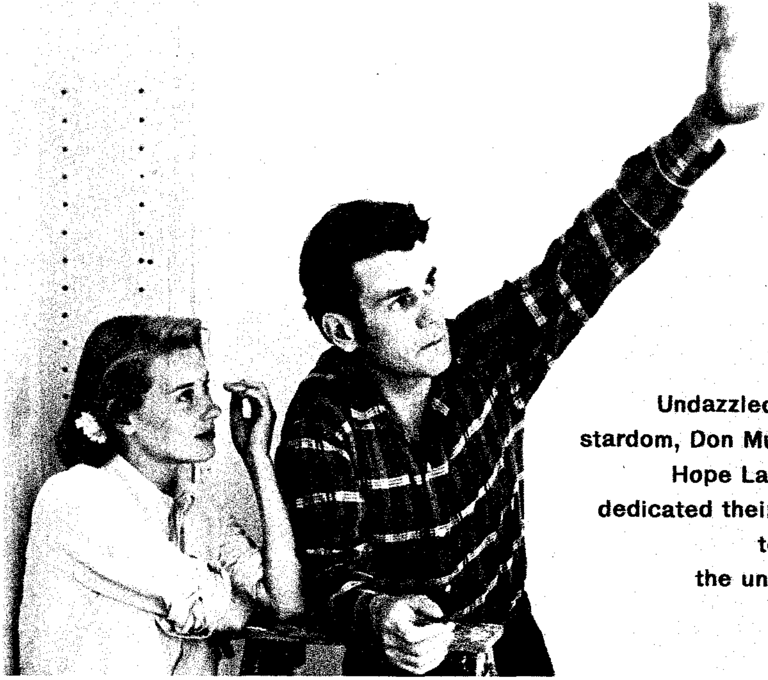

Undazzled by their stardom, Don Murray and Hope Lange have dedicated their careers to helping the unfortunate

by Richard Gehman

Movieland marriage with a mission

If Don Murray and his wife, Hope Lange, had time to complain, their lament might be that nobody in Hollywood understands them. For Don and Hope are happy. And happiness is somewhat alien to the film colony's understanding.

Equally bewildering is their attitude toward their own stardom. Unlike most Hollywood celebrities, they regard it merely as a means to an end—actually, two ends: the first is simply to have a happy family life with their small son and baby daughter. The second is what they call "The Project."

The Project is HELP—Homeless European Land Program.

Both Don and Hope have deprived themselves of many things to channel all available funds into HELP. He drives an old car. Only two suits hang in his closet. The Murray living room is bare except for four or five chairs, plus a carpet. There are no pictures on the walls.

HELP began because Don Murray, when it came time for him to be called into military service, chose to register as a conscientious objector. Intensely religious since childhood, he had long ago decided that he could not bear arms or engage in any activity connected with violence. The Government decided, as it does in the cases of most conscientious objectors, that Don could put in two years of humanitarian service. Accordingly, he joined the Brethren Service Commission, one of the many organizations in which conscientious objectors are permitted to work, and was sent to Germany to join others who were working with displaced persons.

In Germany, Don worked as a laborer for more than a year, and then was reassigned by the Congregational Christian Service Committee to work with the *scugnizzi,* the homeless Italian street urchins. He served as a teacher and social worker in refugee camps near Naples.

"In Germany," Murray says, "I saw poor people—people living in caves and bare rooms without heat, light, or water. People living like animals. But the refugees in Italy were even worse off because they had no hope. Our country and Canada admit only a few refugees from Italy as compared to those admitted from Germany. For the vast majority there is nothing but barbed wire. I decided I *had* to do something. I couldn't have lived with myself if I hadn't."

When his two years of service were up, Murray stayed on in Europe for six months to work with refugees.

But finding a way to help them seemed impossible. Don's salary as a conscientious objector was less than $10 a month, and he had no money in the bank. When his two and a half years were finished, he resolved to return to acting and earn money to help the refugees. In New York, he landed an important part in *The Skin of Our Teeth,* with Helen Hayes and Mary Martin. Then Hollywood called.

Immediately he pledged himself to contribute $15,000 toward buying land in Europe. With Dr. Belden Paulson of the Congregational Christian Service Committee, he set up the Homeless European Land Program. The two young men soon bought 140 acres of land in Sardinia and sent fifteen homeless families there to begin growing artichokes.

Don has made several trips to Europe to see how his protégés are getting along, and next summer he plans to visit them again. By then he hopes he can buy more land and move in additional families.

Although helping the refugees is his first concern, Don still is intensely serious about his acting—if only because he realizes that without it he would be unable to finance his humanitarian work. "I guess you'd call me a Method actor," he says. "I try to *immerse* myself in the parts, so that I vanish and the parts come out." Don believes in this method so totally that he is often distressed when fans recognize him on the street. "If they say, 'There's Don Murray,' " he says, "it means that I've made them remember me more than the character I'm playing. It means that I haven't done my job."

Hope and Don did not meet until well after they had embarked upon their careers; they learned with pleasant surprise that they may even have played together as babies.

Don was born in 1929 in Hollywood, virtually on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, where his father, Dennis Murray, was a dance director. His mother was Ethel Cook, formerly a Ziegfeld show girl.

BEFORE DON WAS old enough even to be a Boy Scout, World War II broke out. The bright, impressionable little boy read the newspapers in growing horror of war. This feeling continued all through his days at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. During his first year in summer stock he met a director named Paton Price, a pacifist, who encouraged him to join the Church of the Brethren, a sect which believes its members should not bear arms.

"Paton was the first man who agreed with what I secretly felt," Don says. "Talks with him gave my feelings shape and direction. I guess you'd say he was the principal influence in my life."

Don's rise in the theater was rapid. Soon after he graduated from the Academy, José Ferrer hired him for *The Insect Comedy*. From that he went into Tennessee Williams' *The Rose Tattoo*.

It was during the run of that play—in 1951—that Don was arrested because he had informed his draft board that he would not go into the service. He spent a day in jail and a month out on bail. He was dating Hope at the time, but didn't mention his arrest to her.

Hope's background was similar to Don's. She was born in 1933 in West Redding, Connecticut, daughter of John Lange, who had been a musician (cellist) and arranger for various Broadway producers, including the same Florenz Ziegfeld for whom Don's mother danced. Her mother was Minette Buddecke Lange, a Shakespearean actress.

Hope's father died in 1942, leaving his widow with four small children—Hope's older sister, Minelda, Hope, her little sister, Joy, and the baby, David. To make ends meet, Minette opened a tiny restaurant in Greenwich Village. Minelda acted as cashier, Hope and Joy waited on tables, and David hauled supplies from the market in his express wagon. The restaurant was an instant success. One of its regular customers was Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who lived nearby. When she came to dine, she often brought Fala, the President's famous dog, and Hope would walk him around the block while his mistress dined.

Encouraged by their mother, the Lange children often put on plays for their own amusement. Minelda was first to go into the theater, but she later retired after her marriage to Robert Jiras, a motion picture make-up artist. Hope made her debut at 11 in Sidney Kingsley's *The Patriots*. After going to Lodge High School, during which she modeled and studied dancing, she went to Reed College in Portland, Oregon, for a year, and then returned to New

York. She began looking in earnest for work as an actress. Hope was hired as a chorus girl for *The Jackie Gleason Show,* and other small parts and TV commercial work followed.

She met Don on a double date while he was appearing in *The Rose Tattoo.* "It wasn't even love at first sight," Hope says. "We just began going around together, kind of off and on, and it was some time before it became a 'steady' thing."

When Don went into *The Hot Corner,* a short-lived Broadway play, Hope was hired as an understudy in the same show. One day Don arrived at the theater and told Hope joyfully that Twentieth Century-Fox was testing him for a part in a Marilyn Monroe picture!

Hope began to laugh. "They're testing me, *too!"* she said.

Each was tested—each was offered a contract. "We talked it over very carefully," Don says. "A contract meant tying ourselves up for years, and living in Hollywood—and we weren't sure we would like that. But I thought of the refugees. The contracts meant a good deal of money. The time-off terms were generous—we could take a year off, after two years, to go and do a play or study or travel or whatever. So we signed."

No one at Fox knew that Hope and Don were sweethearts. Thus the studio press agents, seeing them eating together in the commissary and leaving the lot together at night, solemnly assured the public that it was a real studio romance.

They were married while they were making *Bus Stop.* (Don says, "We saw no reason to wait any longer.") After a honeymoon in Vermont, Don was called back to Hollywood to do *The Bachelor Party.*

The newly-married Murrays lived at first in furnished apartments, then began looking for an old house. They finally found a 35-year-old, nine-room, Old English-style house and fell in love with it at once. After they moved in, a collection of friends lived with them at various times, including Paton Price. When not painting walls with Don, he was helping either Don or Hope study their roles (his work with the Murrays has established him as a sought-after dramatic coach).

"The Murrays always have people staying with them," a friend says. "It's either an actor between jobs and broke, an old pal out from New York, or just somebody who needs a place to stay for a while. Everything around the house is informal. Hope does most of the cooking. There is a nurse for the children and a woman who helps with the cleaning, but for the most part they live like a couple who earn about a twentieth of what they do."

The Murrays' combined income has been estimated at around $200,000 a year, and will probably be higher this year. Next year it may drop sharply, since they plan to work on the New York stage.

"We'd love to work together," Don says, "but it's hard enough to find separate plays that we would enjoy doing. Finding one for both of us would be all but impossible."

Don went to Ireland last fall to film *Shake Hands with the Devil* with James Cagney. Their daughter was born there. Fox has Hope penciled in for a lead in *The Best of Everything,* based on Rona Jaffe's best seller.

Hope ordinarily consults Don before making up her mind about roles. When the time came for her to decide about a TV script of the John P. Marquand novel, *Point of No Return,* Don was working in Europe. "I considered calling him on the telephone," she says, "but then I realized that was foolish. I had to stand on my own feet, so I told them I would do it."

She did. She gave what many consider one of her finest performances. "It was an extraordinarily difficult part," says Franklin Schaffner, who directed. "She had to play an 18-year-old girl first and then a 40-year-old woman. But she did both beautifully." Hope was naturally elated by Schaffner's praise, but her real thrill came, she says, when she saw Don. "What a good thing," he cried, "that I wasn't here to hold you back. If you had asked me before, I would have told you not to do it."

Schaffner, incidentally, has directed all of Hope's major television appearances. "You know," he says, "those two kids are as talented a pair as you'll find in Hollywood—or in the East, for that matter. Yet their life together means more than the work—the work is simply a part of their life. There are few couples like that. Eva Marie Saint and her husband, Jeffrey Hayden, come to mind. Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward are another. It's no coincidence that these people are friends of the Murrays. All six have similar points of view. They are dedicated to their work but more dedicated to their marriages. And that is a very, very rare thing. Rare? It's almost unheard of in Hollywood." ♛

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HUMAN COMEDY

A ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, office-worker called home one day recently to talk to his wife. The phone rang and rang—and finally the little woman answered it.

"Oh, dear," she moaned, "you got me out of the tub. Call back in 20 minutes, I'm dripping wet and didn't even have a chance to grab a towel because I was trying to get to the phone."

Her husband said okay, and hung up. Then mischief glinted in his eyes. He quickly re-dialed his home number, and hurriedly whispered some instructions to one of his office pals.

His friend took the phone, which rang about three times. Again, the wife—who couldn't have had time to get back to the tub—answered with a rather annoyed "Yes?"

The pal said: "Is George home? . . . Say, look at you and all wet, too!"

A loud scream at the other end of the line was cut off by an equally loud click. —MRS. R. J. OAKES

THE SPECIAL FOR THE DAY at the local ice cream parlor was something like Cumquat Fudge. A woman said admiringly to the clerk, "I'll bet you people go plumb nuts trying to think up new flavors for your special ice cream."

Whereupon she made her purchase and went home . . . to return a week or so later when she again wanted some ice cream. What was the special this time?

That's right! Plum-nut ice cream.

DIXON GAYER
Garden Grove (California) Daily-News

OUR HOSTESS of the afternoon served fragrant tea from an exquisite old china teapot.

We all admired it and she told us it was an heirloom brought over from England by one of her ancestors. Then suddenly she said, in an embarrassed way, "I hope I don't sound as if I'm boasting."

"Not at all," said one of the women, "You're just like me—I believe in calling a Spode a Spode."

—ELEANOR CLARAGE
Cleveland Plain Dealer

THE YANKEE TRADITION of thrift still flourishes in this confusing age. One Vermont resident went into a local department store and picked out a new brief case.

"Shall I wrap it up?" asked the clerk.

"No, thanks," said the Vermonter, "just put the paper and string inside." —S. IRMA WAGNER

LAST SUMMER while visiting a relative's farm, my youngsters, who were getting acquainted for the first time with farm life, were told to stay away from some animals because they bit and others because they kicked.

While playing in the field one day, they ran into a nest of yellow jackets and my oldest daughter came running in shouting, "A bee bit me."

To take her mind off the painful sting, I tried to explain bees don't bite for they have no teeth. My daughter exclaimed, "Well, he sure *kicked* hard!" —MABEL ORGOVAN

ENTERING a California bookshop, a young bride asked for a copy of *Ideal Marriage.* As the manager —also a married woman—brought out that book she quickly sold the bride a cookbook as well. Next she suggested, and sold, a baby care book. Finally the bookseller said, "Do you own an atlas?"

"No, why do I need one?"

"You have a radio in your kitchen, don't you? And you listen to the news, don't you? Well, you can look things up and be one step ahead of your husband when he comes home with the evening paper," replied the bookseller. She sold the atlas.

—*Publisher's Weekly*

THE USUAL supermarket hubbub was interrupted by a plaintive voice on the loud-speaker: "We have a lost child at counter 2; his name is Bobby. Will his mother come and claim him!"

As we all exchanged amused glances, an attractive young mother approached, pushing a loaded cart. With both arms she had hemmed in her fretful young son, who was walking between her and the cart so that he couldn't possibly escape.

She listened thoughtfully to the voice on the loud-speaker, looked down at her little redhead and asked wistfully, "Albert, why don't *you* ever get lost?" —MRS. ROY HARRIS

A PROUD GRANDMOTHER was out for an afternoon walk with two visiting grandsons when she met an old friend.

"My, what handsome boys!" exclaimed the friend. "How old are they?"

"The doctor," said their grandmother, "is four and the railroad engineer is two."

—*United Mine Workers Journal*

THE FOLLOWING AD appeared in a New Hampshire newspaper: "To let: a small apartment overlooking lawns, shrubs, trees, flowers and different works of stone art."

To their chagrin, prospective tenants who came to look at the apartment found that it overlooked a cemetery. —LOIS A. NICHOLS

NEWLY ARRIVED in India, a missionary sister had some difficulty in mastering the language. Wanting to explain to the butcher that the meat he was supplying was getting costlier, she looked in the dictionary for the proper words. "My dear man," she said, "ever since our engagement you are becoming dearer and dearer to me."

—REV. THEOPHANE, (O.F.M.)

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

The only
on the blo

"Nello" Lang casual
skates through the
"living room" of his
which has 1,100 roo
1,000 servants and
kitchens that can fe
10,000 persons a
day. His father runs
Roosevelt Hotel,
a block-wide landma
in mid-Manhattan.
Nello's unusual life
these surroundings
is portrayed on
the following pages.

Photographs by James McAnally

Text by John R. Mulligan

Nello stands in line as his father conducts white glove inspection of the bellmen.

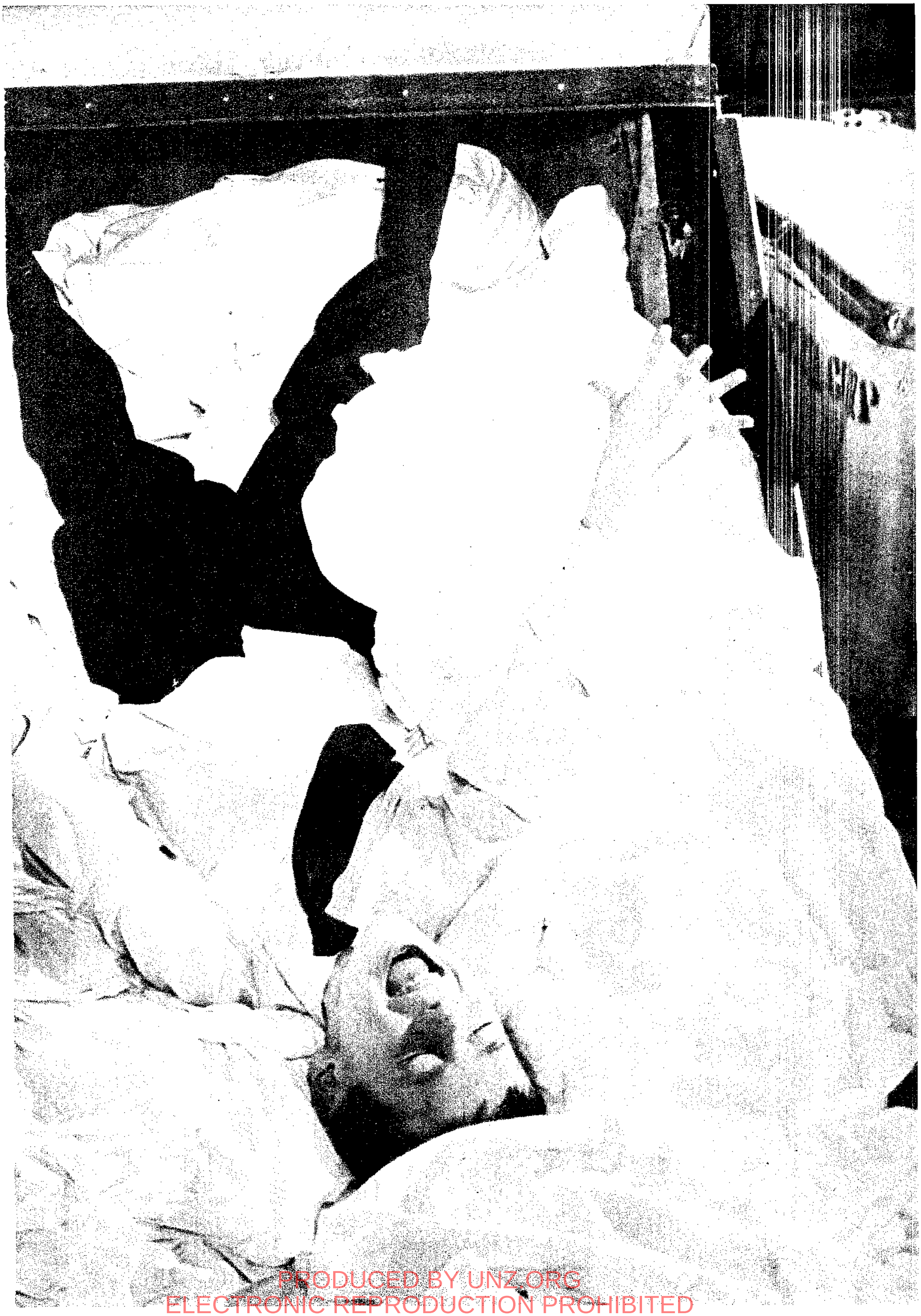
Nello (his given name is Neal, Jr.) has lived all of his seven years in hotels. His father managed the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago before becoming general manager of the Roosevelt. Since the Roosevelt is bounded by traffic-jammed Madison and Vanderbilt Avenues, and 45th and 46th Streets, Nello cannot safely play outdoors. The hotel with its endless corridors, ballrooms and restaurants is almost a city within a city. Nello's problem is that it's populated mainly with adults. Thousands of guests come and go — tourists and businessmen, admirals and bankers. But they rarely bring their children. Because of this, Nello looks forward to week ends in the country, when his parents take him to a cottage they own in Connecticut. As soon as the car stops, Nello darts across the meadow to play with the three children of a barber who owns the only other house in the vicinity. But Nello is always glad to get back to the city. For there is something strangely fascinating about his life in the huge hotel.

Nello mentally tastes wedding cake before the reception begins.

Nello has to arise at 7 A.M. to get to school by 8:30. He attends the Browning School in uptown Manhattan, and besides the usual subjects, learns how to box. A highlight of the recreation program is an occasional trip to Randall's Island in the East River, where Nello and his classmates can romp freely.

Hotel Roosevelt

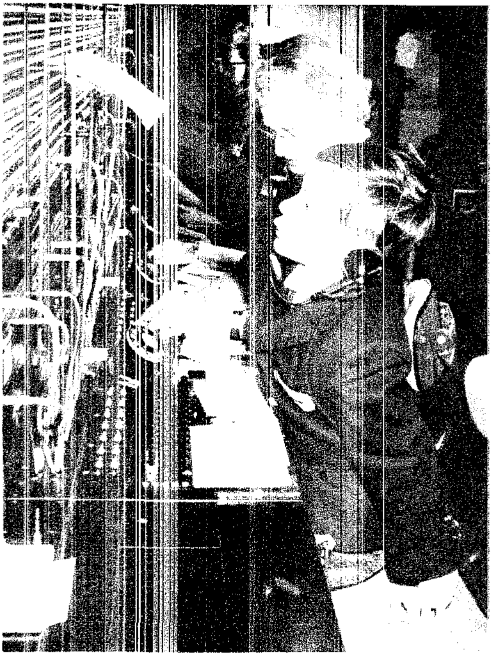
Nello parades through lobby, wearing a doorman's cap. Minutes later, he is tumbling down a laundry chute in the sub-basement, which adjoins the New York Central tracks.



To cool off, Nello ducks into one of the hotel's cold storage rooms. Here, surrounded by vegetables, he makes snowballs out of crushed ice.

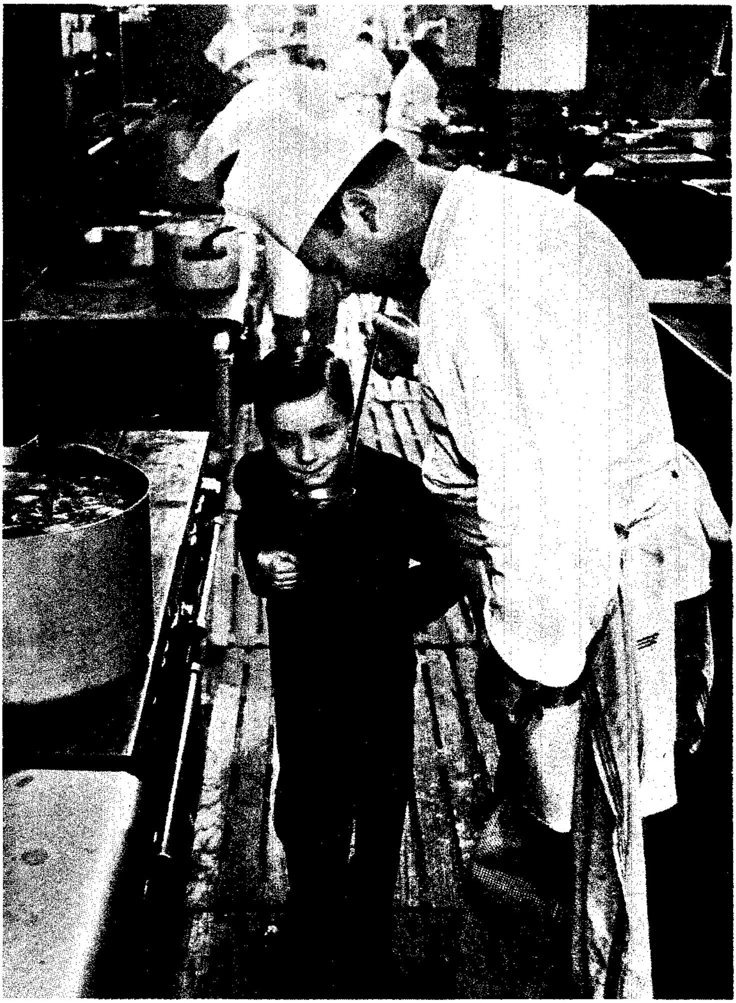
Like small boys everywhere, Nello wanders into places he shouldn't — and his mother has trouble keeping track of him in their 8,300,000-cubic-foot home. As a result, Nello's father has ordered all members of the hotel staff — including the house detectives — to bring Nello to justice if he gets into mischief. When not moved by the spirit of adventure, Nello's favorite hangouts are the coffee shop and his room on the 16th floor, where he makes toy models, assembles plastic dinosaurs or watches television.

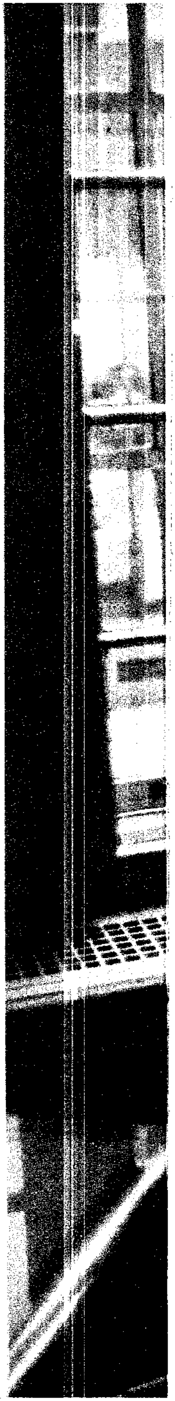
Operator helps Nello
unscramble the switchboard
when he has the urge
to chat with parents or
phone school friends.



The hotel staff
treats him like any boy,
not the boss' son.
Here, he gets a stitch in time
from a seamstress.

Nello samples soup in the main kitchen. The chefs have orders to send him scooting if he ever gets under foot.





From a window in his father's office, Nello and his dog, Banco, spy on adult throng that flows around the hotel into Grand Central Terminal, where trains wait to carry them to homes such as Nello has never known

Oklahoma's rattlesnake roundup

by Richard Piperno

Seeking glory, adventure — or profit — thousands each year join in one of America's most perilous sports

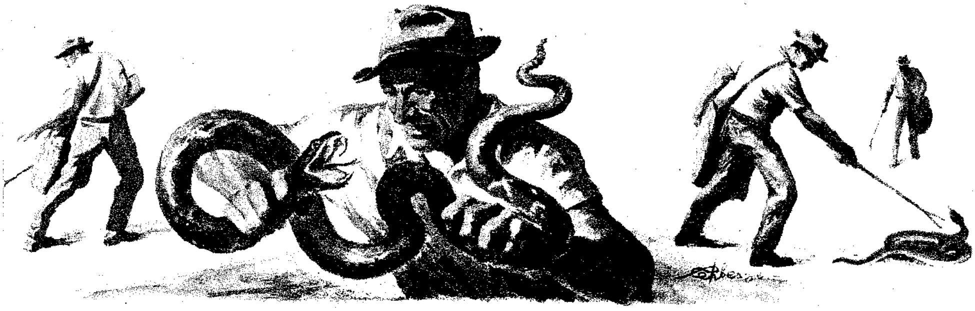
EACH SPRING in the rocky Gypsum Hills of Salt Creek Canyon, 15 miles southwest of Okeene, Oklahoma, America's most unusual sporting event is held—the annual "bring-'em-back-alive" Rattlesnake Roundup.

Accompanied by guides equipped with emergency first aid kits, several thousand thrill-seekers—undaunted, unenvied, and unarmed except for forked sticks and manually operated "snake snatchers"—prod the cliff crevices and thresh the underbrush to rout deadly diamondbacks from winter hibernation.

This perilous pastime, started by ranchers to reduce the rattlesnake population which was killing off their horses, cattle and kin, is now the world's greatest source of live rattlesnakes. Last year's 19th annual spectacle, staged by the International Association of Rattlesnake Hunters under the auspices of the local Junior Chamber of Commerce, attracted more than 15,000 persons from all over the country, and as far distant as Iran.

The hunt itself is preceded by two days of carnival-like merrymaking, including the selection of a "Miss Snake Charmer," a serpentine tall tales contest, and the awarding of memberships in the Order of the White Fang. Certificates go to intrepid hunters from the previous year's Roundup, who, ambushed and bitten by a rattler, survived.

Then, early on the morning of the third and fateful day, a big marked rattler is released in the hills. The



one who captures him alive gets a $100 bonus.

The first group sent out is composed of hunters, guides, the press and cameramen. The latter are invited to authenticate the hunt for those who might hiss and say it's phony. After an hour, a second caravan starts out with the latecomers, to be followed about two hours later by a third group of hunters and spectators who, before venturing into the realm of rattlesnakes, quite understandably want first to go to—church.

For the first 20 minutes or so, a cathedral-like silence hangs over the hunt as the pursuers stealthily trod the terrain, those new at the risky game jerking their heads around nervously at the slightest noise and poising their "snake snatchers" in frightened defense.

Nothing much happens, and the freshmen hunters gain reassurance from each other and the poker-faced veterans—many of whom still prefer to use a forked stick. Suddenly there is a fearsome rattle. As the quarry slithers into view, the freshman freezes in his tracks, only to hear the terrifying clatter of a horde of other rattlers nearby.

At this point the old-time rustler swiftly pins down the serpent's head with his forked stick, securing the snake helplessly to the ground before it can wind itself into attack position. Picking it up by the neck, he flings it into a bag at his side.

The hunt continues. A suspicious opening in the silent slope of a stony embankment looms ahead. A flashlight beam probes the darkness. When the beam reveals nothing, gasoline is squirted into the hole. Soon the fumes drive out a half-dozen frenzied rattlers, and forked sticks stab their necks to the earth as their tails thrash wildly.

Sometimes a piercing scream is heard. A hunter has missed his mark. Requiring only seconds to curl, the snake, with lightning swiftness, had darted out two venom-filled fangs to send poison coursing into the hunter's blood stream. The victim is quickly carried to a waiting ambulance and rushed to a nearby hospital. The hunt usually lasts about eight hours, after which participants trudge back to headquarters, to have their writhing firebrands weighed.

The hunter with the biggest single snake and two runners-up are awarded trophies. Prize specimens are sent to zoos and snake farms. Some go to laboratories where the venom is extracted for medical needs; including, ironically, the only known serum for snake bite. Still others are shipped to canneries for processing into what some gourmets regard as an exquisite delicacy.

The general price at the on-the-scene snake market is about 50-cents-a-pound. The record catch was made in 1953 by Bob Bates, of Midwest City, Oklahoma, and Ralph Kramer, of San Diego, California. As a team, they captured a six-foot seven-and-a-half inch rattler weighing 28 pounds. Dubbed "Tiny," it sold at auction for $27, almost $1-a-pound.

Revealed—the dramatic story of a Communist rebel's

THE BOOK THAT SHOOK THE KREMLIN

by Melton S. Davis

IT SEEMS FITTING that Russian author Boris Pasternak, whose writing has been called a great act of faith, should have had his towering novel, *Doctor Zhivago,* spirited out of the Soviet Union and published by a Communist who had to reach within himself to match that faith.

Doctor Zhivago is a terrifying panorama of Russia's revolutionary agonies and, more important, an impassioned denial of the Godless materialism that is the crux of Marxism. Its publication so infuriated the Soviets that when Pasternak was awarded a 1958 Nobel Prize, they at first refused to let him accept it, branding him "a pig," "a snake," and "a black sheep in a good flock." Since released in an American edition, it became our number one best seller; its U.S. publisher, Pantheon Books, estimates that as many as 1,000,000 copies may be sold.

Today it is obvious that this ideology-shaking book would never have seen the light of day had it not been for Giangiacomo Feltrinelli. The story of how this came about is full of intrigue, political threats and earnest soul-searching. At 32, Feltrinelli is the youngest publisher in Italy, and probably the bravest. Though a Communist, he chose to place artistic freedom above party discipline, and through him *Doctor Zhivago* was won for the West. To do so, Feltrinelli—a slim, intense man who wears horn-rimmed glasses—had to stand up to the Italian Communist party, largest and strongest west of the Iron Curtain.

In 1956, when he brought about his *Doctor Zhivago* coup, Feltrinelli

fight to rescue Doctor Zhivago *from oblivion*

Boris Pasternak (left) won Nobel Prize for novel that Feltrinelli (right) spirited out of U.S.S.R.

was only 29 and had been in the publishing business for just one year. His father, a banker, died when Feltrinelli was about 21, leaving a fortune in landholdings, building materials and other enterprises. Since then the firms have been run by administrators while Feltrinelli now devotes his time to publishing.

Feltrinelli was a natural for Communist recruiters. Mussolini was riding high, and young Giangiacomo was impressed by Communist resistance to the hated Fascists. At night he would go outside and scribble on the walls: "*Abasso Mussolini!* Down with Mussolini!"

In November, 1945, while still in school, he volunteered for the Italian Army which by then was fighting alongside the Allies. Thanks to the English he had learned as a child, he was assigned to liaison with the American Fifth Army and saw combat around Bologna. He left the Army as he entered—a private.

FELTRINELLI HAD by that time become a Communist. "I was against that class in Italy which had backed fascism, which was against the working man, against land reform, against change," he explains. (Similar views, incidentally, are expressed by Pasha, a character in *Doctor Zhivago* who turns to Marxism as a reaction against overcrowding, deprivation and the "indifference of the rich.")

For a while Feltrinelli wrote for left-wing publications, and in 1954, started financing a line of inexpensive paperback books on economics, history and sociology. This brought him into close contact with the Communist cooperative bookshop, Rinascita, which distributed the volumes. Finally, in 1955, he went into publishing on his own.

At the beginning of 1956, Communist party chieftains decided to send a representative to Moscow to forge stronger ties with Soviet literary circles. The man chosen was Sergio D'Angelo, who had been running the Rinascita Bookshop in Rome. D'Angelo speaks fluent Russian and is an expert on Soviet affairs. Feltrinelli, who knew him from the bookshop, asked D'Angelo to keep an eye out for any Russian works that might bear republication in Italy. As Feltrinelli's man in Moscow, D'Angelo became one of the main protagonists of the *Zhivago* affair. Even now he is reluctant to discuss it—obviously afraid of endangering Russian friends. But part of the story can only be told by him.

"Not long after my arrival in Moscow in 1956," D'Angelo says, "I heard a broadcast announcing that a new book by Boris Pasternak would shortly be published." Here was news. Pasternak, Russia's greatest living poet, was again preparing a major work after 25 years of silence. No foreign correspondent thought the matter worth reporting, since few people in the West had ever heard of him.

To D'Angelo, however, the announcement was significant. In February, 1956, Khrushchev had already made his eventful speech denouncing Stalin. There was hope for a thawing of repressive Soviet policies. Pasternak again in print would be an important manifestation of this change. D'Angelo quickly wrote to Feltrinelli.

"I wanted to make sure," he says, "that he would have the chance of being the first Western editor to publish the book."

Feltrinelli immediately told D'Angelo to contact Pasternak and secure the manuscript and world rights to the book. But finding Pasternak, D'Angelo discovered, was a difficult task. People who knew him were reluctant to admit it, and when they did, they hesitated to reveal his address. Finally, D'Angelo managed to meet the Russian author in a small office which Pasternak maintained in Moscow. A few days later, Pasternak invited D'Angelo to his home at Peredelkino, about 20 miles from Moscow.

Pasternak had always liked Italy and Italians—his second wife is half-Italian. On the porch of his small wooden house, surrounded by a forest of birch and pine, Pasternak signed a contract granting Feltrinelli world rights to his book. Then he went into the house and brought back a copy of the novel, saying, "I gave another copy to Goslitizdat (the Soviet state publishing house). I haven't the slightest idea when it will be published."

If D'Angelo had sent the novel by mail—as he normally would have—the typed script would probably never have arrived in Milan. Instead, Feltrinelli had made arrangements for a rendezvous in Berlin. D'Angelo put the manuscript in the bottom of his suitcase—not, he says, to smuggle it out, but only because he didn't want to crush his shirt collars. The two men met on West Berlin's fashionable Kurfürstendamm and D'Angelo handed Feltrinelli a string-tied parcel about the size of a newspaper folded into four parts.

On his return to Moscow, D'Angelo discovered that the Russian authorities knew that the manuscript of *Doctor Zhivago* had left the country. Important personalities, he was told, were upset about it.

Back in Italy, Feltrinelli, too, found that the atmosphere had changed. Letters began to arrive from Russia. One asked to have the manuscript returned to Pasternak "for revisions." Others suggested it would not be wise to publish the book. Then, in the fall of 1956, Feltrinelli was summoned to the office of Palmiro Togliatti, the extremely literate Italian Communist party boss. "I want you to hand over that novel by Pasternak," Togliatti said brusquely. "I don't think you should publish it."

"But, why?" asked Feltrinelli, taken by surprise. "In my opinion, it is a very good book."

Togliatti, apparently acting on instructions from Moscow, insisted that even Pasternak had changed his mind about having the book published. When Feltrinelli refused to return the manuscript, Togliatti angrily threatened him with expulsion from the party and withdrawal of all support from his editorial enterprise. He urged Feltrinelli to send the manuscript back to Russia. The younger man remained firm. "I must think it over," he said.

"At least," said Togliatti, "promise not to publish it without telling me first." Feltrinelli consented.

For several months, no more was heard of the matter. Then in January, 1957, Feltrinelli received a letter from Goslitizdat in Moscow, asking him not to publish the book in the West until their own publication date—tentatively set for September, 1957. Party officials in Rome called Feltrinelli several times to make sure he would honor the request.

Feltrinelli, replying through D'Angelo in Moscow, wrote that he had no intention of exploiting the book for anti-Soviet purposes. He also assured the Russians that he would wait until September 1, 1957.

It was not until much later that Feltrinelli discovered that the Russians had already refused to publish the book. They returned the manuscript to Pasternak on October 24, 1956. It had been accompanied by a bitter letter in which five Soviet literary lights branded the book "a squalid, malicious work full of hatred for socialism."

But the Communists still had to convince the recalcitrant Feltrinelli. As D'Angelo tells it: "September 1 was near and the party was using every possible means to prevent the book's publication. But Feltrinelli kept saying that he would wait only until the date agreed upon. At this point a surprise card was played. In the middle of August, 1957, Feltrinelli received a telegram signed by Pasternak, saying, 'Please return my manuscript as I consider it not a mature work.' "

Now Feltrinelli had to make a big decision. Should he take the cable at its face value and send back the novel? In his safe, along with the manuscript, were several letters from Pasternak which seemed to contradict this last message. For some time, particularly after the Hungarian rebellion, Feltrinelli's faith in the party had been shaken; he had been subjected to what he calls "the greatest pressures." Undoubtedly, Pasternak also had felt the turn of the screw—and even more forcefully. Today it is believed that Pasternak was told either to telegraph Feltrinelli within 24 hours or face arrest.

"To Feltrinelli, and to me," says D'Angelo, "it seemed that Pasternak had not done it of his own free will. We felt sure he would not deny his own work."

Feltrinelli had other reasons for believing that the Pasternak telegram had not been sent voluntarily. Sometime earlier he had received the Russian author's autobiography which, in its last pages, contained this sentence: "I have just finished my major work, the only one of which I am not ashamed, and for which I will answer without fear, *Doctor Zhivago* . . ."

Still Feltrinelli hesitated. If he published the book, he would be severing connections with his friends and colleagues. Besides, what would happen to Pasternak if he published the book? Did he have the right to gamble with another man's freedom, and possibly his life?

Feltrinelli's final decision came from the book itself. At first, he had not thought it particularly anti-Communist. But then he began to find answers to questions he had

Why the Soviets banned *Doctor Zhivago*

These excerpts from *Doctor Zhivago* show why Russia's rulers hate and fear this memorable book—and its author.

Marxism: *"I don't know a movement more self-centered and further removed from the facts. . . . Everyone is worried only about proving himself in practical matters, and as for the men in power, they are so anxious to establish the myth of their infallibility that they ignore the truth."*

The Russian Revolution: *". . . Then there was this jump . . . to blood and tears, to mass insanity. . . . It was then that untruth came down on our land. . . . People imagined that it was out of date to follow their own moral sense, that they must all sing in chorus, and live by . . . notions that were being crammed down everybody's throat."*

Collectivization: *"To conceal the failure, people had to be cured, by every means of terrorism, of the habit of thinking and judging for themselves . . . to assert the very opposite of what their eyes told them."*

Purges: *"Revolutionaries who take the law into their own hands are horrifying not because they are criminals, but because they are like machines that have got out of control like runaway trains."*

long felt like asking. Feltrinelli had already published several books on what he calls "the disconcerting reality of our times—man against machines." In *Doctor Zhivago* he found the soul's need overshadowing economic need.

"Here was a newer, sharper meaning for human values," says Feltrinelli, "something that is needed now when each of us is pitted against super-organized society. In my view, man is fighting for his soul. This book, I believe, helps one to fight." If this were so, Feltrinelli reasoned, Pasternak surely would want his voice heard. After all, he had written that it was not the function of the writer "to serve principalities and powers, communism or capitalism." This could only mean that the writer's responsibility was to himself as a man. If, thought Feltrinelli, he, too, was to be an individual, he would have to publish the book.

Not until a year later was he to know how correct his judgment had been—when photographs showed the joy with which Pasternak had greeted news that he had won the Nobel Prize.

Meanwhile, Feltrinelli sent a carefully worded reply to Pasternak's telegram. Agreements had been made with two foreign publishers—Gallimard in France and William Collins Sons & Co. in England. It was now too late to rescind these, he wired, expressing his regrets.

But the Russians made one more attempt to prevent publication. A delegation of Russian writers came to Italy, ostensibly on a holiday. It was led by poet Alexei Surkov, secretary general of the Union of Soviet Writers. In Milan, Surkov had a turbulent meeting with Feltrinelli in which he berated the publisher for not returning Pasternak's manuscript. When Feltrinelli stood firm, Surkov stormed out empty-handed.

Furious, the Russian called a press conference, inviting only newspapers of the extreme Left. "I have just seen an Italian publisher," he sneered, "who is about to publish a novel which has never appeared in Russia; . . . the author has tried in vain to get his manuscript back from this publisher. We Soviets are amazed that the wishes of an author can be so shamefully violated."

Then, as if by chance, he recalled another occasion, many years ago, when a book by Pilniak—which had been turned down in Russia—came out abroad. This allusion was greeted by an embarrassed silence. Even the Communist journalists remembered that in the period of the great purges, Pilniak had ended up in front of a firing squad!

In November, 1957, *Doctor Zhivago* appeared in Italian bookstores. Reviews were unanimously laudatory. Even party-line critics reviewed it in glowing terms, although when word finally reached them that the book was banned in Moscow, they flip-flopped shamelessly to pour abuse on Pasternak. Within a year, however, over 120,000 copies were sold, although few Italian best sellers reached the 30,000 mark. The success of the book made Feltrinelli Italy's third largest publisher.

There have been several attempts to isolate Feltrinelli from Italian intellectual life. But he takes comfort in a phrase of Pasternak's that "only the isolated seek truth and break with those who do not love it enough." On November 6, 1958, almost 300 Italian writers, painters, journalists and stage and screen personalities called on the West to boycott Soviet cultural activities until Pasternak was allowed to work freely. It was only after this that the Communist party started to attack Feltrinelli frontally.

There had been other, subtler attempts to discredit him. One, according to the publisher, was the mysterious publication in Holland of a clandestine Russian edition of *Doctor Zhivago*. On the frontispiece —without his permission—was Feltrinelli's name. Copies were handed out at the Brussels World's Fair last summer. A strange side light is that the Dutch publisher claims to have handed copies to a messenger sent by Feltrinelli. Feltrinelli denies sending any messenger and further insists he never gave the Dutch publisher the Russian text. Recently, in ads taken in *The New York Times* and six leading European newspapers, the Dutch firm admitted publishing the book without permission and reaffirmed Feltrinelli's rights to it.

Feltrinelli has not been happy about attempts to use *Doctor Zhivago* as political propaganda. He thinks this can only worsen Pasternak's position. Besides, he feels that the book's meaning transcends the cold war. As Pasternak himself says, "My novel was not intended to be a political statement. I wanted to show life as it is, in all its wealth and intensity. I am not a propagandist."

The circumstances under which *Doctor Zhivago* came to the West have evoked almost as much controversy as the book itself. One of the thorniest problems is the definition of the phrase "world rights." Some Americans insist they have the right to use the book for films or TV since no copyright agreements exist between the U.S. and Russia, and because Feltrinelli only owns book publication rights. Feltrinelli says that he owns *all* rights and the fact that no agreement exists between the other two countries means nothing, since he is Italian. In any event, royalties are being scrupulously paid into accounts set up for Pasternak. They will eventually come to about $1,000,000.

How deeply Giangiacomo Feltrinelli himself was affected by *Doctor Zhivago* was shown in November, 1958, when he publicly announced that he had left the Communist party a year earlier "for various reasons, the last of which was definitely the Pasternak affair."

Others are following his example. Oddly, their defections are being carried out quietly. There seems to be something in the book which impels Communist readers to re-examine their position. That this forceful statement of faith in the human spirit came out of Communist Russia was a miracle. That it has helped readers to find themselves is another. That it raised doubts among the Communist faithful that may never be stilled is perhaps the greatest miracle of all.

Doctor Zhivago may have finally provided Western intellectuals who are still tied to the Communist party with a new belief by which they can become free.

Birthday Party

Let another of Junior's
Blithe years accrue,
By the end of his party,
I've aged a few!

—MAY RICHSTONE

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by Richard G. Hubler

Broomstick Admiral

He was just a janitor, play-acting as an officer. "We shall attack!" he cried. But his words, spoken in jest, helped win the Pacific war

On a recent sunny day, I paid a sentimental visit to a U.S. Government cemetery not far from Los Angeles. It is a huge plot of ground with long rows of marble markers, each numbered for the soldier or sailor who rests there.

I sought out a marker with the number 3759, and put on the turf a bunch of red carnations I had bought on the street corner outside.

I did it—as I have done every year—in honor of the man who lay beneath, the man responsible for winning the war in the South Pacific. You will be the first to know this besides myself. His name was Murphy, and even Murphy never knew he won the naval battle of Sula Straits in 1942, the turning point of the whole South Pacific campaign.

Murphy—we never knew his first name—was an old Irishman, plump as a dove, with a ruddy complexion. His hair was a thicket of gray about his ears, his eyebrows a spray of white over eyes the color of faded denim breeches.

Murphy was the janitor at the Navy Film Services Depot in Hollywood. This organization was charged with the production of training films—a series of "visual education" aids, they were called—which ranged from the basic tactics to be used in avoiding an enraged aardvark to the proper soundings of the shoals off Zanzibar.

It was Murphy's job to keep the depot clean; he brushed, swabbed and waxed the floors, packaged the waste for collection, burned rubbish and hosed down the windows.

"I like to work here," he said. "I'm helping you boys and you're helping win the war."

Among the first rush requests that

This is a true story of World War II. Names of places, persons and events have been changed.

came from Washington for production was a two-reel training film with the assigned title, *Taking the Offensive.* The subject concerned the strategy in naval attack of all kinds. It was classified "Top Secret."

Speed and secrecy were essential in such a case. And the whole affair —including models and miniature work as well as live action—was scheduled to be produced on the tiny sound stage at the rear of the depot by members of the staff.

Things went well until the very end of the picture. The approved script demanded an inspirational finish—something which, at that time, the Navy needed badly. The trouble was that the ending required an actor whose role was seemingly impossible to cast.

It needed an admiral.

Since there were no off-duty admirals in those days—and in any case, admirals were rarely young men—this presented an insuperable problem. For no officer or enlisted man in the depot was over 30; and make-up was a poor cover up for the real article.

I recommended Murphy for the part. He would have only four words to say.

The old Irishman was hustled into a khaki shirt, open at the throat. (His pants did not matter since they would be below the table and out of camera range.) Three stars were affixed to each tab of his shirt collar.

I recall how deliberately the camera moved in for a close-up of his grim, red face, a Navy cap with a resplendent, gold-braided visor on the back of his head. He was scared to death. So we faked a few minutes of shooting with an empty camera and assured him his job was over. He could relax, we said, while we took a few more "shots for the sake of cover."

Apparently Murphy began to enjoy himself the moment he thought he was unrecorded on film. For he gave way to the histrionic instinct that is innate in his people and put full force into his words.

"Gentlemen," cried Admiral Murphy, "we shall attack!"

That was it. And this time we caught it with a loaded camera. The picture was hurriedly forwarded to Washington. It was approved and shipped out to the fleet. Admiral Murphy went back to swabbing the floors and burning the rubbish.

A YEAR OR TWO later a commander from CINCPAC made a routine inspection of the depot. I showed him around. He looked over a chronological list of our productions and, of course, *Taking the Offensive* was among the first.

The commander's face lit up when he saw the title.

"Did you make that film?" he demanded.

"Yes," I said. "It was a rush job. We weren't very proud of it."

"The devil you weren't!"

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Do you remember the Battle of Sula Straits?"

No one in the Navy could ever forget it. Within those narrow, shoal-strewn waters of the South Pacific, an American heavy cruiser had met and engaged a Japanese enemy flotilla of a light cruiser and two destroyers. All three had been sunk in a duel at dawn.

It was a classic example of courage and coolness at sea. It inspired the whole Navy and made the captain of the cruiser one of the great heroes of the day.

"Your picture," said the commander, "had a hand in that battle. I know because I was aboard that cruiser, a j.g. running errands for the captain. I can tell you that the ship was so tense the vibrations shook the gun-mountings.

"We picked up nothing the night before—radar was really nonexistent in those days—but we had the kind of feeling that somehow always precedes battle. The captain wanted to relax. He *had* to relax. All our Hollywood films had been seen a dozen times over. So he told me to order a training film. It happened to be that one."

"Did he like it?"

The commander smiled. "To tell the truth, he didn't see much of it. He was worrying. His orders gave him great latitude. He was debating what he should do if he encountered an enemy force, especially a stronger one. Fight or duck. That was the question."

"I see," I said.

The commander eyed me sharply. "It wasn't a question of being afraid," he said. "It was a question of what would serve the best interests of the fleet in the long run.

"That picture didn't make up his mind, naturally, but it did help crystallize his thinking. Especially that close-up of the old admiral."

"What do you mean?"

"You see, the captain remembered the admiral very well. The admiral was an upperclassman when the captain entered the Academy at Annapolis. The admiral had been very kind to the captain. He couldn't think of the admiral's name but the face was familiar. When he said at the end: 'Gentlemen, we shall attack!' it was as if he were speaking directly to the captain."

I had difficulty swallowing. "Perhaps he made a mistake," I said.

The commander shrugged. "We don't know how you got the old man to do it," he said, "but the captain wasn't mistaken. Anyone can tell when a man has had the habit of command ingrained in him by years of quarter-decking."

I made no attempt to disabuse the commander. I am fond of the Navy, and he wouldn't have believed me anyway if I had told him the truth.

Murphy died a month or two after the end of the war. I decorate his grave each year. He was never a Navy man, of course, but we pulled a few strings, cut some red tape and had him buried in a Government cemetery. It was little enough to do for the man who won the South Pacific for the Navy.

All Too True

AN OLD-TIMER is one who remembers when salt and pepper shakers looked like salt and pepper shakers.

—JACK HERBERT

Lose 4 lbs. in 5 days with the No-hunger 1111 diet

by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

IN RUSSIA, they call it *prostokvasha.* In Bulgaria, they call it *kiselo mleko.* Here we know it as yogurt. But no matter how you say it, there's no gainsaying the fact that yogurt is one of the most remarkable foods known to man. It is a body-builder, but thwarts overweight; it kills harmful bacteria and restores intestinal function. Tasty and easily digested, it satisfies hunger and acts as a tonic.

From the half-pint container of yogurt popularly sold, 50 percent of the butterfat has been removed, cutting the calorie count to 120, as compared to 165 for a half pint of milk. Yet the "staying power" from this quantity of yogurt is greater than from an eight-ounce glass of milk. Higher in protein than any other lactic product, yogurt is also the most easily assimilated by the body.

Because of these unique qualities, I have chosen yogurt as the basis of the five-day reducing diet presented here. Scientifically checked, it adds up to 1,111 calories a day. It will help you lose at least four pounds; possibly five or more, if you go easy on salt, spices, and avoid large amounts of tea, coffee and water. And in my round-the-world experience with diets of every kind, I have found few as pleasant to the spirit or the palate.

Yogurt was probably the world's earliest health food. According to *Genesis,* when three strangers came to the tent of Abraham, he set an ancient Hebrew variety of yogurt before them, ". . . and he stood by them under the tree and they did eat." The modern word, yogurt, comes from the Turkish language, but there are many Biblical references to its healthful and hunger-satisfying qualities. Moses included what we now call yogurt among approved foods and it is also mentioned in the Talmud.

Today much of the world's population—from southern Russia through the Near and Middle East to Afghanistan, Pakistan, India, Burma and China—depends on the fermented types of milk as a principal food item. It is said that what we call the *Lactobacillus bulgaricus* "culture" is a microorganism which is in the air in Near-Eastern and Mid-Eastern countries. Long, long ago, people found out how to make use of this by simply exposing milk to the air at a moderate temperature, then waiting till the milk "jelled."

That was how it was made in my family's native Russia, where people knew that this primitive form of yogurt was not only easy to digest, but was also invaluable for various digestive disorders. Nobel Prize winner Dr. Ilya Metchnikoff, head of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, directed the first large-scale research on the health qualities of yogurt, and awoke western Europe's interest in the product. If he had not done so, I might not be writing this article.

I grew up in England—a Russian child in exile. When I was about five, I lay critically ill of a summer dysentery, and the doctors were helpless. My mother, a biology pupil of the great Dr. Metchnikoff, insisted that I be given yogurt. The English doctors had only vaguely heard of it. Mother had to send to Bulgaria for the cultures, which arrived in liquid form to be added to the milk. Our family physician became the first English convert to this medicinal food. And I lived to tell the story here. Nowadays the yogurt commercially distributed in this country is obtained from cultures maintained in American laboratories. (All these cultures were originally imported.)

Personally, after starving—but truly starving—during the famine years of the Russian revolution (read Boris Pasternak's book, *Doctor Zhivago,* if you want to discover what those years were like), I can go hungry without too much pain. But with the yogurt diet there's no misery involved in shedding poundage. You'll actually enjoy it.

Of course, you should consult your physician before embarking on any diet. Find out if you are subject to any allergies, or any digestive condition which might cause certain diet factors to disagree with you.

With the yogurt diet presented here, you may discover that it is the perfect answer for you if, like myself, you have difficulty digesting other lactic products.

In the menus that comprise the diet you will find plenty of leeway for change to suit individual taste—provided you count your calories. Thus at breakfast you may substitute half a small cantaloupe (35 calories) or a half-cup of fresh blueberries (44 calories) for the wedge of honeydew melon. If you choose the cantaloupe, you would have almost enough calories left over for an afternoon nibble at a graham cracker (27 calories), while sipping a cup of black coffee (no sugar). Put the two teaspoons of breakfast honey on your toast. It's Nature's natural sweetener and a wonder food in its own right (see CORONET, November, 1958).

For lunch you can have a couple of slices of white meat of chicken, or a serving of corned beef hash instead of a frankfurter or liver. Or you may substitute two soft-boiled eggs, or one small serving of white-meat fish, all about 150 calories. But omit sauces or butter.

Add a few slices of cucumber, a sprig or two of water cress and a couple of lettuce leaves as a luncheon salad. The calorie increase is negligible. Just stick to the plain yogurt as dressing. Add a few drops of lemon juice if you like. No harm

THE FIVE-DAY YOGURT DIET

Breakfast	**Calories**
1 cup plain yogurt	120
2 thin slices whole-wheat or cracked wheat toast	110
2 teaspoons honey	40
1 medium-sized wedge honeydew melon	55
Tea or coffee (no milk or sugar)	0
Breakfast total	**325**
Lunch	
Large frankfurter or slice of liver	150
1 sliced tomato (medium-sized)	30
1 cup plain yogurt (use as dressing on tomato)	120
2 Ry-Krisps or 2 slices Melba toast	50
Tea or coffee (no milk or sugar)	0
Lunch total	**350**
Dinner	
1 medium-sized baked potato	97
6 spears fresh asparagus	22
1 small pat butter	50
½ cup fresh strawberries	27
1 cup vanilla yogurt	180
Tea or coffee (no milk or sugar)	0
Dinner total	**376**
Before bedtime	
½ cup plain yogurt	60
Bedtime total	**60**
Day's total	**1111**

done. If you want a sweeter taste, be sensible, carry your own liquid sweetener, such as Sucaryl, and add a drop to the container of yogurt. Adlai Stevenson has a fondness for sliced fresh tomatoes in a luncheon bowl dressed with plain yogurt. President Eisenhower is another regular consumer of yogurt for lunch.

For the asparagus in the dinner menu, you may substitute one cup of fresh or frozen string beans, a half cup of fresh broccoli or a half cup of diced cooked carrots—all with a count of 22 or 23 calories. Don't forget to add a big tablespoon of finely snipped fresh parsley to your dinner vegetables and a tablespoon of snipped celery leaves.

The parsley and celery count as two calories. They are sources of iron and vitamin C, which can enhance the skin. Your breakfast melon, luncheon salad and dinner vegetables are all sources of vitamin A, thiamine, riboflavin, niacin and ascorbic acid—all of them needed in a balanced diet and all adding to the great nutritive value of your daily yogurt intake. From the yogurt you obtain calcium and phosphorus, protein, carbohydrates and vitamins.

Now is the time to see how *independent* you are. If the restaurant, tearoom, or lunch counter of your choice does not serve Ry-Krisp or Melba toast—or perhaps even the yogurt—are you determined enough to bring your own? Or are you willing to accept unsuitable substitutes that wreck your diet rules? I know a group of girls working in a radio studio, who regularly bring their own, keeping it by the water cooler in the morning.

For your mid-morning nibble, bring celery sticks (four sticks equal 12 calories), radishes at one calorie per radish, or a few strips of raw carrot (10 calories). At your afternoon coffee break have black coffee (unsugared) and eat a graham cracker. Better yet, resist it.

During your diet days you may form some habits which will be of permanent benefit to you. Jarmila Novotna (Baroness Daubek), tall and stately opera soprano, told me years ago she's eaten one vegetable-and-yogurt or fruit-and-yogurt meal practically every day of her life. "This way," she said, "my weight is always under control and I never have to go on a diet." Still another daily yogurt addict—for the same reason—is Lily Pons. Jimmy Durante, the human dynamo, ascribes some of his fabulous energy to a portion of plain yogurt.

So there you have it: what may start out as a seemingly Spartan fight to lose four pounds in five days, may culminate for you as a healthier and happier way of life.

Yes, We Know

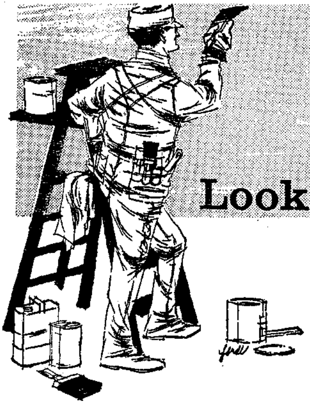
I STUFF THE CHILD into her snow suit,
And zip up her zippers with care.
I tug on her cap and her mittens, and then
She has to go, you know where. —*Capper's Weekly*

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

where in the world?

Some famous world-travelers express their opinions of places and people in the quotes below. But Guest Quizmaster Peter Lind Hayes—star of his own show on ABC-TV (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 a.m.-12:30 p.m., EST)—has omitted the names. Can you replace them? (Answers on pg. 108)

1. ——— *is the only gay place left in the world.*—Marlene Dietrich **(Rio de Janeiro; Las Vegas; Monte Carlo)**
2. *If I owned* ——— *and Hell, I'd rent out* ——— *and live in Hell.*—General Philip H. Sheridan **(Cuba; Canada; Texas)**
3. ——— *is a main artery of New York life—the hardened artery.*—Walter Winchell **(Wall Street; Broadway; The Bowery)**
4. *An* ——— *has no sense of privacy.*—George Bernard Shaw **(Australian; American; Englishman)**
5. *Every man has two countries,* ——— *and his own.*—Benjamin Franklin **(Palestine; Italy; France)**
6. *I have struck a city—a real city—and they call it* ———. —Rudyard Kipling **(Chicago; Hong Kong; Dublin)**
7. ——— *are a race of people . . . not merely inhabitants of a State.* —O. Henry **(Californians; Hoosiers; Rhode Islanders)**
8. *The* ——— *is a plot of God.*—Eureka **(Mediterranean; Hellespont; Universe)**
9. ——— *. . . where great ideas perish, done to death by witticism.* —Balzac **(Paris; Constantinople; Athens)**
10. *The* ——— *have a hundred religions, but only one sauce.*—Voltaire **(English; Latins; Hindus)**
11. *If you don't like the weather in* ———, *just wait a few minutes.*—Mark Twain **(New England; Mississippi; Michigan)**
12. ———, *. . . one third water and two thirds people.*—John Steinbeck **(Niagara Falls; Coney Island; Santa Monica)**
13. ———, *the nation's thyroid gland.*—Christopher Morley **(San Francisco; New York; Detroit)**
14. *Much may be made of a* ——— *if he be caught young.*—Samuel Johnson **(Turk; Chinaman; Scotchman)**
15. *I love* ——— *. . . because of her indomitable people.*—Calvin Coolidge **(Vermont; Montana; New Hampshire)**
16. ——— *. . . where you can tell a lie at breakfast that will come true by evening.*—William Jennings Bryan **(Dallas; Miami; Hollywood)**



by George Riemer

Look what they're doing with PAINT!

Revolutionary new paints can freshen a lawn, help kill insects—and even safeguard a Space Age rocket

THE FIRST MAN-MADE product to hit the moon will be paint. Nose cones and other parts of outer space rockets wear protective coats of heat-reflecting, friction-proof paint, without which the atmosphere would burn them to ashes.

In this and other dramatic ways, paint—that taken-for-granted substance—is helping to open the doors of tomorrow's world.

Modern homes can be painted with any one of thousands of sun-resistant colors. There is a paint that kills flies and mosquitoes, an anti-mildew paint, a paint that repels dirt and dust. A film of water-shedding, colorless and flexible paint can be sprayed over coal or sand to save it from being washed away by rain. A paint sprayed over lawns gives dried, brown grass a fresh green look even in winter. And scientists now track the flight of the bumblebee by daubing its body with odorless, fluorescent paint. All paint traps stray ultra-violet rays and almost all paint weathers salt spray.

The startling feature of paint's industrial progress has been its recent skyrocketing acceleration. General Joseph F. Battley, president of the National Paint, Varnish and Lacquer Association, estimates that 90 percent of the paints in use today were developed since the end of World War II; 80 percent within the last five years.

Back in 1947, the paint industry found itself facing a building boom with little more on hand than an ocean of wartime olive drab. The auto and furniture industries were crying for tougher, brighter finishes. A nationwide do-it-yourself trend began to demand attention. Hotels complained that slow-drying paints were smelly, messy, boring to look at and almost impossible to remove.

Then in 1949, odorless paint—one of the first of a geyser of wonder paints—began to shower the country. Today, the instruments and technicians of science have taken the old-fashioned artistic guesswork out of the paint industry with flame photometers, X-ray diffractors, gas chromatographers and improved color measuring devices. These give manufacturers more precise control over the finished products.

Paint usually consists of three components: a *pigment* mixed with a *base,* and this mixture diluted by a *thinner.* When the thinner evaporates from a painted surface, a film base is left clinging to it. This film is the all-important element in paint. It carries the pigment and binds it to the surface covered. It is expected to hold fast to glass, porous wood or settling plaster, despite extremes of weather and human use.

For years the common base or binder used in paints was linseed and tung oil which gave off an unpleasant odor. Metal ores called "earth colors" were the only pigments, and turpentine was the popular thinner. Then paint chemists discovered that certain synthetic mineral spirits, cleaner than turpentine, dried almost as soon as they hit the air. Where turpentine gave off odors for many hours, the new thinners were relatively odorless. What this meant, for example, was that hotel rooms could now be painted in the morning and be ready for occupancy by evening of the same day.

But the big breakthrough came when chemists tested synthetic resins as bonding bases instead of linseed and tung oil. Used thus some of these resins could be thinned with water to protect delicate organic dyes. Others were diamond-hard, some actually "breathed" and stretched, and some even endured on red-hot metal.

The chemists also used these new bases to create one of their most ingenious products: multi-colored paint. Small sacs of pigmented paint, or particles of lacquer, float suspended in a water-thinned paint of a single solid color. This fluid is stirred in a huge mixing cylinder, but the droplets of color remain separate floating isles. When the blend is sprayed onto a surface, it results in multi-colored specks, bars and even polka dots.

"Synthetic resins have given us all a boost," the owner of a New Jersey paint plant reports. "Today massive research isn't necessary to produce a successful paint. My chemist can shake the new dyes, thinners and bases together almost blindfolded and pour off a new paint product."

Many small manufacturers play a large part in introducing good, new products. One paint maker saw his young son drop a cookie on the playroom floor, then pick it up and pop it into his mouth. The man thereupon sought to concoct an antiseptic floor paint. In 1957, manufacturers announced the development of antiseptic paints which they claim are designed for use on objects commonly handled by the public: doorknobs, banisters, pens in banks and toilet fixtures.

Another paint maker kept falling on his garage floor though it was obviously free of oil or grease. Assuming the floor was being waxed for dancing, he scolded his teenage youngsters. Then he analyzed some scrapings and found salt was the culprit. There was too much alkali in his concrete, and salty snow slush was dripping down from his car and mixing with the alkali to produce soap. Making inquiries, he learned that a similar problem was plaguing snowbound Northern cities. Minneapolis, for example, spread 18,000,000 pounds of salt on its streets during the winter of 1956-1957. The paint manufacturer promptly developed a coating that would withstand salt's corrosive action. As a result, thousands of motorists now use his safer, linseed oil-based paint on their garage floors.

A typical paint chemist is Richard J. Eckart. In his Brooklyn laboratories, he has a collection of 150 species of barnacles. Boat-owners all over the world send sample barnacles to him, urging him to develop an anti-barnacle paint. Eckart's experiments show that barnacles cling to panels of wood, steel, aluminum and Fiberglas even when these panels have been coated with anti-fouling paint. But he's found that the best repellent is paint containing metallic copper and copper oxide.

"The headmaster of my son's school," Eckart recalled to me one day recently when I visited his plant, "asked if I knew of any paint the kids could write on. He had some plywood and wanted to make blackboards out of them." Eckart lifted a stick dropping green paint out of a vat. He pointed to tiny sand-like grains in the paint. "Silica," he explained. "It grabs the chalk. Without it the board would be too slippery to write on. And this soft green is easier on the eyes than black. The headmaster's going to have *greenboards,* not blackboards."

Industry, big and little, is protected by paint. Paint manufacturers constantly receive letters from builders of boats, furniture and cars describing a new puzzle they would like paint to solve.

Some of the testing machines built by paint scientists look like a hybrid Buck Rogers-Rube Goldberg contraption. A Waukegan, Illinois, firm made a machine that lifted a 16-pound bowling ball about a foot off the floor, then slammed it down and forward at a rate of 16 miles an hour. At the point where the ball was to smash against the floor, chemists spread a thin coating of clear varnish. Then they set the machine to work. A day later they studied the varnish; it showed signs of wear. Thereupon the testers started formulating new coatings. Ultimately they got what they wanted—a clear lacquer film for sheathing bowling alleys. The film does not mar, crack or wear appreciably even after the pounding given it by 210,000 bowling balls, yet it's only 3/1000 of an inch thick—about the thickness of this page.

Researchers predict that paint someday will make fragile fibers and woods as tough as steel. Epoxy resin bases are expected to achieve this goal. One furniture manufacturer heard his maintenance men praising these epoxy paints. "Are they perspiration-proof?" he asked. A laboratory test was set up with bath tubs full of a synthetic formula akin to perspiration. It took the acids only five minutes to erode conventional coatings from chairs immersed in the tubs, while epoxies stood fast five times as long.

Men seeking to go faster and farther are using paint to solve problems. Jet engines are saved from hot oil and salt spray by coats of aluminum silicone paint, and new compounds coat the aluminum edges of supersonic aircraft to keep rain from eroding them.

A. E. Frates, president of the Honolulu Paint and Varnish Association, believes paint will ultimately prevent many air collisions. As a result of his suggestion to General Battley who passed it on, the Civil Aeronautics Administration had the tails, wing tips and noses of 92 planes coated with iridescent, fluorescent orange paint. The Air Force, satisfied with the results of this test, ordered 13,000 non-tactical planes coated with the "safety paint."

The revolution in paint has affected affiliated businesses, too. Consumers now can buy a paint applicator that works like a ball point pen—or a giant roller with a 14-foot handle for use on walls, floors and ceilings. There are also specially shaped rollers to get behind pipes and lamb's wool rollers with inch-deep pile that paint wire fences—the paint-soaked hairs wrap entirely around the wire. The aerosol paint division of the industry is booming.

And solid paints are coming into their own, too. Paint chemists have produced a gelid, solid paint which handles like aspic and doesn't spill or splatter. Thus, after a slow start, paint has caught up with the 20th century. The biggest revolution in its colorful history is ten years old, and the future is even brighter.

Provoked

The problem provoked by each modern appliance
Is how to acquire a touch of
Some of this wonderful leisure that Science
Assures me I have too much of!

—MAY RICHSTONE

IN JUNE CORONET

PICKING THE RIGHT CAMP

Specialty camping is the new style in summer camps. This comprehensive report shows how parents can now choose camps tailored to each child's needs—from boating to musicology.

MAKE YOUR OWN CLIMATE

Using inexpensive air baffles and sun shields, you can make your back yard and home ten degrees cooler than your neighbor's—or drastically cut your air conditioning and fuel bills.

A CORONET SPECIAL REPORT

Today's exciting new

by Sidney Margolius

This is an era of sweeping changes in job opportunities.

The exploration of space, the development of atomic energy, the rapid expansion of scientific research in many fields, the arrival of automation — all are factors which already are affecting — or soon will affect — the job fortunes of hundreds of thousands of Americans.

Those who are alert to the changing trends and move to take fullest advantage of the opportunities offered will, of course, have a better chance to get ahead than those who drift along with an "old-fashioned" view of the job scene — wrongly assuming that what has held true in the past in regard to the fruitful professions and occupations will continue to hold true in the future.

Being alert to the changing job trends of the Space Age will be especially important to young people coming out of high school and college within the next few years. With their number destined to jump by 600,000 a year in the immediate future, they face increasingly stiff job competition. Mistakes in career planning will be more costly than ever before. Conversely, thorough and effective career planning and preparation will reap even greater rewards than in the past.

The following report, prepared especially for CORONET by an expert, answers questions vital to effective job planning in these fast changing times.

career opportunities

Today's job hopefuls and those who want to improve their job status must realize that:

1 The day of the semi-skilled worker is dying

Up to now, the production line has been the big source of employment. Most white-collar jobs have also been semi-skilled. But with automatically controlled machines usurping many of these tasks, you now must have higher technical training to get and hold the better-paying jobs. What was good enough yesterday, or today, won't be good enough tomorrow.

2 The white collar is replacing the blue

The general shift in job opportunities is away from manufacturing, transportation and mining and toward service, trade and finance. In the past decade, the number of professional and technical workers has increased by 60 percent. But factory jobs since 1956 have dropped. In 1956, for the first time the number of white-collar workers exceeded the number of blue-collar workers. The distinction is now between white and white-on-white.

3 This is the age of the "team"

Fewer people from now on will hang out their own shingles or start their own businesses. The Rugged Individualist is giving way to the Organization Man. The engineer, for example, now works as a member of a team. The team's objective is and will be big; the individual's own job, just a part of the grand design. Lawyers, architects, chemists, business administrators, accountants and others of the traditionally self-employed professions will more frequently find their future with the large firms.

WHICH FIELDS OFFER FEWER OPPORTUNITIES?

The automotive industry for one. Only yesterday it was a booming source of jobs. Suddenly it has become a semi-distressed industry much like railroads and textiles. Thousands of auto workers have been replaced as the use of automation has increased on assembly lines.

Automation has also already hit seamen and dock workers in the form of new loading apparatus; office workers in the shape of robots such as an IBM electronic computer which can make 72,000,000 decisions of a Yes/No or True/False nature in one hour. Some small firms—instead of hiring clerks, bookkeepers and accountants—now farm their work out to central computing machines on a fee basis.

And except for mechanics, the bloom is off once-glamorous air careers. Jet planes are faster, carry more passengers. Thus, employment of flying personnel won't increase as rapidly as in the past. Electronic computing machines enable airlines to handle more reservations, scheduling and accounting without employing more traffic agents, teletypists and clerks.

WHICH FIELDS OFFER MORE OPPORTUNITIES?

In general, the three fields likely to expand the fastest are electronics, chemistry and education, according to Peter F. Drucker, noted management expert. Of the professions, engineering is the biggest and fastest-growing one, next to teaching.

ENGINEERING

Of 16,000 hardest-to-fill openings reported by the Bureau of Employment Security late in '58, 4,500 were for engineers alone. Up to now, mechanical and civil engineers have been most numerous. But intense research in electronics is booming electrical engineering. Two out of five engineering vacancies in late '58 were for electrical engineers. Other booming careers are aeronautical and metallurgical engineering.

The demand is cracking even the old prejudice against women in engineering and scientific research. Henri Busignies, president of International Telephone and Telegraph Laboratories, reports that at the company's Nutley, New Jersey laboratory, women are working side by side with men in almost every phase of electronics research and development. I.T.T. laboratories already employ six women engineers and are seeking more.

CHEMICALS

The chemical industry is growing about three times as fast as industry in general. Not only chemists and engineers, but accountants and marketing men interested in chemical processes are carving out careers in this burgeoning industry.

Chemists and chemical engineers are in demand for research and product development in almost every phase of modern life.

Newest career is rocket-fuel chemistry. Another modern vocation is chemurgy, which has developed such new foods as orange and grapefruit powders which dissolve in water.

SPACE RESEARCH

Space-travel research already is affecting many careers. A big new field is solid-state physics—hunting for very pure materials and studying the solid state of materials more intensively than ever before. Researchers, for example, are seeking to make iron a hundred times stronger than the iron in use today; and the Government is planning a high-purity materials research center.

While numerically there are more jobs in chemistry than in physics, openings registered with the American Institute of Physics currently outnumber job-hunters by six to one. The clamor for physicists is especially loud from colleges, space-research firms and companies constructing missiles and rockets.

ATOMIC ENERGY

Atomic energy, already a big industry employing chiefly scientists, engineers and skilled craftsmen, has spawned a fast-growing career—that of the health physicist. The new experts, like K. Z. Morgan, head of the health physics division at Oak Ridge National Laboratory, watch for dangerous contamination of the air by radioactive particles, and work out ways to dispose of atomic wastes to protect the environment.

TEACHING

The demand for more teachers is both vigorous and lasting. Even the Army has been having difficulty finding 1,300 teachers for installations in Europe and Japan. Under the stimulus of scientific research, there is growing appreciation and demand for skillful teachers. Pay boosts enable them to resist the fatter checks of administrative careers. The demand for chemistry teachers far outstrips the supply. A developing new career is the specially-trained guidance counselor.

TECHNICAL WRITING

The need for technical and training pamphlets has suddenly made technical writing a large profession. One recent Sunday, a major newspaper listed 50 classified ads for writers and editors and 48 of them were for technical writers. Two experienced technical writers, who early sensed the trend, now operate several offices employing dozens of other writers. They all turn out technical pamphlets for Government and industry.

MEDICAL SERVICE

Another booming career area is medical services. Nurses are high on the "most-wanted" list. New, more advanced and specialized careers are developing in this profession, especially psychiatric nursing, nurse education and public-health nursing.

Medical advances and the spread of preventive medicine, plus the shortage of doctors, have spurred other vocations that practice phases of the doctor's art. The expanding field of physical and vocational rehabilitation is devoted to restoring the physical, emotional, and economic effectiveness of disabled persons.

Physical therapists are in particular demand. The newly-rising "medical technologist" performs a wide variety of difficult medical tests beyond the bounds of the traditional medical technician.

Other expanding health-service careers include dental technicians, medical record librarians, dispensing opticians and employment counselors trained in placing handicapped people.

SOCIAL WORK

A surprising new aspect of the job scene is the rising demand for social workers, especially psychiatric, and social scientists, such as psychologists, economists and sociologists. Career opportunities for economists are increasing, especially for those with strong training in mathematics, statistics and agricultural marketing.

A new career for social scientists, born of the impact on human beings of the automatic machines, is that of the "human factors scientist." This job involves helping people adapt so they can cope with and use such robots as high-speed computers. The new human factors scientists are generally first trained as psychologists, sociologists, anthropologists, mathematicians and "human engineers."

SERVICE AND MARKETING

Besides the scientific and technical professions, the developing professional careers are in service and marketing industries. Dr. Louis M. Hacker, noted Columbia University educator, recently listed applied mathematics, real-estate financing and management, graphic arts and communications as rising professions.

In business administration, the developing career is marketing management, especially among small and medium-sized companies, a study by the Alexander Hamilton Institute indicates.

Career opportunities for accountants also are flourishing under complex tax systems, the need to control expanding business operations, increasing use of accounting services by small organizations and the need for planning procedures for electronic computers.

In addition to scientists and engineers, new techniques and products require salespeople, installers and servicemen.

SKILLED WORKERS

There is a big demand for mechanics, toolmakers, machinists, electricians and other highly-skilled workers. Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell has said that he's shocked by the fact that there are no more skilled workers available now than five years ago, and by the lack of interest young people have shown in the skilled crafts.

The recent recession proved only too clearly that workers now must have skill, training and fair education to survive.

In 1957, one out of 12 workers with fewer than five years of schooling was jobless, compared to one out of 33 high school graduates, and fewer than one out of 100 college graduates.

Too, semi-skilled workers not only suffered more unemployment, but went jobless longer than those with higher skills.

Today craftsmen need to watch the trends in industry as closely as the scientists. A young plumber, who refused to go on short work weeks when home-building sagged in New York, found he was able to adapt his skills to atomic-energy plant construction. Pipe-fitters in the construction trades found their skills were equally useful in building oil refineries. Vermont marble setters found, after counseling, that many of their skills were identical with those of metal workers.

Auto mechanics are much in demand but electronics and airplane mechanics, as already indicated, are even more so. More aviation mechanics are required because of the increase in private planes for business use. They are also needed to service the increasingly complex airships of the public airlines.

Semi-professional careers which are growing most rapidly include: draftsman, "engineering aid" or technician; and laboratory helper.

STENOGRAPHY

In office careers, while many clerks and bookkeepers are becoming displaced persons, not even the introduction of electric typewriters, dictation machines and photographic duplicators has stilled the clamor for stenographers and secretaries. They're in constant demand for Government overseas installations. But a qualified stenographer can go to any city in the country and get a good job, and apparently will be able to for some time.

But whatever your interest, the main point to remember is that in an age of jet engines, the rickshaw boy gets only a handful of rice. More and more with each passing year, it is the training that counts.

Literally Taken

WITH LUNCHEON GUESTS due to arrive at any minute, my wife discovered that we were almost completely out of bread. I told her I was sure that the little variety store just around the corner sold bread, and suggested we send our six-year-old Kathy to get some.

"Here's a dollar," my wife said. "Get two loaves of *sliced sandwich bread,* if they have it. If they don't have it, get anything. But hurry!"

Kathy dashed off, and we waited—and waited. Finally she danced into view around the corner, a bright red—and obviously new—hula hoop whirling around her middle.

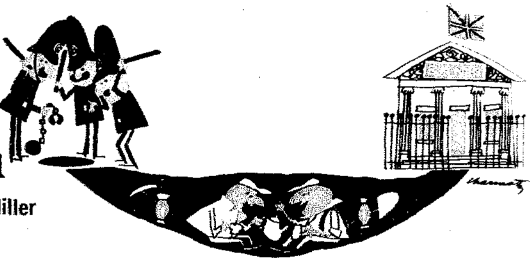
"Kathy!" her mother cried, "Where did you get that hula hoop—and where's the bread I sent you for?"

"Well, they didn't have sliced sandwich bread—" answered Kathy, "—and *you said,*" she reminded us indignantly, " 'If they don't have that, *get anything!*' "

—ROBERT L. BUCHANAN, SR.

the scrambled yeggs

by Don C. Miller



LAST MAY, when brothers Dennis and Martin O'Brien rented a vacant store opposite the Midland Bank in Port Talbot, Wales, they foresaw no insurmountable obstacle to their plan. They would have to work hard, they realized. But a fortune was waiting in the bank's vault.

First they whitewashed the shop windows to hide their actions. Then they moved in their tools, locked the door and went to work.

Both skilled construction workers, they easily ripped up the shop's floor, and began to dig a hole which, they calculated, had to be 18 feet deep. Soon a mountain of excavated dirt rose in the rear room of the store. When they reached the required depth, they started digging at a right angle—directly toward the bank.

Each morning the O'Briens arrived at their shop; all day they labored in their tunnel, inching a path to the fortune awaiting them. Like good workers, they packed a lunch; like good Welshmen, they paused for tea in the afternoon; like good husbands, they stopped work at five and went home. No one—not even their families—knew what they were up to; nor that they planned to disappear from the country as soon as they had the money in their hands.

By the end of the second week, they had advanced about 35 feet. They worked carefully, shoring the four-foot high tunnel with floor boards from the shop. An extension cord supplied them with electric lights. Heavy traffic overhead drowned out the noise of their digging.

They planned the climax of their ingenious scheme for a Saturday, when the bank would be closed half a day. Having reached the area beneath the vault, they would have only to drill a large enough hole with a pneumatic hammer to crawl inside, collect the fortune there, and vanish.

Elated by their imminent success, they finished their labors one day, and crawled out of the tunnel—right into the waiting arms of policemen who had circled the mouth of the 18-foot well.

Not until their trial did they discover where they had come a cropper. The owner of the store noticed the whitewashed windows, and, unable to contain his curiosity, had peeped inside. When he saw signs of suspicious activity, he informed the police. Like many another tenant, the brothers O'Brien, plotters extraordinary, had been tripped up by a landlord who didn't mind his own business!

"Bringing up Mother"

Baby-faced Sandra Dee gave up an estimated $78,000-a-year income as a teenage model and TV actress in New York for a movie career. In two years, she made seven pictures and her studio, Universal-International, regards her as "a blonde Elizabeth Taylor." But her busy schedule and on-the-set schooling have virtually isolated 17-year-old Sandra from boys and girls her own age. Consequently she has built a close relationship with her young widowed mother, Mary Douvan, 36. They are often mistaken for sisters. Mary says whimsically, "*I'm not raising Sandy; she's bringing me up. She advises me on make-up, clothes, and hair styles.*" Mary has also yielded household responsibilities to Sandra in a unique interdependency, as revealed on the following pages.

Photographs by William R. Woodfield

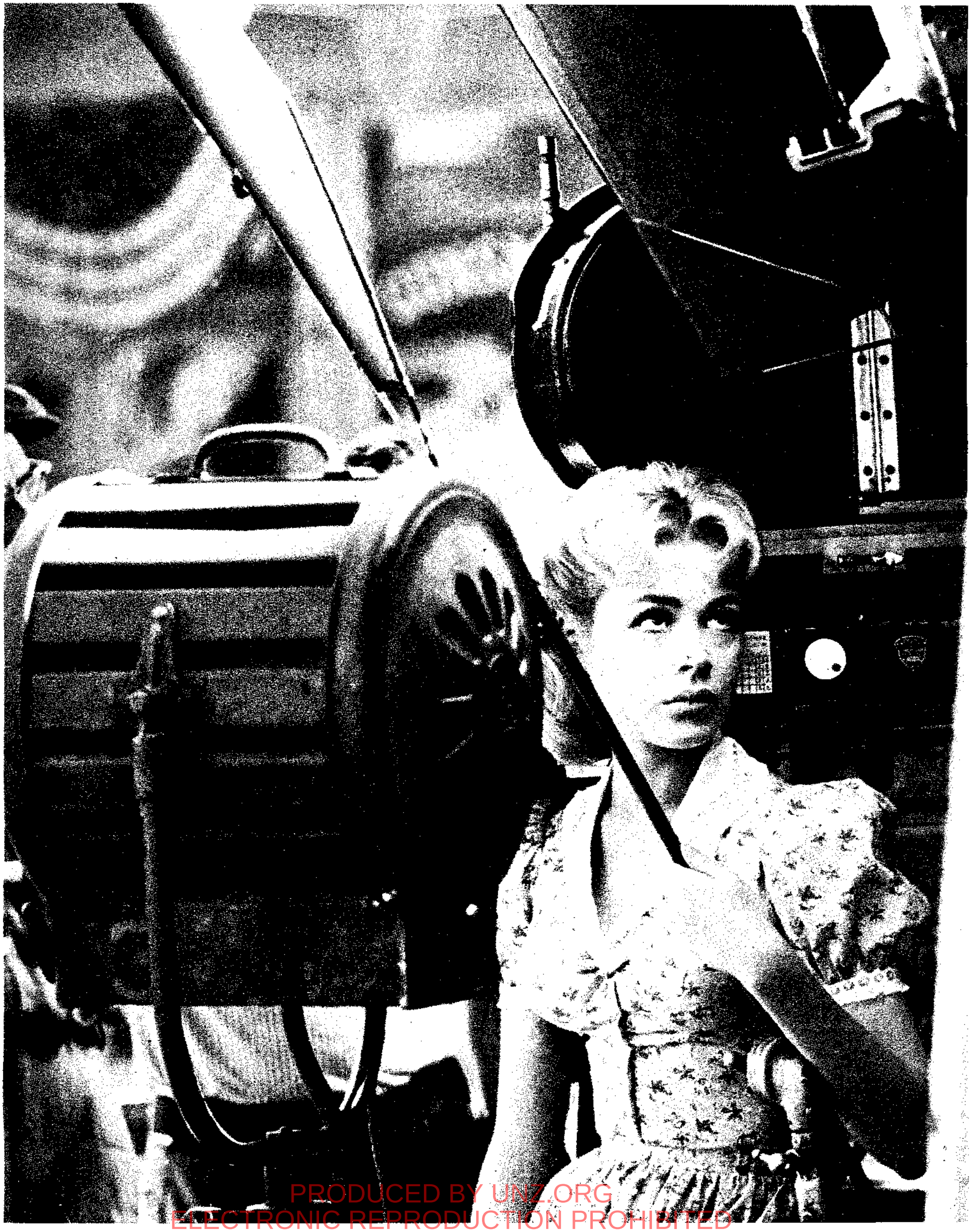
Riding to location in studio car, Mary removes clips from Sandra's hair and discusses preview of film.

DON ORNITZ

"Sandra and I are complete opposites"

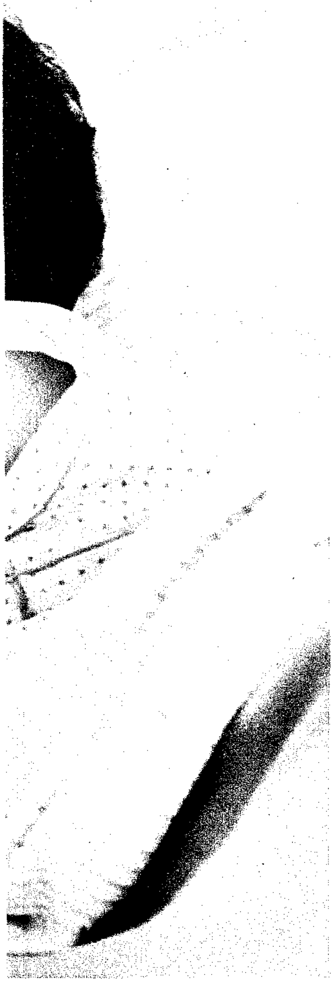
Sandra's new career helped cushion the emotional shock suffered by her mother upon the death of her second husband, Eugene Douvan, two and a half years ago. (Mary divorced her serviceman-husband, Sandra's father, shortly after the birth of their daughter.) Sandra called Douvan "Daddy" and took her stage name from his last initial. "Sandra and I are complete opposites," says her mother. "I'm an open book, while Sandra is reserved and rarely shows any outward emotion. And she keeps her thoughts to herself." On the set, dashing from fittings, hairdresser and schoolroom to the sound stage, Sandra sees Mary mostly at lunch time; often this is sandwiched in with interviews and business talks. This devotion to work has helped Sandra to score in two current hits: "Gidget," a movie about surf-riding, and "Imitation of Life," a remake of Fannie Hurst's classic tear-jerker, in which Sandra plays Lana Turner's daughter.

Sandra relaxes on set of "The Wild and the Innocent," her first western.



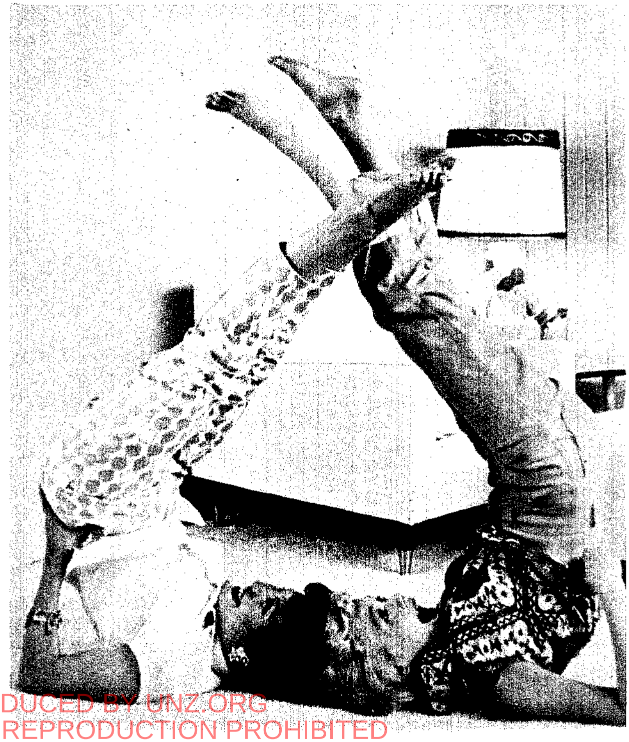
Propped up on pillows in the den, Sandra and Mary watch TV and talk about the day's work. They often fall asleep here, one on floor, one in bed.

At home—with words and action



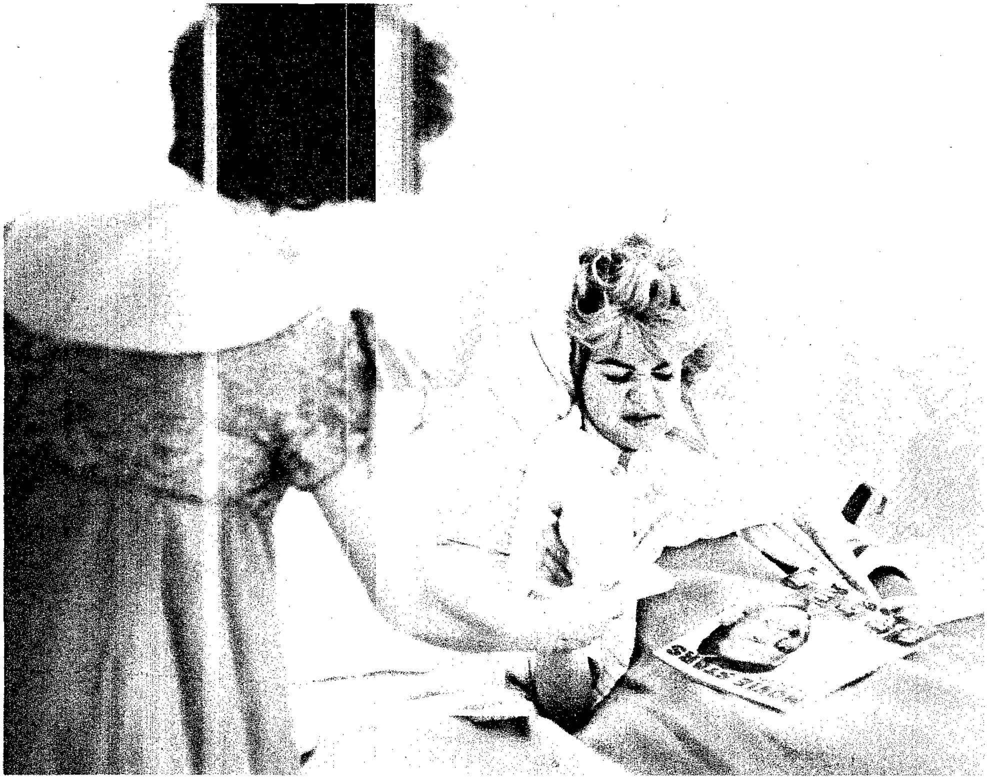
Under a California law covering school-age actors, Sandra's work day ends at 4 P.M. She removes her make-up and jumps behind the wheel of her Thunderbird—bought on her 16th birthday with her $1,000-weekly salary—for the drive home. On the way, Sandra stops at the supermarket to shop for dinner. "I never know one day what I'll want the next, so I shop every day," she explains. Once home, Sandra cooks dinner (her specialties are shrimp, stuffed cabbage and Russian borsht) and serves Mary on a tray while they watch television. Mary says, "Sandra loves to cook, so I do the cleaning. And that can be a chore with a teenager. When she is deciding which dress to wear, her bedroom looks like the aftermath of a cyclone."

DON ORNITZ



"I exercise to keep trim," says Mary, "and Sandra often joins me." At 5'5", Sandra is four inches taller than Mary, but both weigh the same—99 pounds.

Sandra has had riding scenes in three films, and practices regularly. "And I have to go along, too, whether I feel like it or not," groans her mother.



During mumps siege, Sandra is pained at prospect of downing glass of milk.

"Being right isn't built-in..."

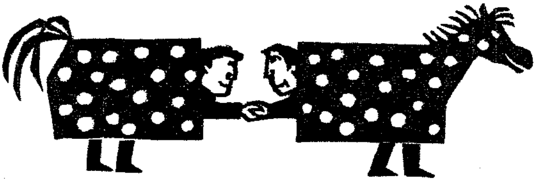
"Our mother-daughter relationship is fine," says Mary Douvan, "but I'm even prouder of the fact that we're pals. We both know we genuinely like each other. But Sandra isn't at all demonstrative. Sometimes, when an expression or a gesture reminds me of how she looked or acted as a baby, I get nostalgic and hug her impulsively. She always asks, 'What's the matter, Mother? Aren't you feeling well?'" When they drive out to the beach, it's Mary who stuffs herself with hot dogs, while figure-conscious Sandra watches her patiently. They often argue about trifles. But Mary is wise enough to know that "just being a mother doesn't always make me right; it's not built-in."

DON ORNITZ

Occasional date (actor Steve Rowland) is a big event. Sandra's two dogs generally join in the reception.

"I'll get around to boys"

Modeling since 12, Sandra says, "I guess I never had a real childhood. But I feel that it's been worth it—I'm crazy about acting." Questioned about boys, she shrugs: "Give me a couple of years." Her mother, watching anxiously at her side, often shakes her head at Sandra's self-discipline and mature judgment: "Sometimes, I think she's too hard on herself."



GRIN AND SHARE IT

A SCHOOL INSPECTOR, to get an idea of the standard of teaching, entered a classroom while the lesson was in progress and decided to ask the children some questions.

Calling on one small boy he asked, "Who broke down the walls of Jericho?" The boy answered, "Not me, sir." The inspector turned to the teacher and asked, "Is this the usual standard in this class?" The teacher replied, "The boy is usually quite honest so I believe him."

Leaving the room in disgust the inspector sought out the headmaster and explained what had transpired.

The headmaster said, "I've known both the teacher and boy concerned for several years and I'm sure that neither of them would do a thing like that."

By this time the inspector was furious and reported the incident to the director of education.

The director said, "I feel, you know, we are making a mountain out of a molehill in this case. I suggest we pay the bill and write the sum off." —*Woolery Digest*

THE GOLFER was having a rough time. After topping, slicing and knocking up turf, he finally drove into a bunker where two workmen with shovels were making repairs.

The diggers paused in their labors as the duffer swung mightily. No ball emerged. A repeat performance brought no better results.

He was swinging again when one workman told the other: "If he digs one more hole, he'll have to join the union." —*Wall Street Journal*

MY SON had been having trouble with his grammar studies in school. For several weeks we worked at night on the three degrees of adjectives and adverbs. After patiently emphasizing that the comparative degree was stronger and that the superlative was strongest, I dictated a list of words to compare, which included the adjective "high."

On his tablet I was amazed to find: "Positive degree—Hi. Comparative degree—Hello. Superlative degree—How do you do?"

—ERNEST BLEVINS
Your Life

AFTER SEVERAL HOURS at a party featuring a potent punch, a woman caught sight of her husband, dangling by his legs from the chandelier. "That means it's time to go," she informed the hostess. "Fred is doing his imitation of Spanish moss." —AREJAS VITKAUSKAS

IN MANILA, at the National Press Club's "bingo night" a $25 prize was offered to any man who had a picture of his mother-in-law in his wallet. There were no winners.

—MORRIS BENDER

ONE OF THE BEST reasons yet given for regular attendance at committee meetings comes from a young matron who was asked to serve on a school library committee. She agreed to do so, but explained that she would be unable to attend the initial meeting. The next letter she received from the group began, "Dear Chairman . . ." —*Quote*

THE QUESTION "What Makes A Woman Happy?" was posed at Britain's "Women of the Year" luncheon recently.

"Marrying a fine man," said Lady Attlee, wife of Britain's former Laborite Prime Minister.

"Giving and receiving," said ballerina Beryl Grey.

But most agreed with comedienne Joyce Grenfell—"Taking off my girdle at the end of the day." —*Associated Press*

A PARTY OF AMERICAN tourists traveling in Italy were taken on a guided tour of the ruins of Pompeii. As they neared the ancient city, the guide launched his lecture by saying:

"This is the city of Pompeii, which, you may remember, was destroyed by an eruption in 79."

"My goodness," exclaimed a woman from the Middle West. "Just eight years after the Chicago fire!" —FRANCES KAMINSKY

WHEN FORMER Vice President Alben Barkley was elected to the House of Representatives for the first time, he was puzzled by congressional nomenclature.

In talking to one of his colleagues he raised the question of why a House of Representatives committee was called Foreign Affairs, while in the Senate it was known as Foreign Relations. The reply was, "It's very simple, Alben. Most Senators are too old to have affairs. They only have relations." —E. E. EDGAR

A HUSBAND DECIDED to be helpful around the house and called a Venetian-blind repairman to come pick up a broken blind. Next morning, while the family was seated at breakfast, the doorbell rang and his wife went to the door. The man at the door said, "I'm here for the Venetian blind."

Excusing herself, the wife returned to the kitchen, fished a dollar out of the teacup on the second shelf and pressed it into the bewildered repairman's hand. Gently closing the door, she returned to the breakfast table.

"Somebody collecting again," she explained as she poured her husband another cup of coffee. —GEORGE MADISON

WHILE TRAVELING through the jungle, a missionary met a lion. Seeing that his plight was hopeless, he fell to his knees in anxious prayer.

A few moments later he was greatly comforted to see the lion on its knees beside him.

"Dear Brother," said the relieved missionary, "how delightful it is to join you in prayer when a moment ago I feared for my life."

"Don't interrupt," said the lion, "I'm saying grace." —SAMUEL SHARPE

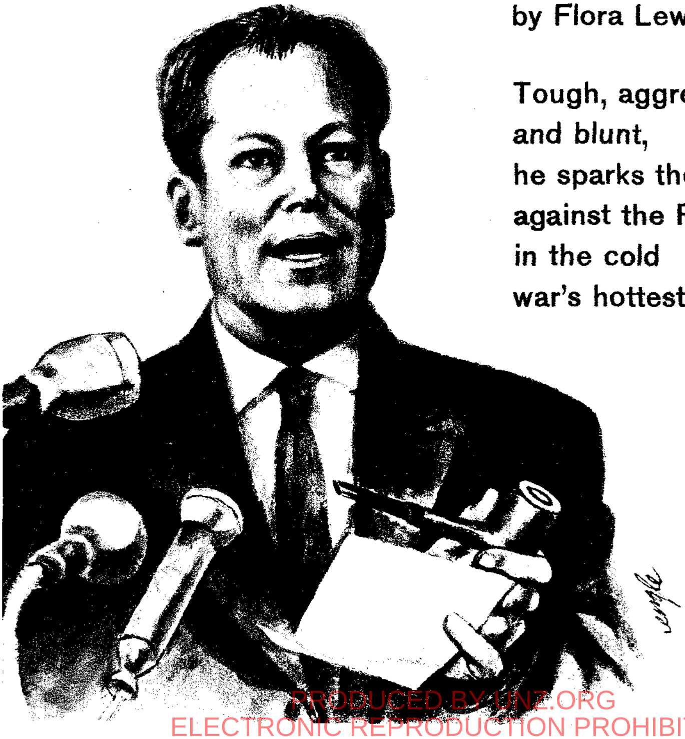
On the night of November 5, 1956, an enraged crowd of 75,000 persons, many of them wild-eyed students, massed in front of the gingerbread Schoeneberger Rathaus, West Berlin's City Hall. They were there to demand that something be done about Russia's behavior in Hungary.

Despite the pleas of city dignitaries, the crowd—its mood growing uglier—turned and began to surge toward the Brandenburg Gate, the lonely monument that marks the dividing line between West Berlin and Communist East Berlin.

The danger was obvious. A march on East Berlin could have set off a Berlin powder keg and brought war between the East and West.

This was the situation when a tall, ruddy-faced man named Willy Brandt first stepped into the international spotlight. When over 1,000

The fiery Brandt of Berlin



by Flora Lewis

Tough, aggressive
and blunt,
he sparks the battle
against the Reds
in the cold
war's hottest spot

impulsive students ignored his warnings to calm down and instead raced through unlit Tiergarten Park on their way to storm the East, Brandt commandeered a police car, and sped through back streets to head them off at Brandenburg Gate.

There, in full earshot of Communist police just across the border—as students prepared to throw heavy stones—Brandt ducked in and out among the youths screaming the facts of West Berlin's dangerous isolation. At last, the mob heeded his words and went home.

This show of courage and Brandt's instinct for saying the right thing at the right time saved Berlin from a blood bath that night.

Brandt, at the time, was a leader of West Berlin's legislature, known to the politicians but scarcely to the populace. Overnight, he became a public hero.

Now, Berlin is menaced again, though in a different way. And Brandt is Governing Mayor, leader of a city that chose him because it wanted a spokesman whose voice is loud, clear and above all, firm.

Willy Brandt, who recently visited the U.S., is an energetic, open-faced, trim man in a blue serge suit. He could more easily be taken for the spark plug of a midwestern Junior Chamber of Commerce than for West Berlin's Mayor. But this is a part of his popularity.

He can get up at a rally and proclaim: "We belong to the West. We will continue belonging to the West." And his long, roughhewn face and athletic frame make it seem that if any one person can assure that, Brandt is the man.

As Brandt spoke recently, the audience, workers in one of the new factories on the edge of the city, clapped and cheered. "That's one man you can be sure of," a stubbly-faced mechanic whispered. "He'll stand up for us."

It's a tricky, wearing job, standing up for Berlin. But at 45, Brandt, one of the youngest mayors Berlin ever had, has so far proved equal to the task.

"If the worst came," he said recently, "Berlin would fight street by street to the last. There's no danger of our giving up under attack, or under subversive pressure. I have a map of the city that shows a red dot for every five Communists in West Berlin. We know exactly where each one lives."

He went on, "The reddest section of my map is Wedding," (a workers' district famed for its revolutionary tendencies), "so I took it for my electoral constituency to give the Communists a lesson."

He smiled with satisfaction, and he had earned the right. At the last election, Brandt won so many votes in Wedding that the Communists were left with only 3 percent, a record low for the district.

Brandt once paid a call on the Soviet commander in Karlshorst, East Berlin. Before the visit, Major General Andrei Chamov ordered a hectic three-day cleanup along the route Brandt would pass, and then set out to make his visitor pay for the extra effort with a bitter tirade. The Soviet general greeted Brandt coldly and launched into an attack on West Berlin as an anti-Communist spy base.

Brandt did not bat an eye. He squared his shoulders and answered in a flat, unemotional voice, "I came to make a courtesy call, not to sit on the culprit's bench. If you want to make charges, I can tell you about secret police brutalities, kidnapings, and other things in your own zone that deserve your attention."

General Chamov goggled, forced a smile, and switched to a eulogy of West Berlin's reconstruction. For three hours, he plied Brandt with vodka, stuffed eggs, smoked salmon, and friendly chatter. He even promised some concessions for West Berlin. The promises were never carried out.

West Berlin's crises may be the most important in which Brandt has had a leading role. But it is by no means his first brush with danger, nor his first long struggle.

He was not born Willy Brandt. His mother, then a 20-year-old shopgirl in the old Baltic town of Lübeck, named him Herbert Karl Frahm when he was born shortly before Christmas in 1913. Abandoned by Brandt's father, his mother eventually left the child to foster parents. He had to make his own way, a pugnacious, anxious boy who eagerly gobbled up his lessons in school.

Politics appealed to the youngster so early that the schoolmaster sent home a note warning: "Herbert does well at his studies, but you should hold him back from politics. He is too intense about it."

But the boy was also too independent-minded to pay attention. He joined the Socialist Democratic party at 17, and a couple of years later, he was fighting for his ideas in rowdy street brawls with Hitler's brown-shirted bullies.

In 1933, when Hitler came to power, Frahm was already on the Gestapo's wanted list. Friends warned him and he slipped away to Norway. There, he changed his name to Willy Brandt for safety's sake. Ultimately he became a Norwegian citizen and launched a career as a Socialist pamphleteer.

IT WAS NOT LONG before the adventurous young man had a chance to indulge his taste for world affairs. He got a job as a newspaperman and went to Spain in 1937, where he made contact with other exiled Socialists who were helping the Loyalists.

Soon after Brandt returned to Oslo, the Russo-Finnish winter war broke out. He joined a Norwegian organization doing relief work for the Finns. It was an irony perhaps, because Hitler's Nazis fought with Franco a inst the Loyalists in Spain and backed Finland against the Soviet Union.

But Brandt says, "There was no contradiction in our stand. It didn't matter whether we were working against the Soviets or against Hitler . . . for us it was a matter of fighting for freedom and humanity."

When the Wehrmacht invaded Norway in 1940, Brandt's relief

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(*continued from page* 102)

group switched to helping Norwegians. Marching north behind the shattered Norwegian Army, Brandt says, "We tried to keep a jump or two ahead of the Germans. Our job was to pick up the wounded who were left behind and people in special danger who'd been stranded. We marched at night and hid in farmhouses and haystacks by day."

But the Norwegian Army was collapsing, and an officer came to tell Brandt that he risked being shot as a traitor after the impending surrender. Together, they thought up the simplest disguise in the world to hide Brandt from the Gestapo.

A sergeant loaned Brandt a uniform—the jacket was too small and the pants were tight. But Brandt spoke such flawless Norwegian that the Germans never looked closely at this scruffily outfitted prisoner of war, one of tens of thousands they collected when Norway surrendered.

Suddenly, the Wehrmacht released its Norwegian prisoners. Brandt headed for neutral Sweden on skis. Near the border, he was almost caught by a patrol, but the falling snow had blurred his tracks. Scarcely breathing in the still air, he flattened himself under a clump of trees and the patrol went by.

Brandt spent the rest of the war in Sweden, writing underground pamphlets, collecting and sending messages to the resistance in Norway and Germany. Once, disguised as a deer-keeper, he sneaked undetected back into Norway (where there was a price on his head) to attend an underground conference.

Brandt met Rut Hansen, a Norwegian refugee, at a party in Stockholm in 1942. "He seemed to radiate warmth and security," she says, "I liked him immediately." But it was not until six years later that they married in Berlin. Brandt had gone back to Germany after the war, first as a Norwegian newspaperman to cover the war crimes trials and then as a Norwegian diplomat.

"I could have stayed on in the diplomatic service," he says, "but when I got to Berlin I saw there was a place for me in politics. I'm a politician at heart." Rut followed him, and in 1948, he resumed his German citizenship, turning in his diplomatic privileges for the lean rations of a postwar Berliner.

West Berlin's beloved first Mayor, the late Ernst Reuter, took an immediate liking to the clean-cut Brandt and delegated him to handle local Socialist party affairs. Reuter put him up for chairmanship of the local Socialist organization, and Brandt was repeatedly defeated.

"Too unorthodox, too experimental, too new-fangled," were the complaints of the old party regulars. But Brandt kept talking to them, arguing, persuading, trying to win them over one by one.

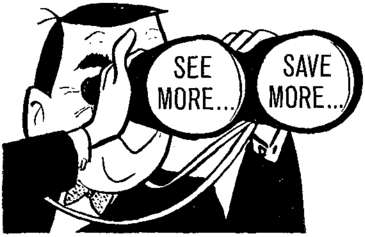
"He just can't accept defeat," an associate said. "He won't believe it's final and he keeps on trying."

In public elections, Brandt has never lost a race. His first victory was in 1950, when he won a German parliamentary seat.

A cynical Berlin newspaperman who has watched Brandt's alternate spurts of fighting his way up through the political machine and gliding

(*continued on page* 106)

EUROPE?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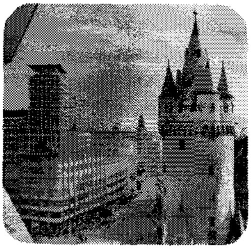

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MY TRAVEL AGENT IS ____________________

(*continued from page* 104)

along on his popular appeal, said: "He is cast of solid metal. He can switch on his charming smile, but underneath there's not a single soft or uncertain spot. He listens cheerfully enough to people, but he always makes up his own mind because he knows what he wants and he knows how to get it in his own quiet, patient way."

Brandt's way brought him gradually to the top. He was named Mayor in 1957, to fill the unexpired term of the late Otto Suhr.

Today, the Brandts and their two sons (Peter, 10, and Lars, 7) live in a duplex, on a tree-shaded street overlooking one of Berlin's small lakes, the Schlachtensee. The boys' skis and their two poodles clutter the front hall, but the sitting room is neatly modern. It is a small house "for which I thank heaven," said Mrs. Brandt, "because it rules out formal entertainment at home."

The Brandts keep their home life unpretentious and, as far as possible, normal. But from a family point of view there are a lot of disadvantages to being a busy Mayor of a major city. On the few evenings he manages to spend at home, Brandt and his wife eat a cold supper before he plunges into the pile of papers he has brought or delves into the books that line his study. Sometimes the neighbors, a lawyer and his family, drop in for a visit.

Brandt's lanky son, Peter, who looks like his father, nearly disgraced the family last fall in an exaggerated attempt to cling to the joint family desire not to seem special.

Peter insisted on going to school in his oldest, tattered clothes, sweaters with patched elbows and torn, mildewed tennis shoes. His father was in the midst of a political campaign and Peter was not exactly a picture to inspire public confidence in the head of the family.

"There was nothing Rut or I could do with him," his father recalls. "He just told me he didn't want the other kids to point to him and say he was the Mayor's son. Finally, Rut convinced him that he was no different from the others and that he made himself a lot more conspicuous by decking himself out as a ragamuffin."

When he has time, Brandt roughhouses with his boys or plays a simple card game called "66" with them. But he has had to give up the part of normal domestic life which includes handling household repairs or gadgets and forego the fun of buying his sons electric trains and playing with them. It's not for lack of willingness, but the astute politician is not much at domestic "do-it-yourself."

"I never ask him to help around the house any more," Mrs. Brandt says. "Something always goes wrong. When he decided to paint one of the boys' beds, the carpet was blue, his hair was blue, his face was blue, and the bed was streaked."

But the boys adore their father and won't hear a word against him. Mrs. Brandt explained that she did the family chauffeuring in their little Volkswagen because her husband had never learned to drive.

"No," said Lars, "you know that's not true. Daddy can do everything."

(*continued on page* 108)

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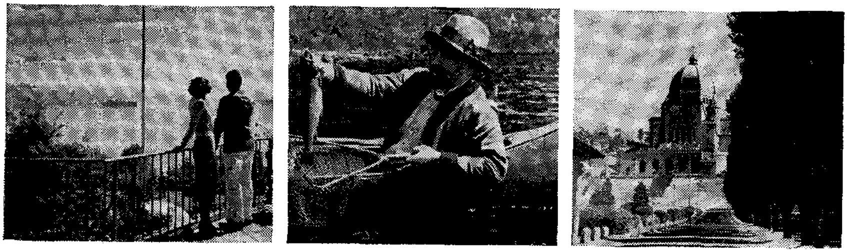

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PROVINCIAL PARKS
Québec
LOVABLE QUÉBEC

(*continued from page* 106)

"Well," said his mother, her eyes twinkling, "let's say Daddy doesn't have a driver's license."

On city business, an official driver takes Brandt to his endless visits in a black Mercedes. In the car, his broad-shouldered frame slumps a little with fatigue and lines draw down the corners of his straight, narrow mouth.

But when he goes to inspect construction of the new subway, a tin-hat plunked on his head, he plants his feet in a sturdy stride and stands tall. And when he greets a visitor or gets up to speak, a wide, easy grin spreads above his square jaw.

The tensions of West Berlin's almost permanent state of crisis have made Brandt a heavy smoker and a quick eater—lunch in ten or 15 minutes at his desk with papers spread out beside him. His wife has given up on trying to convince him to lunch in the City Hall cafeteria where he might at least relax by concentrating on his food.

"I haven't time and it's just as well," Brandt says, slapping a flat stomach. "Rut is one of those lucky people who can eat all she likes and nothing shows, but every bite I eat sticks out here."

The tensions have helped Brandt maintain the trim figure he's so proud of, but they have not sweated an ounce off his fighting confidence, nor jogged him an inch off his careful, patient course.

Neither Red bullying nor sweet-talk has impressed Brandt. No matter how many times the Russians have changed their tactics, West Berlin's Mayor has stood firm. Stubborn, strong-nerved Willy Brandt, the man who speaks for West Berlin, speaks in the loudest voice for freedom. And whether the Kremlin likes it or not, he has not the least intention of holding his tongue.

Literary License

BACK IN 1863, a Boston etiquette pamphlet warned book collectors that, "The perfect hostess will see to it that the works of male and female authors be properly separated on her book shelves. Their proximity unless they happen to be married should not be tolerated."

—CLEVELAND AMORY, *The Proper Bostonians (Dutton)*

Where in the World?

(Answers to Quiz on page 73)

1. Las Vegas; 2. Texas; 3. Broadway; 4. American; 5. France; 6. Chicago; 7. Californias; 8. Universe; 9. Paris; 10. English; 11. New England; 12. Coney Island; 13. New York; 14. Scotchman; 15. Vermont; 16. Miami; 17. Utopia.

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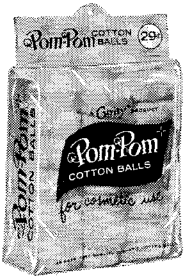
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by Farrell Cross

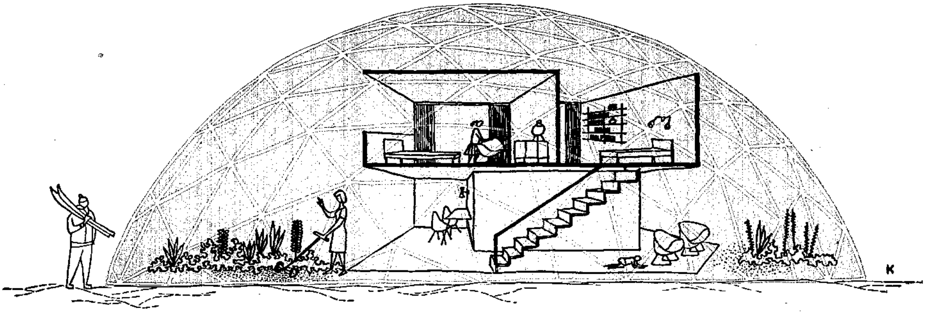
Among the wonders of future living will be a marvel of efficiency known as the "autonomous house." It will derive power and heat from the sun, condense its own water from moisture in the air and have its own waste disposal system. Additional energy might be furnished by an atomic core which would supply light and power for many years without needing replacement.

Even repair and delivery men will be comparative strangers in this autonomous house. Foods will be stored in large quantities without refrigeration; floors and walls will never need repainting, appliances will operate on simplified principles that will make breakdowns rare.

Outside, the entire yard will be covered by a large plastic bubble. Heated by the sun, insulated by a double-layer of the plastic, the interior of the bubble will be like a greenhouse all year round, with growing grass, flowers and shrubbery.

Just how far off is this pleasant concept of carefree living? Not as far as you think. An unusual architect and engineer named R. Buckminster Fuller, for instance, has long been demonstrating the feasibility of a plastic-domed house. The cost of the exterior bubble of plastic, he points out, would be offset by the fact that the walls of the house could be thin, and need be insulated only against noise. Transparent plastic bubbles are already on the market, large enough to cover a swimming pool area.

The cost of heating a house of this type would be exorbitant with



Plastic bubble covering house and yard makes possible year-round greenery and all-season, outdoor swimming. Protected from weather, such a house has thinner walls, costs less to build. Other savings result from the fact that house requires less heat, cleaning and maintenance.

present equipment. But a solution is in sight. At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a team of architects and engineers has designed and built a house in Lexington, Massachusetts, almost entirely heated by the sun. The system is remarkably simple: an area which forms half of the sloping roof made of black aluminum sheeting and opaque glass absorbs solar heat (no matter how cold the weather is) and transfers it to copper tubes attached to the aluminum.

Water flowing through the tubes is heated and, in flowing to the basement, passes through a heat exchanger, where it warms the air that is then blown through the house. Plenty of hot water is left over for household use. The unit provides enough hot water to carry over through three cloudy days. A small, auxiliary oil furnace operates during extended periods of bad weather.

M.I.T. has also helped in pioneering new materials for houses that will cut down maintenance costs. One of the best examples is the experimental house designed by M.I.T. engineers in collaboration with the Monsanto Chemical Co. Its walls are formed of molded shells of plastic, strong enough to stand without supporting beams.

The Crane Co. working with Monsanto also perfected molded, one-piece plastic bathrooms. Because all corners are rounded and the entire unit is as waterproof as a plastic bowl, the room is little affected by splashing youngsters.

An interesting feature of one of the bathrooms is the master dispenser unit over the washbasin. This has built-in dispensers for toothpaste, shaving cream and lotions that operate at the push of a button. Toothbrushes on retracting cords go out of sight after use. One sink moves up and down to accommodate small children.

Working with 12 other companies which were also interested in improving the livability of homes, Monsanto was able to include many other devices and materials that give us a better clue to the future. Some lighting fixtures have no cords at all, being simply reflectors that pick up light from a central source. Most lights can be brightened or dimmed to any desired intensity.

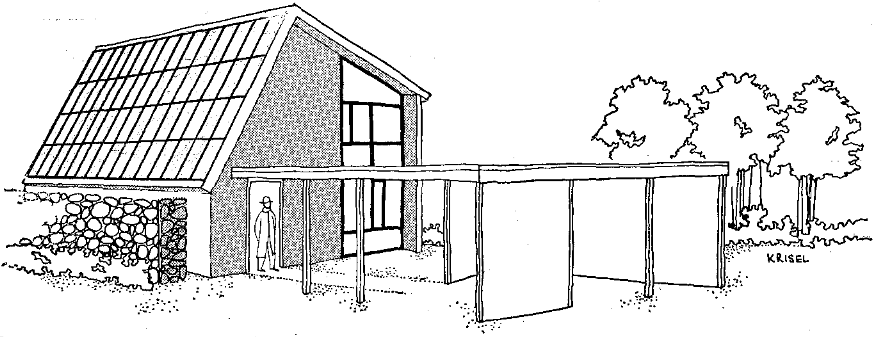
The spacious, curving windows need never be opened, for an advanced system of air conditioning regulates temperatures so they can be different in every room of the house if desired. Scented air can even be dispensed at the flick of a button through the air ducts.

Much thought has been given to the communications system, an area in which we can expect new wonders in our homes. A special device on the telephone has tabs on which names are written, and several dozen buttons. The user pre-sets these (much the way you pre-set the push buttons on a car radio to different stations) and thereafter any of these numbers can be called with a simple push of the finger instead of dialing.

A color television attachment also goes with the phone, so that food or other items can be seen at the other end when placing a telephone order. This can also be used with an intercom system to keep an eye on young children when parents are in different parts of the house.

Some of the more dramatic advances toward the house of the future are being made in the kitchen. The Kelvinator-designed kitchen in the Monsanto house has a mock-up model of an ultrasonic dishwasher, which will literally shake dirt and grease from plates with sound waves. It has an electronic range which cooks roasts in less than half an hour by beaming microwave energy into the meat, and a refrigerator that comes down from the ceiling at the touch of a button.

Other major appliance manufacturers are experimenting with radical new devices and concepts of kitchen planning. RCA Whirlpool recently displayed a "Kitchen of the Future" with graphic examples of things to come. One was a center control panel, like an organ console, on which the housewife could direct



Experimental house in Lexington, Massachusetts, has sloping roof of black aluminum and glass. This absorbs heat from sun, transfers it to water running through copper tubes in house. Heat reserve lasts three cloudy days. Small oil burner supplies heat in extended bad weather.

an electric "mastermind." Then she could go off for the day and the super-servant would start and stop the oven at predetermined times, run the washing machine and drier, and cook vegetables on the range so they would be ready at the exact minute desired.

Another device was a remote-control floor cleaner which could be set to come out of its cabinet, scour and polish the kitchen floor and return to its lair without ever being touched by a human hand.

But all of the pioneering has not been in areas quite as futuristic as the Monsanto House or the dream kitchens. One of the most practical examples of pioneering comes from home builders themselves, through their organization, the National Association of Home Builders. In the summer of 1957, the Association's Research Institute completed a "Research Home of the Year" near Washington, D.C. Its purpose was not to serve as a model home for the public, but to help member builders learn more about new products and materials soon to be made available.

The Research Home incorporated two dozen new ideas including walls surfaced with a kind of plastic skin, somewhat like the washable wallpapers on the market today but much tougher, impervious to the roughest treatment that could be inflicted upon it by childish hands. The plastic skin is laminated to the wall paneling itself.

Screw-on aluminum windows were also provided, which could be hung in place in a fraction of the time required for most types.

In the kitchen were new "modular" units. That is, the wall and base cabinets came in "modules," like building blocks of different sizes and shapes. Home builders could order these by the foot so that they could give the buyer "custom-built" kitchens at ordinary cost.

In Knoxville, Tennessee, the N.A.H.B. recently completed another Research Home. This is a practical model, with components which have been well tested by now. They include such innovations as all-plastic plumbing, which is both corrosion and rust-proof. When mass produced, it will cost less than conventional plumbing and be easier to ship, store and install. Far lighter in weight than metal piping, more flexible to work with, and easier to cut, thread and fit at the joints, it will permit homeowners to have more faucets and other conveniences for less money. The sewage-disposal system has also been designed to reduce maintenance costs, since it requires only one-eighth the normal amount of water to flush toilets and eliminate garbage.

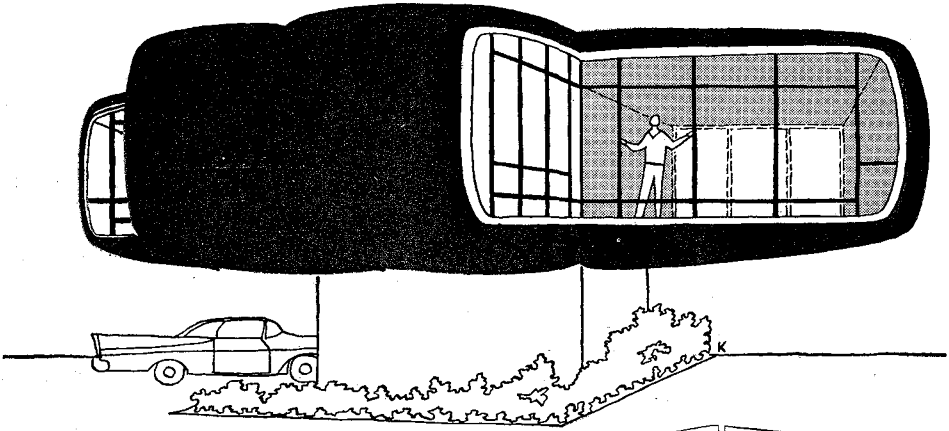
A factory-assembled electric wiring "package" has made it possible for the house to have greater capacity for appliances and other devices, more outlets and better lighting with complete safety. The package also saves on installation costs.

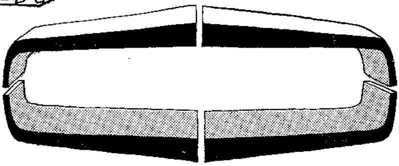
Although the Knoxville house was the result of a $500,000 investment on the part of the N.A.H.B. and the 39 companies which worked on the development of new products and methods, a house like it will be a gold-plated bargain when all products are available. Completely equipped with air conditioning (this is now the standard term for both heating and cooling), three bedrooms, living room, family room, kitchen, twin bathrooms, carport, a fenced-in patio and all laundry and kitchen appliances, the house will cost, if built in quantity, $13,500.

In another Research Home in South Bend, Indiana, the N.A.H.B. used a type of insulation never before tried in residences—a core of foam plastic between the interior and exterior walls. This also provides extra strength and protects against moisture absorption from the outside air.

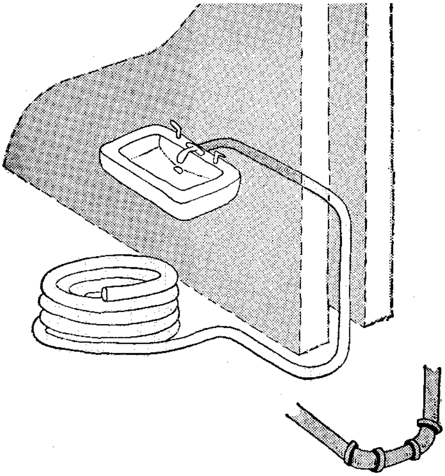
One reason why the N.A.H.B. and other organizations have devoted so much time to research on such components as lightweight roofs and factory-built panel units for walls is, of course, cost. But another reason is that the house of the future will be much more flexible than homes of today. That is, families will be able to change the interior floor plans, make rooms larger or smaller or add on new rooms—all to fit their changing needs, without having to move into another home.

New techniques make it possible to have completely safe roofs even when they are supported at only four points. This eliminates bulky supporting walls and makes it possible to have all rooms separated by "sandwich" panels, which can be shifted about at little cost. The





Walls of M.I.T.-Monsanto Chemical Co. house are formed of strong, molded plastic shells. There are no supporting beams and walls are easy to clean. House is shipped in sections which are joined as indicated at right.



Rust-proof, light, flexible, plastic pipe bends around corners, eliminating costly elbows of typical metal pipe plumbing shown above.

"sandwich" panels are made up of layers: the outer, decorative surfaces on each side; inner supporting surfaces next to those; and an interior core of plastic, or other material which provides insulation.

How easy will walls like this be to move around? The project may be practical for competent do-it-yourselfers. One manufacturer is about to market a device which holds panels securely in place and can be opened with a screwdriver. With gadgets like this, it will be possible to secure panels end-to-end, at right angles, or in "T" or cross shapes to form new rooms, closets or hallways, in the same manner a child pieces parts of a toy construction kit together.

Another area where you will see tremendous improvements will be in "climate conditioning" of homes. Clean, filtered, dustless air will come in through wonders like the heat pump, which is actually arriving on the market, though still rather costly ($200-$300 per room).

The heat pump is a remarkable invention that utilizes a surprising scientific fact: all cold air contains a high degree of heat; all hot air contains considerable cold. Here is how a heat pump works: A fan blows the outside winter air over a series of coils containing a refrigerant much colder than the air. The refrigerant tends to absorb heat from the outside air, and this heat is then transferred to the room air which is circulated by a blower. In summer, the process is reversed, working much like a refrigerator, but extracting the element of cold from the hot air of the room and recirculating it.

These are only a few of the improvements that will make tomorrow's home cheaper and far more efficient and livable than today's. Along with them will come great improvements in lighting, such as wall and ceiling panels that glow softly, and whose tone can be changed from warm pink to cool green, depending on the season or the décor; automatic dispensing machines will store precooked, packaged food; punch cards inserted into the machines will automatically release each item for a meal into a heating compartment so that it will be ready to eat at the exact hour selected in advance; and a wide variety of electronic housekeeping appliances will work by remote control with no tangled cords.

The house of tomorrow is far from being just an artist's dream. Strangely enough, it *could* be in existence today. The use of home building techniques right now is *at least 15 years behind* scientific developments which have already proved feasible. And many of these techniques have already been put to use in commercial and industrial buildings.

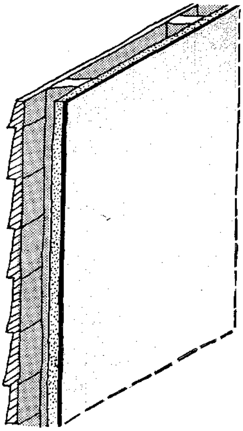
What, then, is preventing American families from enjoying the conveniences and wonders that could be theirs?

There are several reasons, all of which will eventually be overcome, but which could be dealt with quickly if the public so demanded.

First, there are some 2,000 conflicting, and frequently outmoded building codes across the nation. Critics of the existing codes claim that, at the level of the home buyer, this confusion adds an estimated $1,000 to the cost of buying a new house.

In September, 1958, the American Standards Association Conference tried to standardize codes and eliminate the confusion. But its recommendations were voted down by leading building code-writing organizations, union groups and manufacturers. The latter have long forced home buyers to pay extra for local products and materials from which they make more profit.

Secondly, many large manufacturers do not bother to make new materials available for residential construction because there is little consumer demand. This situation is, fortunately, changing. But many home buyers still spend less time studying their housing needs than they do in choosing a new automobile. Consequently, what new materials there are remain costly.



National Association of Home Builders "Research Home of the Year" near Washington, D.C. utilizes plastic skin on interior walls.

Thirdly, because of the restrictions of codes and the lack of pressure by most home buyers, many builders remain in a rut. Along with their employees, they continue using the same materials and same methods for years on end, until a competitor comes along with something new and they are forced to a change.

And in the rare cases where a home buyer insists on the use of new products or materials, he finds that the costs suddenly skyrocket because the builder's men are not properly trained in the efficient application or installation of the item.

Yet all this can be changed if you want it to be changed. Your voice and vote can help change the building codes. And your desires and demands can help change building techniques and ideas. In the last analysis, the shape of the house of the future is up to *you* as a citizen and prospective home buyer. ♛

modern moppets

MY THIRD-GRADER came off the school bus as if she had been shot out of a cannon. "Mommy!" she squealed. "I've been chosen to play the part of vice-queen in the class play!"

It took some probing on my part before I learned that "Dotty is going to be the queen, and I'm next, sort of a vice-queen."

My daughter, it seemed, was to act as lady in waiting to the Queen of the May. —MRS. DAVID OBSATZ

A FOURTH GRADE TEACHER, in selecting the story of Samson to read to her class, said, "This story is about the strongest man who ever lived. Can you guess his name?" No one could. "His name begins with 'S'," she hinted. The whole room spoke in one voice: "Superman!"

—JOE CREASON, *Louisville Courier-Journal*

RECENTLY MY HUSBAND AND I were entertained at a friend's house by an amateur hypnotist. My daughters, aged seven and nine, were fascinated by my tales of his remarkable powers and wanted to know exactly how we were placed in a trance. I explained it this way:

"The idea is to relax the subject. He said. 'You are resting on your couch . . . it is very peaceful . . . you've worked hard all day . . . the children are quiet, and you can rest . . .' "

Later in the day, I overheard the girls giving their version of "How To Put Someone Into a Hypnotic Trance." My younger child was the subject, and the elder, the hypnotist. In a monotone, she was saying, "You are resting on your couch . . . it is very peaceful . . . you've worked hard all day . . . your mother is quiet, and you can rest."

—CLARICE GREENSPAN

MY FIVE-YEAR-OLD'S Sunday school teacher told me this story weeks after it happened: "I had promised every child a surprise if he learned a new Bible verse for the following Sunday," she said. "When the day came, I asked, 'How many of you know a new verse?' They all raised their hands. Since it was your son's first day I called on him. The surprise was my own when he recited:

" 'I saw you in the ocean; I saw you in the sea;
I saw you in the bath tub; Oh, Pardon Me!' " —NELLIE BENEDA

A SIX-YEAR-OLD YOUNGSTER in Sherman Oaks, California, has obviously been listening to his parents' conversation concerning the welcoming of new neighbors. He came in from play one day and announced, "Some new kids have moved into a house down the street. Can I have them in for cocktails?" —GENE SHERMAN, *Los Angeles Times*

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“Most Popular Coronet Films of '58”

THE FORTY-EIGHT Coronet films described on the following pages are the most popular released during 1958. These carefully produced 16mm sound motion pictures will provide maximum assistance in classroom instruction—in science and other fundamentals—from primary grades through high school and into college.

Each is the product of months of tireless planning, research, writing, and filming . . . *with the average production time approximately two years!* All were produced by the staff and with the facilities of Coronet Films.

Every one of these 16mm sound motion pictures, except *Beyond Our Solar System,* is available in full, natural color as well as black-and-white. They may be purchased for permanent use at Coronet's usual low prices or rented for occasional use from rental libraries.

Coronet Films

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Most Popular CORONET FILMS Released During 1958 for the ELEMENTARY GRADES

(KINDERGARTEN THROUGH GRADE 6)

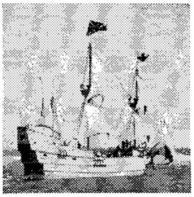
BOY OF A FRONTIER FORT
(11 min.)

Boys and girls will love this film which vibrantly brings to life the frontier period of the 1790's. We see the dangers of the frontier, learn of the simple skills which kept the isolated communities alive, and become aware of the role of the fort in the westward advance of settlements. *Gr. 4-6, U. S. History.*

COLONIAL FAMILY OF NEW FRANCE
(13½ min.)

Among the most interesting settlers of colonial America were the people from France. In Canada, they established a simple, hard-working, agrarian society, authentically pictured in the film at actual colonial sites. We see how they earned their living and why they were important to the growth of the new nation. *Gr. 4-6, History.*

COLONIAL SHIPBUILDING AND SEA TRADE (11 min.)

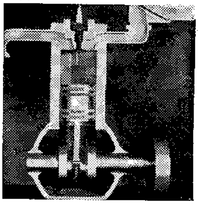


This film traces the development of the shipbuilding industry in seventeenth-century New England, stressing the factors which gave rise to sea trade in this period. It also shows ideal conditions—harbors along the coast, rivers flowing into the ocean, and skilled shipwrights among the population. *Gr. 4-6, U. S. History.*

ELECTRICITY ALL ABOUT US (11 min.)

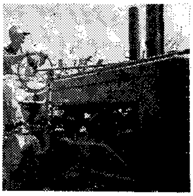
This film provides a visual basis for introducing the elements of electricity at the primary level. Classroom experiments demonstrate the characteristics of static electricity to arouse interest and provide a basis for comparison with current electricity. We also visualize the importance of electricity in the home to provide heat, light, and power. *Gr. 3-6, Science.*

ENGINES AND HOW THEY WORK
(11 min.)



Animation and live action shots dramatize the operating principles of the three types of engines which use heat as sources of power—reciprocating, rotary, and reaction engines. The principles of each are shown with their typical applications. Differences between internal and external engines are clarified. *Gr. 4-6, Science.*

GEOGRAPHY OF THE UNITED STATES: AN INTRODUCTION (13½ min.)



The theme of this overview of the geography of the U. S. is that of unity from variety. Widespread examples illustrate the great varieties of climate, industry, agriculture, and physiography in the United States, while keeping an eye on the nation's common denominator—a unified people. *Gr. 4-6, Geography.*

GOLD RUSH DAYS (13½ min.)

The flavor of the Gold Rush emerges amid exciting scenes of a recreated frontier town. We share with a young man seeking gold his adventurous overland journey from Vermont to California. The film illustrates life under boom conditions and pictures the profound effects of the Gold Rush on the growth of the West. *Gr. 4-6, U.S. History.*

GROWING UP (PREADOLESCENCE)
(11 min.)

Many young people feel anxiety and concern about their own growth patterns, when compared with others their age. This film will do much to calm these anxieties, for it shows through animation and silhouette photography that irregular growth is normal. The role of the endocrine glands in the regulation of growth is also explained. *Gr. 4-6, Health.*

Twenty-four films on these and the following pages which:

Are specifically designed for use in the grades and subject areas indicated.

Explore the worlds of science and social life.

Introduce a wide range of new ideas.

Correlate with textbooks in common use.

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CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

HEALTHY FEET (11 min.)

This useful film will help today's active youngsters relate the care of their feet to body motion and good posture. Interesting visual techniques reveal the *structure and function of the* foot and emphasize the importance of regular daily care—washing and carefully drying the feet, wearing carefully fitted shoes, and walking properly. *Gr. 4-6, Health.*

HEALTHY SKIN (11 min.)

This film examines the structure and functions of the skin and recommends cleanliness, proper diet, and rest in maintaining a healthy skin. Skilled camera work shows how the skin allows us to perspire and gives us a sense of touch. Animation is used extensively to reveal internal skin functions. *Gr. 4-6, Health.*

HELPERS IN OUR COMMUNITY (11 min.)

Here is a film which shows how various workers provide for community needs and how their inter*pendent, cooperative work* makes a more efficient community. It creates interest in a number of workers and their jobs, and shows how the help of many people is needed in a community. *Gr. 1-3, Social Studies.*

LIFE IN ANCIENT GREECE: HOME AND EDUCATION (13½ min.)

Filmed in Athens at sites associated with early Greek history, this film illustrates a day in the life of an Athenian family in 440 B.C. *It* has been designed to acquaint pupils with ancient cultures and their influence on modern history and ways of life, by presenting the story of a pottery-maker's family. *Gr. 4-6, History.*

LIFE IN ANCIENT GREECE: ROLE OF THE CITIZEN (11 min.)

Photographed entirely in and around Athens, this film re-creates vividly the pulse and feeling of the political, business, and social activities of Greece in 440 B.C.—the height of its golden age. The film illus*trates the democratic na*ture of the Greek city—and the privileges and responsibilities of its citizens. *Gr. 4-6, History.*

LIFE IN THE ALPS *(Austria)* (11 min.)

Here is a picture of life in one of the most beautiful places in the world—the Austrian Tyrol. Brilliant photography captures a hard-working, deeply religious people making their living on the slopes of the Alps and provides insights into the special problems faced by people living in a mountainous region. *Gr. 4-6, Geography.*

MAKING SENSE WITH OUTLINES (11 min.)

Here is a film which stresses the practical aspects of making an outline. Pupils will learn the skills of outlining and that thoughtful judgment and selection are needed to organize various topics logically. The film shows that outlines are flexible tools of learning, helpful in many phases of education. *Gr. 4-6, Language Arts.*

THE MOON AND HOW IT AFFECTS US (11 min.)

The magic of film—in this instance telescopic motion picture photography—enables the viewer to see for *himself the wonders of* space and how the moon affects the earth. A thrilling sequence in the film is the rocket launching of an earth satellite. Detailed pictures of the characteristics of the moon are included. *Gr. 4-6, Science.*

OUR FAMILY WORKS TOGETHER (11 min.)

Pupils see how individual members help the family; and how the father's work affects family routine and income. They see differences in size, economic level, and types of work among families, and gain proper attitudes toward these differences; and they learn to understand the dignity of work. *Gr. 1-3, Social Studies.*

OUR SENSES: WHAT THEY DO FOR US (11 min.)

Much has been written about our senses of sight and hearing—and most of us are aware of their tremendous importance. But here is a film which stresses *all* the senses—sight, hearing, touch, smell, and taste—and shows how they work together and individually to protect us and increase our enjoyment of living. *Gr. 4-6, Health.*

SPOTTY THE FAWN IN WINTER (11 min.)

This language arts film is designed to create interest in reading and expression, as pupils watch Spotty meet the problems of the oncoming winter. He has a lot to learn—how to walk in the deep snow after a storm and how to find grass and twigs under the snowy covering. *Gr. 1-3, Language Arts.*

THE STORY OF OUR MONEY SYSTEM (11 min.)

This unusual film traces the history of money from earliest times to the current monetary system of the U. S. It shows how barter developed into a system of exchange of animals . . . and how more complex societies invented money—easy to carry and divisible into smaller and more durable units. *Gr. 4-6, Arithmetic.*

TOMMY'S HEALTHY TEETH (11 min.)

This film acquaints children with the dentist's office and creates a favorable attitude toward the dentist and a regular dental check-up. It shows the inside of a typical dental office, including the instruments the dentist uses, and we see Tommy getting his teeth cleaned and examined for cavities and irregular growth. *Gr. 1-3, Health.*

Most Popular Coronet Films Released During 1958 for the Elementary Grades

(Continued)

These films are the 24 most significant sound motion pictures for grades 1-6 released in 1958 by Coronet Films. There are 428 other fine films available for use in the elementary grades in Arithmetic, Science, Guidance, Language Arts, Health and many other areas. For a complete descriptive list of these films, write either to your nearest film rental library or to Coronet Films, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois.

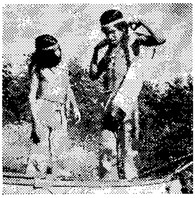
TREES: HOW WE IDENTIFY THEM (11 min.)

Youngsters will share with Kenny and Marge their common experiences with trees in the forest—carefully inspecting them and learning the characteristics which identify various species. The film encourages intensive study of trees in the community and motivates interest in their types and functions. *Gr. 4-6, Science.*

THE WIDE, WIDE SEA: BACKGROUND FOR READING AND EXPRESSION (11 min.)

Here is a film designed to help youngsters observe different facets of the sea and its environs. The film captures the sea in a variety of subtle moods—its ever changing appearance and unique sounds, its beauty, and its vastness. Sea stories and poems bring into focus its fascination for mankind. *Gr. 1-3, Language Arts.*

WOODLAND INDIANS OF EARLY AMERICA (11 min.)



Youngsters will love this authentic account of Woodland Indian life in America, prior to European influence. Re-enacted by present-day Chippewas, the film describes a family's typical day—moving to a lake area for a rice harvest, a turkey hunt, and gathering in the wigwam for the evening meal. *Gr. 1-3, Social Studies.*

Most Popular CORONET FILMS Released During 1958 for JUNIOR AND SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS

(GRADES 7 THROUGH 12)

ENGLISH LITERATURE: THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (13½ min.)

Examining the literary forms of 18th-century English writers, this film shows their relationships to the social and political background of the age. This was the period of Addison and Steele, Dr. Johnson, Swift, Defoe, Goldsmith, Fielding, and Pope—and the film examines their major writings. *Gr. 10-12, English Literature.*

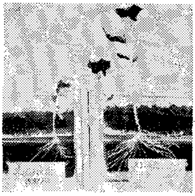
ENGLISH LITERATURE: THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY (13½ min.)

This survey of literary efforts in the 17th Century creates an awareness of the social and historical mainstreams from which the literature grew. Writers whose works are cited include Herrick, Jonson, Donne, Marvell, Milton, Bunyan, Dryden and Pepys, all of whom dealt with man in his relation to society. *Gr. 10-12, English Literature.*

ARE YOU POPULAR? (NEW) (11 min.)

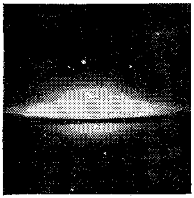
This interesting film helps young people through a period when "popularity" is an important social asset. It is designed to motivate discussion of what the actors in the film do about problems connected with popularity—and let students draw conclusions about their own behavior in similar situations. The examples are helpful guides. *Gr. 7-12, Guidance.*

HOW GREEN PLANTS MAKE AND USE FOOD (11 min.)



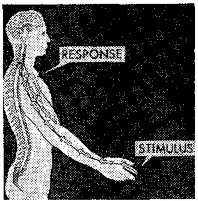
Highly skilled photomicrography shows the structure, growth, and food-making process in living plants. Graphic experiments compress the activity of many days into minutes to show how the plant grows and obtains air, sunlight, water and soluble minerals to make food—the source of life for all living things. *Gr. 10-12, Biology.*

BEYOND OUR SOLAR SYSTEM (11 min.)



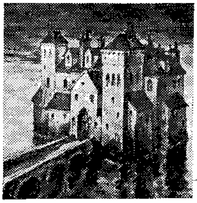
Telescopic photographs taken at Mount Wilson and Yerkes observatories help us understand basic concepts about stars, nebulas, major constellations, and galaxies beyond our own Milky Way. The film presents a clear impression of the characteristics of these bodies and of their great distances from the earth. *Gr. 4-9, Science.*

THE HUMAN BODY: NERVOUS SYSTEM (13½ min.)



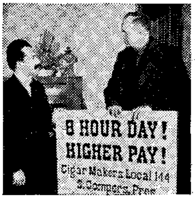
Exciting cinematographic techniques present the functioning of the human nervous system. Four major ideas are stressed: (1) the basic function of the system, (2) its principal organs, (3) the various neurons which compose its organs, and (4) the three areas of the human brain which control sensory, motor and association processes. *Gr. 7-12, Biology.*

EDGAR ALLAN POE: BACKGROUND FOR HIS WORKS (13½ min.)



An unusual man was Edgar Allan Poe—the perfector of the short story as a literary form. Through specially prepared paintings and re-enactments, the atmosphere of his famous horror and detective stories is illustrated. We also find in Poe a keen-minded student of literature and a brilliant craftsman. *Gr. 7-12, American Literature.*

THE LABOR MOVEMENT: BEGINNINGS AND GROWTH IN AMERICA (13½ min.)


8 HOUR DAY!
HIGHER PAY!
Cigar Makers Local 144
S. Gompers Pres

This film describes some of the complex situations which gave rise to the American labor movement. We get a picture of the difficulties facing many workingmen in the Nineteenth century—conditions which forced them to join together in unions for mutual protection and recognition. *Gr. 7-12, U. S. History.*

LAUNCHING THE NEW GOVERNMENT (1789-1800) (13½ min.)

The period from 1789-1800 was a critical one for our new government, as this film shows. It was a period of debate on taxes, secession, federalism, and formation of a U. S. Bank—problems which the genius of our leaders helped to solve. The film illustrates decisions from which our modern government developed. *Gr. 7-12, History.*

LAWS OF CONSERVATION OF ENERGY AND MATTER (8 min.)

An extremely interesting presentation, this new film explains the meaning of the laws of conservation of energy and matter. It shows their importance to science and applications to everyday living. Examples illustrate the care that must be taken to avoid making scientific judgments on the basis of mere appearance. *Gr. 10-12, Science.*

Most Popular Coronet Films Released In 1958 for Junior and Senior High Schools

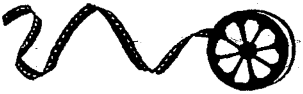
(Continued)

Twenty-four films on these two pages and the preceding pages which:

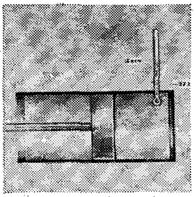
Encourage students to strike out in new areas of their own choice.

Are expert in their treatment of complex material.

Help students make the fine distinctions required in scientific study.

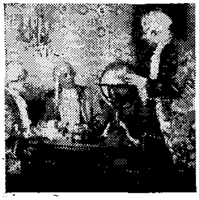


THE LAWS OF GASES (11 min.)



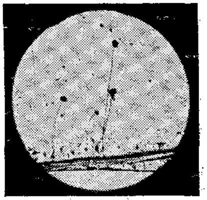
This film relies heavily upon skillful animation to convey the meaning of the laws of gases, stressing their importance as basic principles of physical science. The laws illustrated are those of Boyle, Charles, Dalton and Avogadro. Introduction to the laws is in terms of such familiar applications as jet engines and steam turbines. *Gr. 10-12, Science.*

THE METRIC SYSTEM (11 min.)



This film tells the fascinating story of the development of the metric system by a committee of French scientists who were assigned, in the 1790's, the problem of making a standard system of measurement. The basic units, where and how they are used, and their advantage over other systems are illustrated. *Gr. 7-12, Mathematics and Science.*

LIFE IN A CUBIC FOOT OF AIR (11 min.)



This unusual film presents an opportunity for examination of a cubic foot of air. Pupils learn that air is composed of various gases in which exist living yeast and mold plants, bacteria, amoebae, pollen grains, and such non-living material as soil, soot, and ash. Each of these is shown in the film. *Gr. 7-9, Biology.*

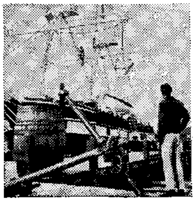
REPRODUCTION IN PLANTS (13½ min.)

The basic concepts of reproduction among all plants are explained in this film which shows fission, fertilization, vegetable propagation and other means of reproduction. Clear examples of asexual and sexual reproduction are shown, and the principles of heredity through selective breeding are demonstrated. *Gr. 10-12, Biology.*

MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR FACE (11 min.)

This film will prove a useful and realistic guide to improving the appearance of young women through good grooming and health habits. Stress is placed on the careful use of makeup and hair styling and on good health habits. The film teaches that lipstick and eye makeup should be used sparingly to be effective. *Gr. 7-12, Guidance.*

THE SEA: BACKGROUND FOR LITERATURE (11 min.)



Re-enactments of key scenes from famous works—*Captains Courageous, Mutiny on the Bounty, Treasure Island, Moby Dick,* and *"The Rime of the Ancient Mariner"*—evoke some of the drama, mystery, and excitement of the sea, and show how these were woven into the fabric of the writing. *Gr. 7-12, Literature Appreciation.*

These films are the 24 most significant 16mm sound motion pictures for grades 7-12 released during 1958 by Coronet Films. There are 365 other fine films available for use in Junior and Senior High Schools in Art, Music, Mathematics, Science, Guidance, History, Physical Education, Home Economics, and many other areas. For a complete descriptive list, write to your nearest film rental library or to Coronet Films, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois.

SIMPLE PLANTS: BACTERIA (13½ min.)

Highly skilled time-lapse photomicrography illustrates such basic laboratory procedures as the growth of bacteria on agar and the reactions of various types of bacteria to different substances. Micro-views of live bacteria focus on their physical appearance and internal structure and help explain how they digest food. *Gr. 10-12, Biology.*

THE SUN AND HOW IT AFFECTS US (11 min.)

How many realize the sun is the major source of the earth's energy, making possible our food, water, shelter—even life itself? Telescopic motion pictures illustrate the physical characteristics of the sun—a gigantic nuclear furnace that has been pouring matter and energy into space for billions of years. *Gr. 7-9, Science.*

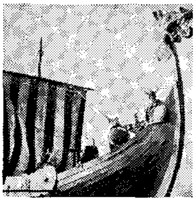
UNITED STATES EXPANSION: THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY (13½ min.)

Stressed in this film is the planning which lay behind the organized movement into the Northwest Territory, and the principles which formed a pattern for other democratic expansion by the U.S. on this continent. The idea was then established that the new lands should become self-governing states. *Gr. 10-12, U. S. History.*

UNITED STATES EXPANSION OVERSEAS (1893-1917) (13½ min.)

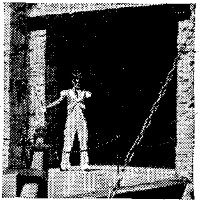
This film presents an overview of the period during which the U. S. changed from an isolationist nation to a world power with extensive territorial holdings and international interests. It pictures the conflicts that developed at home as the U. S. acquired control of many territories overseas. *Gr. 10-12, U. S. History.*

THE VIKINGS AND THEIR EXPLORATIONS (11 min.)



This film gives an authentic background to the fabulous adventures of the Vikings by picturing how they lived—their houses, foods, and dress. Vivid re-enactments show the raids in which they looted faraway lands and built a reputation for terror throughout all of Europe. *Gr. 10-12, Social Studies.*

THE WAR OF 1812 (13½ min.)



In a broad visual framework, the causes and effects of the War of 1812 are portrayed. Included are the principal theaters of the war, the leading personalities and the results. Emphasis is given to the various sectional attitudes about the war and its relationship to the earlier Napoleonic war in Europe. *Gr. 10-12, U. S. History.*

WHO SHOULD DECIDE? (AREAS OF PARENTAL AUTHORITY) (11 min.)

This film comes right to the heart of a major problem in the relationships of teenagers and their parents: in what areas and to what degree should parental authority influence such concerns as companions, control of money, household chores, late hours, dress, and a young person's future? *Gr. 7-12, Guidance.*

WORD BUILDING IN OUR LANGUAGE (11 min.)

This film will help students develop their vocabularies by showing the ways words have entered the English language through derivation from other languages, combinations of words, and the addition of prefixes and suffixes. Illustrations demonstrate the principles of language growth. *Gr. 7-12, Language Arts.*

RENTAL SOURCES FOR "MOST POPULAR OF '58" CORONET FILMS

The films on the preceding pages may be rented from any of the film libraries listed below at surprisingly low rates. To place an order or for any further information, simply write to the library nearest you.

ARIZONA
Visual Aids Bureau
University of Arizona, Tucson 25

ARKANSAS
Audio-Visual Aids Service
Arkansas State College
State College

CALIFORNIA
Craig Corporation
3410 So. LaCienega Blvd.
Los Angeles 16

Craig Corporation
215 Littlefield Avenue
South San Francisco

COLORADO
Bureau of Audio-Visual Instruction
Extension Division
University of Colorado, Boulder

ILLINOIS
Audio-Visual Aids Service
Southern Illinois University,
Carbondale

Visual Aids Service
Division of University Extension
University of Illinois, Champaign

INDIANA
Audio-Visual Center
Indiana University, Bloomington

Audio-Visual Center
Indiana State Teachers College
Terre Haute

IOWA
Bureau of Audio-Visual Instruction
Extension Division
State University of Iowa
Iowa City

KENTUCKY
Department of Audio-Visual
Services
University of Kentucky, Lexington

MAINE
Audio Visual Services
University of Maine, Orono

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston University Film Library
332 Bay State Rd., Boston 15

Ideal Pictures
40 Melrose Street, Boston 16

MICHIGAN
Audio-Visual Education Center
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor

Audio-Visual Center
Michigan State University
East Lansing

MINNESOTA
Audio-Visual Extension Service
University of Minnesota
Minneapolis 14

MONTANA
Department of Visual Education
State Department of Education
Helena

NEBRASKA
Bureau of Audio-Visual Instruction
University of Nebraska, Lincoln 8

NEW JERSEY
Film Library
Audio Visual Center
Montclair State College
Montclair

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City . . . . **Zone** . . . **State** . . . .

NEW MEXICO
Film Library
Eastern New Mexico University
Portales

NEW YORK
Ideal Pictures
1558 Main St., Buffalo 8

American Museum of
Natural History
79th and Central Park West
New York 24

Ideal Pictures
233 W. 42nd St., New York 36

Reynolds Audio-Visual Department
Rochester Public Library
115 South Ave., Rochester 4

Educational Film Library
Syracuse University, Syracuse

OHIO
M. H. Martin Co.
1118 Lincoln Way East
Massillon

PENNSYLVANIA
Indiana Film Service
State Teachers College, Indiana

Educational Film Library
Cooperative
State Teachers College, Millersville

Audio-Visual Materials Center
Chatham College
Woodland and Fifth Streets
Pittsburgh

L. C. Vath, Audio-Visual Aids
P. O. Box "C," Sharpsville

SOUTH DAKOTA
Film Library
South Dakota State College
College Station, Brookings

Film Library, Extension Division
State University of South Dakota
Vermillion

UTAH
Audio-Visual Center
Brigham Young University, Provo

WASHINGTON
Craig Corporation
1021 E. Pine Ave., Seattle

WISCONSIN
Extension Division
University of Wisconsin, Madison

CANADA
Sovereign Film Distributors Ltd.
277 Victoria St., Toronto, Ontario

Photographs by Burr Jerger   Text by Richard Kaplan

Desert Priest

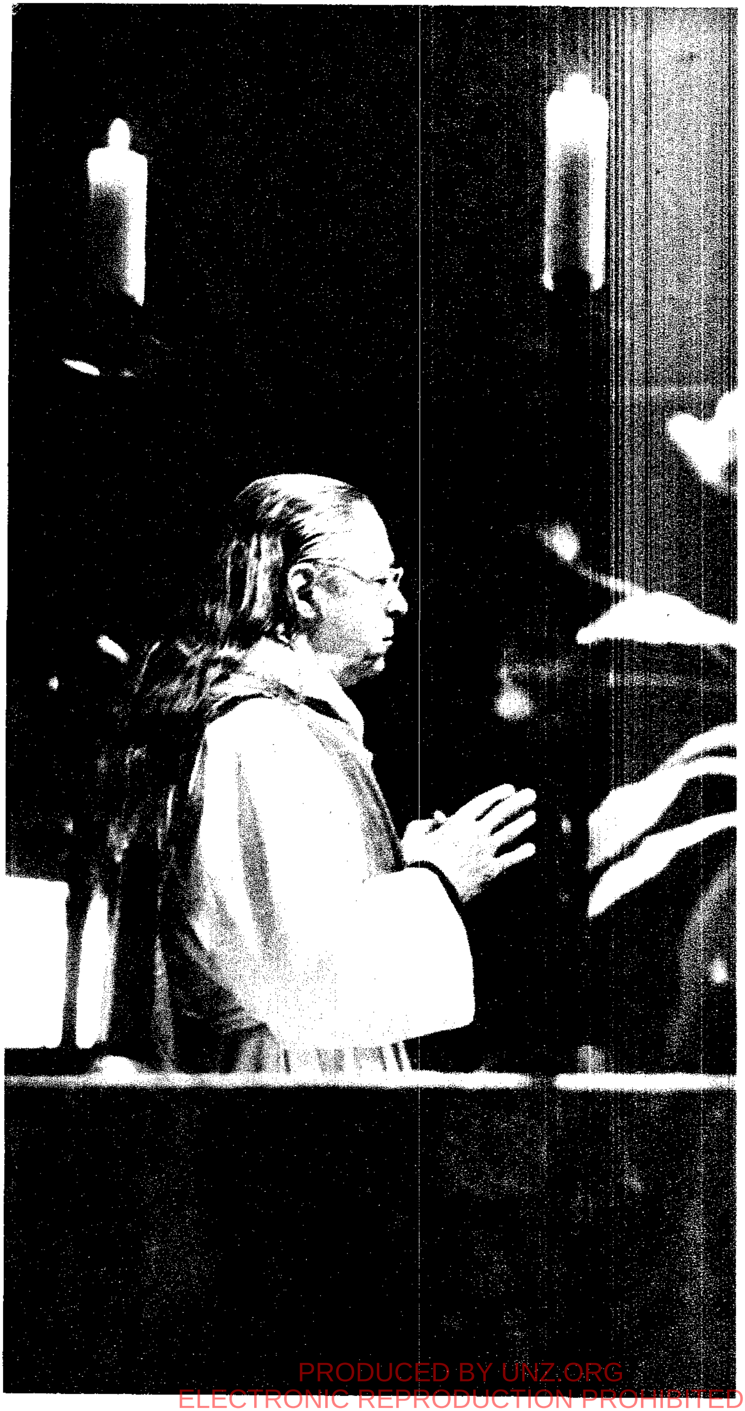
Father Harold Liebler's white clerical collar sets him apart from other Western adventurers. Packing faith—not firearms—in his duffel bag, this intrepid Episcopal minister brings new hope to forgotten Americans

Arrows and education

DUSTY FROM his hat to his high Western boots, a black-clad man with a mission rode his mule into Bluff, Utah, in 1943. He was Father Harold Liebler, who had journeyed all the way from his secure parish in Old Greenwich, Connecticut, to found St. Christopher's Episcopal Mission—a tiny outpost on Utah's Navajo Indian Reservation. In the last 16 years, Father Liebler, a spry 69, has become a beloved friend of the Navajos, a once mighty tribe now plagued by disease and poverty. Adopting Indian customs, he even let his hair grow long, Navajo-style. And he has brought the Indians, besides the Gospel, a medical clinic, a grammar school and, for the needy, 2,000 free meals a month. Here, in pictures, is a glimpse into the life of the man the Navajos call "The Priest with the Long Hair."

Visiting mission classroom, Father Liebler corrects spelling of Navajo girl. St. Christopher's school is fully accredited by Utah education authorities.

In hunting jacket, priest practices with bow and arrow—once his only means of getting fresh meat. He also throws bowie knife with amazing accuracy.



Hair flowing over his shoulders, Father Liebler conducts Mass. For Navajos, he chants Episcopal liturgy to old Indian melodies.

Wearing cassock, Father Liebler ducks into primitive hogan he maintains as reminder of the mission's progress. A tent was his first home in Bluff.

"We don't beat them over the head..."

IN FOUNDING St. Christopher's, Father Liebler and five colleagues were the first to establish a mission in this area. "The Navajos were hungry and neglected," he recalls, "for this was before the Government had become active in Indian welfare." Father Liebler shuns evangelism once he leaves his little chapel. "The Navajos need help, and we help them," he explains, "but we don't beat them over the head with our religion. They have a hard enough time as it is."

He builds new lives and homes

Father Liebler takes newborn infant from nurse. "We always seem to be delivering babies," he says. One Navajo woman has given birth to 18.

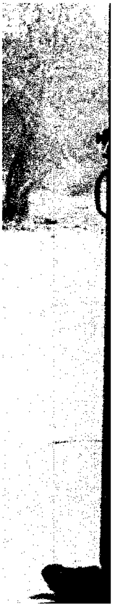
With young assistant, priest helps build home for a doctor mission hopes to hire. Tuberculosis is scourge of children; 30 percent are infected.

In fluent Navajo, priest chats with a blind tribal elder. Cramped quarters force this family to let the children sleep outdoors in warm weather.

He's independent—and proud of it

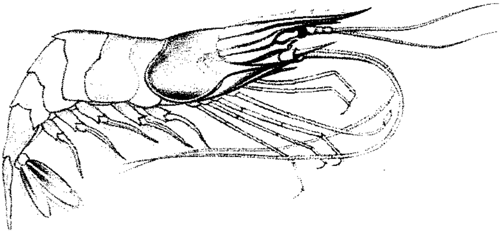
WORKING 16 HOURS a day, Father Liebler now dreams of building a home for aged Navajos. "When they become decrepit," he explains, "they are neglected by their own families." But raising funds for this project is difficult. Though St. Christopher's has the sanction of the Bishop of Utah, it stands on its own financially. "I prefer it this way," Father Liebler insists. "I wanted to establish a mission that wouldn't rely on church funds...we've succeeded."

Framed by chapel doorway, busy Father Liebler enjoys moment of meditation.



The surprising shrimp

by *Peter Farb*



Outside a cocktail dish, he finds his spice of life in a variety of careers—from barber to gunman, artist to acrobat

IN THE STRANGE WORLD of the sea, where nearly anything can happen, oceanographers were recently amazed to discover a tiny blue-and-white shrimp who is the proprietor of a thriving barbershop patronized by fish. This barber-shrimp, as it is called, sets up its business in the stinging tentacles of the sea anemone—obviously to drive away competitors.

The barber-shrimp must advertise. This he does by turning on his built-in barber pole—a long antenna, which he rhythmically whips through the water. Soon the customers swim up, meekly waiting in line for their shaves and haircuts. The shrimp skillfully goes over each fish, using the sharp razors of his legs to scrape the tiny parasites off the scales and fins. Some fish even open their mouths and gills for the shrimp to enter and take off internal parasites. Clean-shaven, the fish swim off and the next patron enters the shop. A single barber-shrimp may handle as many as 300 customers in only half a day.

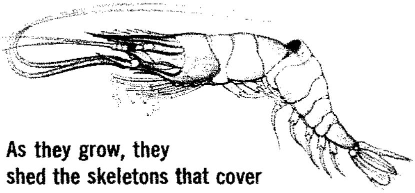
The shrimp is paid for his effort by being able to eat the parasites which he removes. He also receives a sort of tip: his customers decline to eat him.

There are over 1,000 different kinds of shrimp in addition to the familiar ones of our dinner tables. In size, they range from no larger than a dime to one specimen, taken from a river in Texas, which weighed three pounds and was nearly a foot long. Some shrimp merely shed their eggs into the water. But one species, common in the Great Lakes, broods its young in a special pouch similar to that of a kangaroo.

There are even shrimp found in the Atlantic which light up like fireflies. On a dark night the ocean dances with their flickering sparks. These shrimp are equipped with up to 150 special organs, much like flashlights, which shine with a ghostly blue light. Not only that, but each organ possesses a lens to focus the light and throw it for greater distances. So powerful are their lights that a group of these shrimp can illuminate a bucket of water.

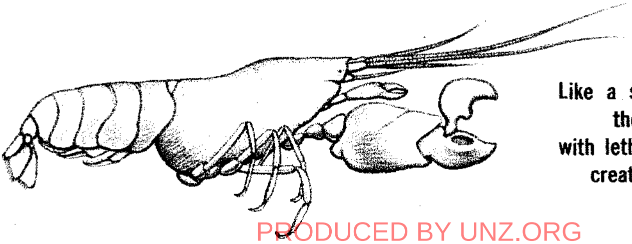
Even more valuable for confusing predators is the shrimp's amazing protective coloration. The master color-changer of the shrimp is one species which has red, yellow and blue pigment cells. It can combine these colors like an artist to duplicate any hue under the sea. If the shrimp is resting on a red weed, for example, it uses only the red pigment. But if it moves to a green plant, it holds back the red, then skillfully mixes yellow and blue in the proper proportions to match the exact shade of green.

Shrimp belong to the crustaceans, the same family as crabs and lobsters. All of these creatures wear their skeletons as a coat of armor on the *outside* of their bodies. But they must pay a price for their armor; it does not grow as our bones do. So from time to time during their lives, they walk out of their skeletons and grow a larger size. This is called molting, and some shrimp climb out of their shells as many as 26 times.


As they grow, they shed the skeletons that cover their bodies like armor.

Shrimp, to most people, means a lump of reddish-white meat from which dangles a mass of legs. But these legs are often fashioned into an amazing variety of shapes—as I learned last year, while wading along the coral shore of the Florida Keys. I heard mystifying snapping sounds that seemed to emerge from the very water itself. The only animals I saw which could be causing that racket were hordes of tiny shrimp, magnificently decked in reds and purples.

Each shrimp possessed an extraordinarily large claw, nearly as long as its body, which it pointed like a pistol. And that is exactly what the claw was—a handgun. A tiny finger acted as a hammer which, when cocked and fired, made a shattering report. The larger claw is the sound box, magnifying the noise in the


Like a science fiction character, the pistol-shrimp kills prey with lethal sound waves, which it creates by snapping its claw.

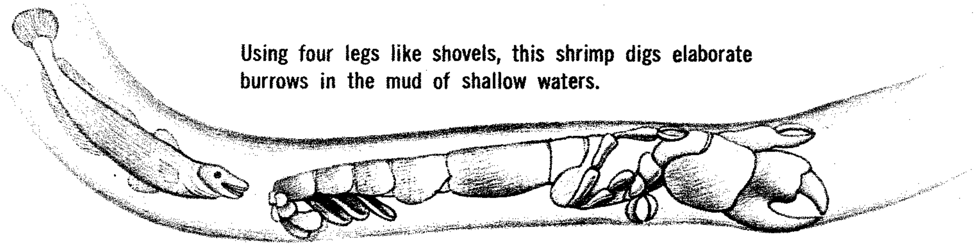
same way that a violin amplifies the sound of the strings. The pistol-shrimp is quick on the draw and an excellent marksman. It carries out its attack on passing fish like a bushwhacker, lying in wait at its burrow with its antennae extended to detect the target's approach. As a fish swims within range, a single shot is all that is necessary.

For instead of bullets, this gun hits its prey with sound waves. Under water, sound waves have a tremendous concussive force that can kill or severely stun the fish. Just a single pistol-shrimp, kept in a fish bowl, makes a deafening noise heard throughout the room. Occasionally, their snappings have cracked the glass walls of their aquariums. In fact, schools of these shrimp sometimes disturb the Navy's undersea hydrophones, sensitive instruments used to detect the sound waves of approaching submarines.

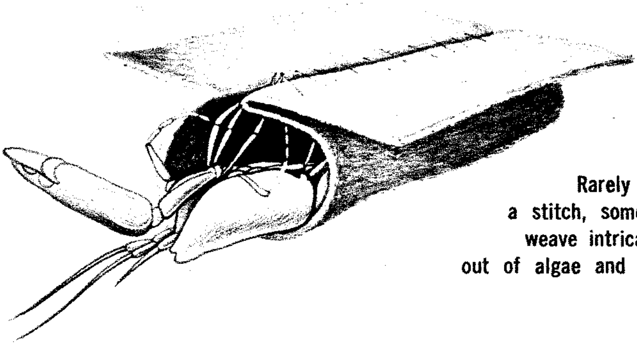
Only a few of the shrimp's many appendages are legs. Up front, there are two pairs of antennae, delicate sense organs which it uses to feel out the world around it. Then come a pair of stalks at the ends of which are mounted the eyes, giving the shrimp sight in any direction. There are five pairs of walking legs, five more pairs of swimming legs that are used like canoe paddles and, on the tail, five stiff plates which connect to form a large paddle. With these appendages, the shrimp can swim rapidly and walk gracefully in any direction, burrow quickly into sand or flex its tail paddle to shoot away backwards. Some shrimp glide in the air like flying fish, and can be seen jumping a foot high.

If a shrimp loses one of its legs, at the next molting it grows a replica. If it loses that one, too, it can often grow yet another. But what saves it, meanwhile, from bleeding to death? Each leg has an exact break-off spot, a fracture joint where the blood passageway is so narrow that a tiny clot of blood seals it. Shrimp, by the way, are among the true aristocrats of the undersea world; they are blue bloods, for their blood actually has a bluish cast.

Burrowing shrimp get maximum use out of all their appendages. The five pairs of walking legs are precision tools that carry out a multitude of tasks. The first pair is armed with pincers, each of a different shape for greater specialization in food-gathering. The second and third pairs are shaped like shovels for digging. The fourth pair is a



Using four legs like shovels, this shrimp digs elaborate burrows in the mud of shallow waters.



Rarely dropping a stitch, some shrimp weave intricate nests out of algae and seaweed.

toiletry kit—equipped for preening the antennae and cleaning the jaws after a meal. The last pair has an assortment of brushes to scrub the back, gills and swimmerets.

The burrowing shrimp construct elaborate homes in the mud of shallow waters. One burrow, observed off the coast of Washington State, was three feet deep and sprawled out two feet wide on the sea floor. Inside it was interlaced with tunnels and passageways.

Some shrimp have made homes in solid coral, entering as small fry and spending the rest of their lives chipping off flakes inside for their passageways. They are prisoners in a dungeon of their own fashioning and can never leave, for they outgrow the tiny entrance hole. Their eggs, however, are tiny enough to be pushed to freedom outside the hole—and they give birth to more tiny borers who will hunt out more rocks in which to imprison themselves.

Another kind of shrimp constructs one of the most elaborate nests known in the living world. It weaves and stitches seaweed together to construct foot-long tubes. The needlework is precise, scarcely a stitch is dropped, and the entire nest-tube is sometimes sewn in only an hour.

The shrimp of the ocean are preyed upon by octopuses, crabs and fish. To evade enemies, some have learned to live in places where practically no other living things can survive. These are the brine shrimp found in Utah's Great Salt Lake, which is about seven times as salty as the oceans. These shrimp represent life in one of its most indestructible forms. Their eggs have survived temperatures over 300 degrees below freezing, as well as no oxygen whatever for nearly half a year.

Some shrimp have even migrated to fresh-water streams. But the harsh conditions there keep their number low—so low, in fact, that males often have great difficulty in locating mates. So when a male stumbles upon a female, he ignores the fact that she may already be carrying eggs. He totes her around on his back until she has laid the eggs fertilized by her former partner, then he mates with her.

Like much else in the shrimp's life, its sex patterns are often unique. Among one common shrimp of the Pacific Coast all the small ones caught were males and the larger ones females. The fishermen thus assumed that the males were just naturally smaller. But that wasn't the case at all. With these shrimp, the young first grow into full-fledged males. If they stopped growing, they would remain males. Instead, they continue to develop and by the next season the male is amazed to find himself laying eggs.

Shrimp are amazingly mobile for such small creatures. Our common shrimp delicacy is the long distance traveler of them all: one, tagged by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service off the North Carolina coast, was found a few months later off the east coast of Florida. In fact, the entire life of the commercial shrimp is one of constant movement. They hatch from eggs several miles offshore, then begin moving from the ocean or Gulf of Mexico into the fresh-water bays and marshes. There they feed, putting on size rapidly, and then head out to sea again. Suddenly they stop, and then mate.

The shrimp of our dinner table are among the most nutritious foods taken from the sea. In the last few years they have become this country's most valuable fishery, estimated at about $65,000,000. Their edible tail is largely protein, and the fat content is remarkably low. They are good sources of vitamins, particularly A and D, and are unusually rich in minerals.

Some scientists regard shrimp as an untapped resource for feeding the world's hungry populations. Studies have also been made of the possibilities of using the shrimp-like krill of the Antarctic seas, the primary food of many whales who may eat three tons of this inexhaustible supply every day. Dr. Willis Pequegnat has estimated their abundance in the Antarctic as covering over 2 billion square acres, with an average of 1,000 pounds to the acre. This quantity is more than large enough to supply all of the food needs of the population of the U.S.

Much of the economy of the sea is based upon the fact that shrimp provide food for larger species, and they are vital links in many underwater food-chains. Should man ever lack meat and eggs, shrimp stand as an excellent protein reserve. Meanwhile, they entertain us as among the most fascinating creatures of the deep. ♛

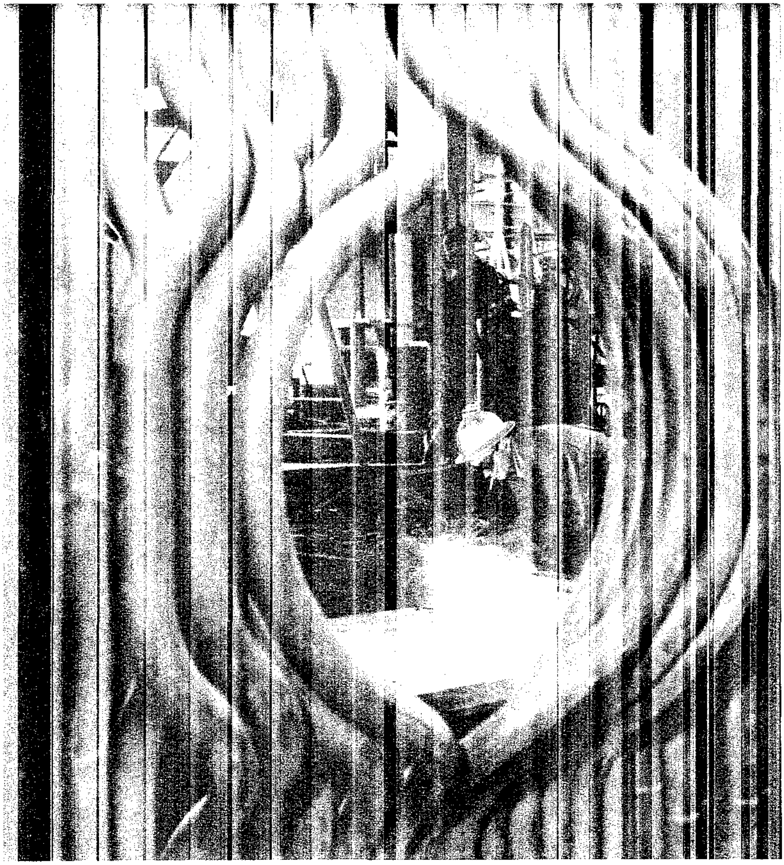
Medical Mixups

MY PATIENT, an elderly man who had retired a few years before, seemed to suffer more from boredom than from any real illness.

"Has your husband any hobbies?" I asked his wife.

She thought it over a moment. "No," she said slowly, "he has rheumatiz a good bit, and hives now and then, but he ain't never had no hobbies that I recall."

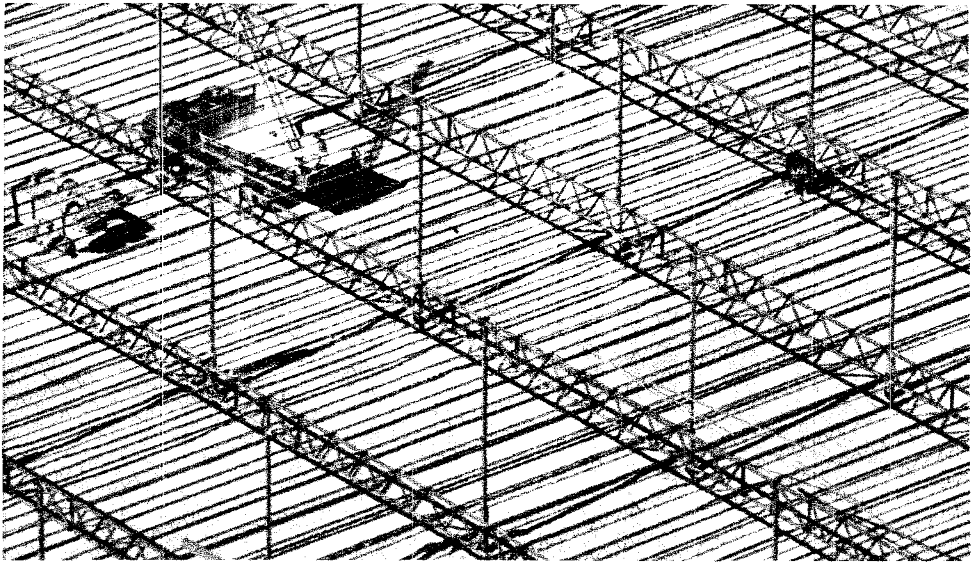
—Modern Medicine



"Everything's Jumping in Georgia,"

by Mark Nichols

"JUMPIN' GERRYMANDERS!" the native Georgian exclaimed. "Where did all the cotton pickers go?" As he looked around Atlanta—after an absence of ten years—he discovered that ante-bellum white-columned houses had given way to a sprawling metropolis of skyscrapers, glass-enclosed factory buildings and elegant entertainment facilities. Traveling across the state on business, he became increasingly excited about prospects he spotted. Whereupon he rushed back to New York, resigned his job and moved his family to Atlanta. That was three



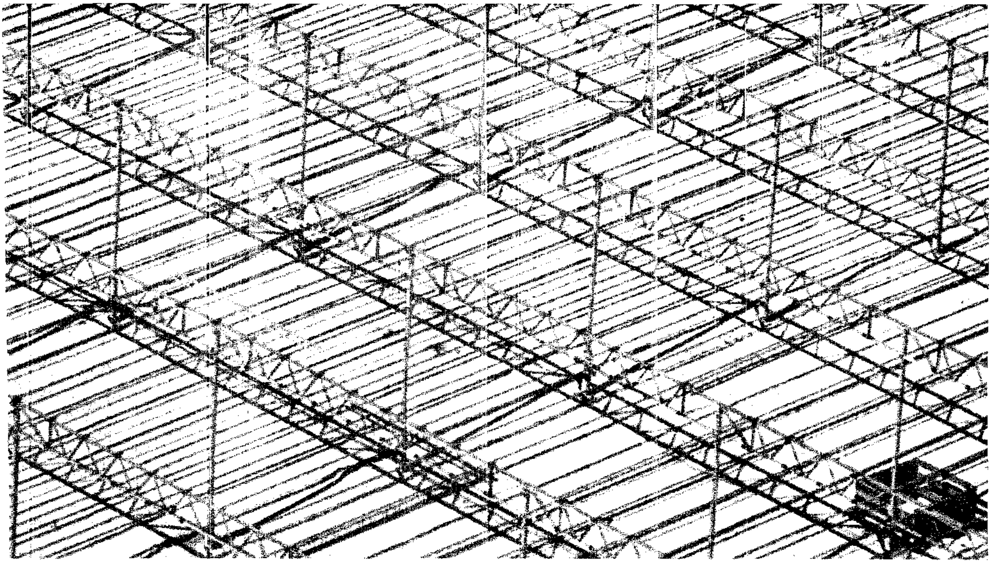
Photographed from the air, these modernistic patterns formed by the framework for the new

years ago. Today, he has a comfortable income as a small-parts manufacturer, few business pressures and a gracious way of life. Presiding over the barbecue spit in his honeysuckle-entwined back yard, he has fallen back into the habit of Southern hospitality that comes as naturally to Georgians as their drawl.

His story has been duplicated by literally thousands of servicemen, college graduates and industrial workers, all contributing to a new look in Georgia today. The land of magnolias and languid living wears the proud look of economic growth and success. Since the end of World War II, this enterprising state has combined research and Southern charm to attract 17,000 new commercial and industrial firms. These businesses provide jobs for nearly 250,000 persons.

"Georgia couldn't go on relying just on cotton," an Americus newspaperman explains. "When it was a good crop, it was very good for the state. When it was bad, it was disastrous." Awakened to the folly of one-crop dependency, Georgians began looking earnestly for other crops and industries to diversify their economy. Their success can be measured by the jingling change in Georgia jeans today.

The state now leads the U. S. in the production of tufted textiles, poultry broilers, saddles, mobile homes, naval stores, marble, peanuts and pimiento peppers. "Not bad, huh?" smiles State Director of Commerce Abit Massey, whose department concentrates on the encouragement of new industry. "And four new businesses every day are taking advantage of our year-round temperate climate, natural resources and our anxious-to-please labor



General Foods division plant at Doraville symbolize the bustling activity in Georgia today.

force—plus the cooperation of every state government department."

"Not bad" is typical Georgia understatement. Massey's roster reads like a Who's Who of American business: American Cyanamid Co., Armour Co., Continental Can Co., General Electric Co., Johns-Manville Corp., Manhattan Shirt Co., Viking Trailer Corp., Westinghouse Electric Corp.

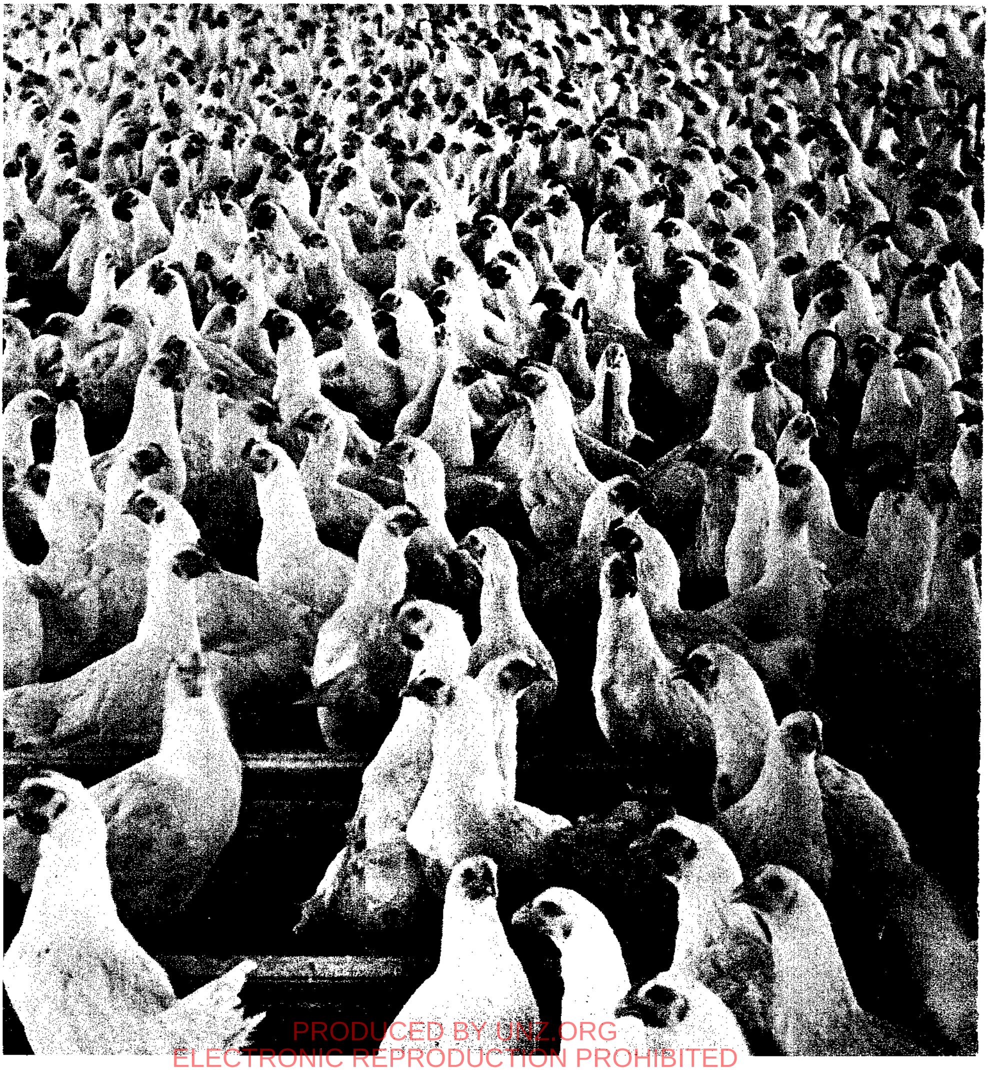
"Georgia industries now turn out everything from automobiles to zippers," says Massey. "Like chain reactions, one business seems to spark another." As an example he cites the 105 plants that turn out tufted textiles in the state. These created such a demand for latex backing for the carpet products that a latex rubber company moved in to service them better. Other related industries followed.

This kind of chain reaction is jet-fueled by the resulting prosperity, too. Earning more, Georgians are spending more, creating a supply and demand cycle that multiplies at a vigorous rate.

Why have so many manufacturers established plants in Georgia? A food canner lists some reasons: "For me, the weightiest factor was the all-out help I got from the state. After I expressed interest in the Savannah area, the State Department of Commerce came up with every relevant bit of information, including weather, water and power, and even the types and number of workers available.

"The picture looked good to me," the canner continued, "but I couldn't spare time from my Ohio plant to supervise construction in Georgia. The Department of Commerce met with the town's civic leaders and persuaded the community to finance and erect a building to meet my needs. Then it was leased to me at advantageous terms—with options to buy later. Because the site was in a rural district, I had to have good roads for shipments. The highway department stepped in and laid new roads. Next, the State Department of Education trained workers in the area. I provided the machines and the training space, and they put my foremen on salary

Breeding skills at Vantress Farms in Duluth, helped make commercial broilers a boom industry.

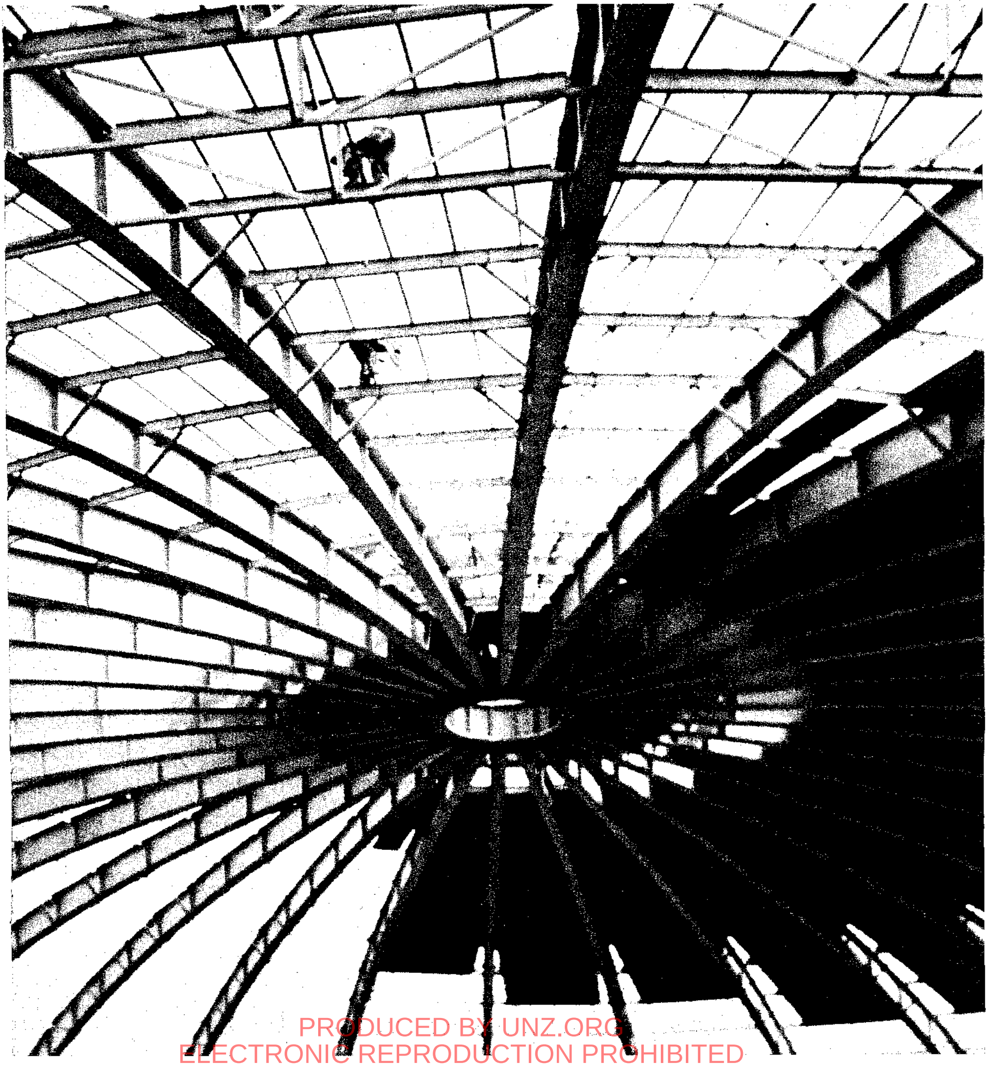


as instructors. By the time the plant was ready to open, the workers were familiar with our methods.

"And with the community financing the building," the canner concluded, "everyone in town is rooting for the business to succeed."

One look at northwest Georgia would dispel any notion of Southern indolence. Here, the raising of broilers is a 24-hour-a-day enterprise. Commercial broiler production be-

Rise of Alexander Memorial Coliseum in Atlanta typifies growth of recreational facilities.



Lockheed Aircraft workers at Marietta, shown as they listen to official announcement, reflect

gan before World War II when Jesse Jewell, a feed merchant, tried to boost his poultry feed sales. He bought chicks, sold them on credit to nearby farmers, and then sold them feed on an I.O.U. basis. Soon a widespread, easy-to-operate industry was under way. The beef shortage during World War II helped accelerate its growth and broiler raising has become Georgia's largest agricultural enterprise.

Farm mechanization released large numbers of rural workers for industrial jobs, increasing the labor pool. To present an attractive labor picture to prospective businesses, the state last year passed its own "right-to-work" law, allowing citizens to work without union affiliation if they so chose.

Georgia's college graduates today have no need to migrate elsewhere in search of career advancement. Take, for instance, interior decorator Carolyn Becknell, Atlanta's 1958 "Woman of the Year in Arts." Setting up shop as Becknell Associates, she found a ready need for her services by industry and homeowners.

"Everything's jumping in Georgia," says Miss Becknell. "Northerners may come here and decide to slow down, but they are likely to be bumped from behind by a Georgian who is swinging with the times."

Lockheed Aircraft Corp. has discovered that its Marietta location is a persuasive attraction for hard-to-get engineers who yearn for the majestic vistas and open country of the state. Another valuable asset for Lockheed is the availability of the Georgia Institute of Technology's graduates and research facilities.

Two other industrial giants have made Georgia their focal point for southeastern operations. The General Motors Corp. plant at Doraville alone turns out 46 different types of passenger cars on the same assembly line. Ford Motor Co. has nearly doubled the space of its first postwar plant on 75 acres outside Atlanta.

Why do manufacturers choose one particular location? The reasons

the serious-mindedness of Georgia labor—a major reason why new industry favors the state.

vary from solid business-sense to whimsy. Manufacturer Dan Brown chose Dawsonville because his mother's maiden name was Dawson. Another businessman, advised by his engineering consultants to locate in Town A, was persuaded by an industrial development go-getter to look over Town B. Learning that he was a sportsman, Town B organized a quail hunt for him, followed by a pheasant dinner. (P.S. The plant is now located in Town B.)

An Iowa industrialist, vacationing at Sea Island, fell in love with the peaceful palmetto country while indulging in his favorite sport, boating. He moved his commercial insecticides plant to Brunswick, and now spends all his free time on the water.

His passion for the water is shared by thousands of Georgians. With plenty of leisure and lakes, they have turned to boating for fun in the sun—and brought a new industry into their midst.

One Georgia boast is not idle: the state has a more-than-abundant water supply for recreation, industry and agriculture. Farmer John Butler, resting his elbow on a hoe and regarding the warm, blue sky, says, "We get an average of 49 inches of rainfall a year. And we don't have to worry about floods since we got all those new dams." Five new dams constructed by the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers make navigation smooth on Georgia rivers.

The state has plenty of power, too, to match the water supply. "In the past ten years," a Georgia Power Co. spokesman declares, "we have doubled our generating capacity to keep ahead of this boom."

Also serving industry are harbors that maintain a steady stream of materials for men and machines. In 1946, the state organized the Georgia Ports Authority to deep-dredge and develop further the existing port of Savannah on the Atlantic seaboard. Pointing to a European freighter unloading Volkswagen automobiles from Germany, dock worker Roy Gateson grinned:

"We're getting foreign cars and just about everything else *direct* now."

Over 100 steamship lines load and discharge freight in Savannah. And the new inland port at Bainbridge hums with barge traffic bringing chemicals, oils and fertilizers from as far away as Chicago. Spurred by the success of these operations, the Ports Authority has future plans for developing additional ports at Brunswick, Augusta and Columbus.

Georgia's capital, Atlanta, ranks as the largest transportation center in the South, with 31 railroads, six major airlines and 500 bus departures daily.

Atlanta's central location has also made it a telephone communications hub, one of the largest long-distance switching centers in the world. It is also a major television control center, filtering cables for TV and radio transmission throughout the South.

Rich in natural resources, too, Georgia is harvesting its gifts from Nature. Its lofty pine forests, largest in the South, yield reams of paper after processing and also furnish over half the world supply of resin and turpentine. Wastelands are rapidly being converted into timberland to supply pulpwood for companies like Union Bag-Camp Paper Corp., Owens-Illinois Glass Co. and Container Corporation of America. "We can hardly keep up with the new uses they find for pine," says a forester. "Good thing it grows fast."

Georgia's youthful government administrators—from Governor Ernest Vandiver, 40, to Abit Massey, still in his early 30s—have pledged "special emphasis" on aiding the state's smaller communities to secure new industries. From Massey's Department of Commerce office in the Atlanta State Capitol Building, thick packets of brochures and surveys go out daily to manufacturers across the U. S. who want to investigate what Georgia has to offer.

Convinced that research will help open more industrial doors, the State Department of Commerce is at present conducting a study of the state's commercial potentials in plastics, air conditioners and coastal Bermuda grass.

"Now that we've seen what can be done," says Massey, "we won't relax until we make our state the industrial leader of the South." He and his fellow citizens mean business when they utter these familiar Georgia parting words: "Come see us, now!"

Adding Insult to Injury

A FIRE at the downtown office of the Indianapolis Power and Light Company was blamed on faulty wiring.

—A. C. WILLIAMS

FINES FOR SPEEDING were paid in Birmingham, Alabama, by James R. Quick, Col. L. Hasty and Harold P. Early.

—*Daily Jeffersonian*

This famed New York
rehabilitation center heals the handicapped
with trail-blazing
medical techniques and a simple psychological
formula: "The patient
works; he is not *worked on.*"

The clinic that rebuilds bodies

by Ralph Bass

IN THE QUIET PRE-DAWN of a Long Island village, the lightweight car skidded out of control on the wet pavement and crashed into a telephone pole. The impact would have snapped the average driver's neck like a matchstick. But this driver was no average man. His thick muscles absorbed much of the shock. But even so, critical damage had been done. The ordeal of Roy Campanella had begun.

For four hours and 15 minutes a team of surgeons probed and cut. They succeeded in saving the famous baseball player's life. Yet their best efforts could not dispel the shadow of quadriplegia-paralysis from the chest down—that hung over the former Dodgers catcher.

Today that shadow still hovers;

Dr. Howard A. Rusk examines brace that has helped Campanella cope with paralysis.

but an eager Campanella turns from it to face the light of hope. This light, he says, was kindled for him at a unique institution in New York City, to which he was taken several months after the doctors operated: the Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation at New York University-Bellevue Medical Center—often referred to as the Rusk clinic.

To an ever-growing army of the physically handicapped, the Institute has become a world center of rehabilitation. Many international medical authorities feel that its staff of more than 100 professionals, directed by Dr. Howard A. Rusk, has far outstripped techniques recommended in standard textbooks.

THE INSTITUTE HOUSES about 150 patients and treats an equal number on an out-patient basis in the most unhospital-looking of hospitals. For there is no institutional bleakness in the seven-story brick and glass building near the East River; bright colors and pleasant, comfortable furniture lift the spirits of patients and visitors alike. The keynote, perhaps, is a group of lively paintings in Dr. Rusk's office—the work of a woman paraplegic who can paint for only ten minutes at a time.

But behind the colorful façade is a world of hard work. "There is no getting well in ten easy lessons," Dr. Rusk says. "There is no magic about it. The handicapped person *works*; he is not *worked on*." As one injured Tennessee miner phrased it, "It's often harder than digging coal."

Some patients go through experiences similar to that of Henry Viscardi, who was born with stumps for legs and fitted with artificial limbs when he reached maturity. This is how he described it:

"It was as though I stood on stilts . . . stilts that were hinged in the middle and would collapse suddenly if the delicate balance were disturbed. This was the real test. And I couldn't move. I was frozen to my tottering supports. 'I can do it, *I will do it,*' I told myself. But the muscles did not respond. My body sagged. I fell many times before I finally learned to walk by myself."

Ultimately Viscardi mastered his artificial limbs; and, articulate as he was, when that day came he was speechless with joy.

Today, he is president of Abilities, Inc., a unique firm in West Hempstead, New York, which employs disabled persons only.

Wherever possible, the Institute tries to spare patients discouraging ordeals. Consider, for instance, the program that was set up for Campanella. At first, he lived in a light steel and canvas suspension frame which was turned every two hours to guard against skin irritation. His head and neck were tightly braced to prevent additional dislocation and damage. Twice daily a physical therapist stretched and exercised Campanella's arms and legs to ward off stiffening of the joints.

As the retraining and strengthening of his body went on, Campanella slowly began to use those muscles that could still function. Soon a shoulder harness with a special neck brace enabled him to sit up, although actually, he had to be raised on a tilt board. Nevertheless, this was a great psychological advance.

Before long, the tilt board gave way to a wheel chair, and Campanella spent an hour a day out of bed. Then another hour, and another. Dumbbells were strapped to his hands. Pulleys exercised his shoulder muscles. Then one day he suddenly found he could lift 12 pounds in each arm. That was the day the famous Campanella smile reappeared.

All of this treatment seems simple and logical, yet there are countless victims of injuries less grave than Campanella's who have been left to vegetate and die. It is the Institute's mission to reduce that number, and perhaps someday, by the example of its advanced techniques, eliminate it.

What happens at the Institute to a patient less famous than Roy Campanella? Pretty much the same thing, depending, of course, on the nature of his injury. Imagine that you have been badly injured and brought to the Institute. Experts quickly check the medical aspects; a neurologist and a physical therapist test your joints, your muscle power.

Three or four days later, you go to an Evaluation Clinic. Here staff members tell each other—and you—what the score is. It may not be all you hoped for, but you rarely have time to brood because you are swept up in the Institute routine.

As you begin to make headway—psychologically as well as physically—you go to classes where you relearn things you had learned as a child—perhaps how to brush your teeth or write your name. There are some new things, too—crutch-balancing (there are seven different crutch gaits) and stepping up simulated curbs and bus steps.

"The classes," says Dr. Rusk, "teach the patient how to cope with the physical problems of daily living. Can he brush his teeth, comb his hair, turn from side to side in bed? Can he put on his clothing, his braces? Can he get from bed to wheel chair, wheel chair to toilet, toilet to wheel chair, wheel chair to bath tub, bath tub to wheel chair. If he can sit, can he stand? If he can stand, can he walk?"

The Institute will try to teach the patient whatever he cannot do, using the most modern equipment. Many of the aids are known as self-help devices. These may range from a simple eating device to a complicated hand splint; keyboards with remote controls enable enfeebled hands to operate electric typewriters, and special kitchen equipment gives paraplegic housewives an incentive to live again.

If the patient is a child, he is assigned to a bed in a room with others of his age group. Then the real job begins. At the outset, the crucial question is: how will the child react to therapy? A psychologist examines him to explore his potentialities. Is he intelligent enough to use braces and crutches? Is he too dependent on his parents? Then a psychiatrist takes over. Has the child serious emotional problems? What about his speech? A speech therapist tests the youngster.

In the Children's Division, Dr.

George G. Deaver treats patients whose ages range from two to 16. Now and then his eyes light up at the sight of a patient like seven-year-old Andrea Naimon, who switches readily from wheel chair to braces and crutches. Outside doctors said she would never be able to stand.

Andrea was born with a congenital condition of the central nervous system called *spina bifida,* or "split spine." Her vertebrae had not developed completely and her spinal cord pushed out of her back, causing an enormous "water blister" to form. The "water" was the precious spinal fluid vital to life.

Doctors said she had little chance of survival. Her parents, Carl and Alexandria Naimon of Jackson Heights, Queens, had been married just two years when Andrea was born. "I had a hard delivery," recalls Mrs. Naimon, "and during it this blister on Andrea's back broke, letting some of the spinal fluid leak out. To save her life, the doctors operated. After the operation, they gave her a 50-50 chance."

But Andrea clung to life. Then, six months later, hydrocephalus—a swelling of the head caused by an accumulation of fluid in the brain cavities—set in. An operation saved the child, but at the age of two, doctors found she had a non-functioning bladder. They also feared one of her kidneys was not functioning.

At this juncture Andrea's doctors referred her to the Institute.

"The day we got there was the greatest day of our lives," says Mrs. Naimon. "We had been told Andrea would never sit up, and that she would certainly never walk. Well, Andrea was at the Institute exactly one week when they fitted her with braces and she stood up."

Today Mrs Naimon must spend much of her time with Andrea, helping her with the exercises the Institute prescribes. But the constant care has borne fruit. "We were overjoyed when we saw Andrea actually walk for the first time with her braces and crutches, not just shuffle as she had been doing," says Mr. Naimon. "Now she waits up for me at night to tell me when she's done something she hadn't been able to do before."

For a long time Andrea was taken to the Institute every two weeks for examination and treatment; now she goes only once every two months.

And she has many friends at the Institute, even though she may not know them by name. A few months ago she was asked if she knew Campanella. She looked puzzled and shook her head. Shortly thereafter she was in the elevator when Campanella was wheeled in. "Hi, Roy," she shouted. "Hello, Andy," came the hearty response, accompanied by a wide Campanella grin.

Recently, the National Foundation, formerly the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, launched a drive to aid victims of congenital defects by financing surgical, hospital and out-patient care, just as it has done for polio victims the last 20 years. It is also expanding its program of scholarships and fellowships, so that future Andrea Naimons will not suffer—as many do now—for lack of physical and occupational therapists and physicians trained as rehabilitation specialists.

Perhaps most important, the Foundation is spurring an intensive research program aimed at the prevention of birth defects. The need for such research becomes painfully clear when one sees children like 13-year-old Juan Iregoyan Yepez, who was born without arms and legs in his native Bolivia. In 1955, the lad was brought to the Institute. Today he walks on artificial legs, using special crutches. At school, his marks indicate that he is capable of unusual progress.

As a consequence of such achievements, the Institute has won worldwide fame. More than 300 physicians from 40 nations have studied there, under the largest international rehabilitation training program in existence.

Watching Dr. Rusk as he moves among his patients, one recalls that he was Chief of the Convalescent Training Division of the Office of the Air Surgeon General. In his work he helped restore many wounded airmen to useful life. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal.

But Dr. Rusk has little time to dwell on past triumphs. "Our first concern," he says, "is to help build a better future for present unfortunates." ♛

No Rest For the Wiry

For comfort in a modern chair, you need a cushioned derrière. —ANNA HERBERT

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By being cruelly
witty, maliciously
"honest"—or
just thoughtless—a
wife can crush
her husband's ego
and imperil
their marriage

How women hurt men

by John Kord Lagemann

PATRICIA WAS THE SORT of wife who saved up all her worries and grievances until bedtime. Then, just when John felt like putting aside the cares of the day, she would complain about how low their bank balance had shrunk, how far behind they lagged in paying their bills, how long it had been since his last raise and how badly the children were behaving.

"How can a woman be so infuriating?" John asked his doctor. "Doesn't she realize what this nagging does to a man?"

According to doctors and marriage counselors, many husbands voice similar complaints. They are deeply hurt and sometimes even sexually incapacitated by wives who ride roughshod over their male sensibilities. Yet it is often difficult for them to reveal what bothers them without losing face and risking even greater humiliation.

"To a man, being masculine is almost as important as being human," says the well-known marriage counselor and psychiatrist, Dr. Lena Levine. "The worst damage a woman can inflict on her man is to make him feel less manly. She not only wounds his feelings, but makes him feel less effective as a husband, lover, parent, breadwinner and human being."

Wives often laugh at their husbands' male pride without realizing how important it is to marital happiness. As part of a long range study, the University of Chicago's Family Study Center some years ago sketched several easily recognizable types of women who hurt their husbands while ostensibly—and in some cases sincerely—trying to be helpful.

One of these is the *Belittler*. No matter what her husband accomplishes, she says she could have done it better. Instead of appreciating and applauding her husband's triumphs, she sniffs derisively, "Is that the best you can do?" She complains that he is too timid, too easygoing and eggs him on to "be a man," implying none too subtly that he is something less than that.

Another type of woman who takes the wind out of a man's sails is the *Mind Reader*. She claims to know her husband better than he knows himself. Even when he offers a firm opinion, she feels called upon to interpret or apologize for him. "Oh, Elmer doesn't mean that," she interrupts. "What he really means is . . ." She then reconstructs Elmer's opinions to dovetail with her own. Unable to contradict her without starting a fight, Elmer finally lets her have her way. He preserves the peace but loses his self-respect.

The *Fairy Princess* type of wife takes an entirely different tack. Instead of criticizing or interpreting her husband, she idealizes him. But the effect on his masculinity is just as devastating. He is the knight imprisoned in the shining armor of her dream of what a man should be. Living up to her concept of the "ideal man" means thinking and acting as she wants him to. He cannot oppose her without welching on his sacred trust. He has to stay on his best behavior even in the privacy of his home. No wonder he often revolts by going on a binge. It's his only chance to be himself.

The *Martyred Bride* also knows how to puncture the male ego. Her weapon is self-sacrifice. She "gave up everything" for her husband—interesting friends, rich suitors, a brilliant career, even her good looks. In return, she whines, the least he can do is to give up his own preferences and let her run the show. Sex, for the martyred bride, represents the greatest sacrifice of all, and she never fails to make her husband pay for it in guilty gratitude.

The cruelest thing a woman can do to a man is to make him feel sexually unsure of himself. It is very hard for many women to understand a man's vulnerability on this score.

The man in our culture thinks of sex as a test, according to Dr. Theodor Reik, the famous psychoanalyst. The feeling that something has to be proved by the sexual act is lacking in women.

The sense of being tested runs through every phase of a man's life. Making money, making war, making love, all are seen as challenges that require him to pit his own will and energy against opposing forces. There are only two possible outcomes, success or failure. Either way it's the man's responsibility, something he does or doesn't do, that makes all the difference. That's why males tend to strut and crow. It gives them self-confidence and courage to meet challenges.

To a woman, the pride a man takes in his sexual capabilities is likely to appear somewhat ridiculous. The act in which he acquits himself as a male is only one fleeting aspect of a feminine sexual function which includes menstruation, pregnancy, and childbirth. A woman can easily rob a man of his triumph and his self-confidence by laughing at him—or laughing at the wrong time. To her, he's never more funny than when he takes himself most seriously. At these times, the European woman has learned to keep a straight face. But the American woman often seems too eager to call a man's bluff.

ADOLESCENCE IS THE time when feminine ridicule leaves the deepest scars on the male ego. A girl laughs thoughtlessly at a pug nose, a wide mouth, long legs, a smooth or hairy chest—and the sensitive male is haunted by the feeling that he is ugly. She titters at some misstep in his first attempts to dance with her, and wild horses couldn't drag him back on the ballroom floor.

Later in life, men work out elaborate defenses against feminine ridicule. Many go to great lengths to conceal their innermost feelings from their wives. Some try to subjugate women, making them feel so weak and inferior that they don't dare to talk back or laugh.

In the days when sexual pleasure was a man's prerogative, he could do no wrong. His wife made no demands. But today, when women expect to receive satisfaction as well as to give it, the American male faces a dilemma. As the psychoanalyst Dr. Milton R. Saperstein defines this predicament: "If he is ever emotional, soft or dependent, he is accused of unconscious homosexuality; if he is aggressive and competitive, the marriage manuals accuse him of wrecking his marriage by brutality and indifference to his wife's welfare."

The trend toward sexual equality is all to the good. But even though men and women may occasionally swap roles, the active role in sex belongs to the male and the receptive role belongs to the female. This is a biologically determined fact which no amount of female aggressiveness or male acquiescence can alter. A civilized man can certainly temper his sexual demands out of consideration for his wife's feelings. But there is a point beyond which he cannot give up his spontaneity without sacrificing his capacity.

In a physical sense, wives can greatly handicap their husbands by setting down too many rules. "My wife thinks I lost interest in her," one young insurance executive told his doctor. "Actually it's gotten so I'm afraid to touch her. When I try to find little ways of pleasing her, she says, 'No, that's all wrong' or 'Must you be so clumsy?' If she finds my beard too scratchy, she won't kiss me until I shave. Once when I thought we were sharing a romantic moment, she whispered, 'Why did you have to eat onions?' "

The average woman can adjust herself to long periods of sexual inactivity. The average man can't. The Kinsey study of over 12,000 men and women indicated that "most females are not seriously disturbed if they do not have a regular sexual outlet. . . ." But most men report that they are seriously distressed by any long interruption.

"Failure to recognize these differences in the needs of the two sexes . . . may be the source of a considerable amount of difficulty in marriage," Dr. Kinsey declared. His finding has been confirmed by many marriage experts.

"The average wife doesn't want to be cruel," says Dr. Rebecca Liswood, executive director of the Marriage Counseling Service of Greater New York. "She just doesn't realize how much suffering she inflicts by asking her husband to use too much self-restraint."

As a case in point, Dr. Liswood tells of a wife who ruled out marital relations midway through her first pregnancy. "The baby is more important than either of us," she told her husband. Actually, her obstetrician had told her that modified relations could continue safely until a few weeks before the baby was due. But she decided to take no chances. A month or so after giving birth, when she told her husband it would be all right to resume marital relations, her husband, for the first time in his adult life, was unable to respond. He could not break down overnight the inhibitions enforced by almost half a year of abstinence. It took them several months to achieve a happy readjustment.

When a man has sex on his mind, he can think of little else. Generally women are more easily distracted. This is true throughout the animal kingdom. In the cat family, it is the female that will occasionally interrupt mating to pursue a mouse. Among mice, it is the female that sometimes chooses such a time to nibble a piece of cheese. Among humans, such differences have been known and pointed out for centuries before Kinsey confirmed them in actual interviews.

"It is a standard complaint of males," he found, "that their female partners 'do not put their minds to it'." It is the wife who hears the telephone or the doorbell, smells the roast she has left in the oven, wonders if the alarm clock is set or suddenly feels like eating or smoking. Petty and inconsequential as such distractions may seem to women, they are usually irritating or humiliating to their husbands.

Keeping up appearances means a lot to a man, perhaps even more than it does to a woman. "In the privacy of our own home my wife is as responsive as a clam," a young lawyer told a marriage counselor he and his wife consulted to help them save their marriage. "But at parties she flirts with anything in pants." It's a fairly common complaint. A husband may try hard to appear broad-minded, but his wife's flirtations hurt his male pride. He loses face when his wife bawls him out in public, domineers or contradicts him in conversation or brings up their private disagreements and asks friends to judge who is right.

To feel adequate as a man, a husband has to feel that his wife is basically satisfied with him and with their life together. When his wife is restless and discontented, people are apt to say, "Poor fellow, he's got more than he can handle." Business executives sometimes put it more bluntly in passing up a man for promotion. "If he can't take care of his wife," they argue, "how can he take care of a business?"

Society has always equated the roles of provider and lover. The male ego is equally vulnerable to setbacks in either department. When a man loses confidence in his work, he often falters in his private life—and vice versa. To his wife, his job may seem routine, unrewarding and socially degrading. He, too, may gripe about it. But poor as it may be, it is his way of bringing home the bacon. For his wife to belittle it is to make him feel less a man.

The greatest of human accomplishments—the ability to bear children—belongs exclusively to women. Throughout the ages, men have tried to make up for this by accomplishments in art, science, war and government. Psychologists suggest that this is one reason they are so touchy about their work. It's all right for a wife to hold down a paying job outside the home, and even to earn more than her husband, so long as he can still assure himself that *his* job is the one that really counts. It's rare to find a happy marriage where the wife holds the purse strings or where the husband sacrifices his own work to advance his wife's career.

Women have great power over men—far more than they ordinarily realize. For their own good, it is important that they learn to use this power constructively. Here, based on the advice of leading psychiatrists and marriage counselors, are a few ground rules that can help any woman bolster her husband's pride in himself:

1. Present a united front to the world. Settle differences privately.
2. Accept your husband as he is. Don't try too hard to improve him. Try not to compare him unfavorably with other men.
3. Never make fun of his job, his hobby, his earning power, his physique or his sexual abilities.
4. Enter marital relations in a positive, wholehearted way. Do not use sex as a weapon or as a means of driving a hard bargain. Make an effort to be sexually attractive to him. He cannot please you unless you please him. When he pleases you, tell him so. For the male, nothing succeeds like success. ♛

Slickers

A PETERSFIELD, ENGLAND, HOMEOWNER won a reduction in taxes by claiming his house was worth less because it was haunted.

IN ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA, police picked up a motorist who had pasted a block of green trading stamps on his windshield in lieu of an inspection sticker. —W.E. FARBSTEIN

His cunning get-rich-quick scheme had profit-hungry investors battling to gobble up the sucker bait

The fantastic swindle of 520% Miller

by Harold Mehling

WILLIAM FRANKLIN MILLER, a sallow-faced 22-year-old clerk with a bristly mustache, wanted to get rich quick. His wife and baby were sick. He had a series of failures in penny-ante stock speculations. And he was sensitive about his undersized stature. He stood 5′5″ in his patent leather shoes, and imagined people looked down on him.

Actually, the young men members of the Brooklyn Sunday School he attended looked up to him. The fact that he had worked in brokerage houses gave them the notion he knew what made the stock tickers tick.

Miller made no effort to correct this impression. To the contrary, one day in January, 1899, he told these youths that if they would each give him $10, his inside tips would earn them a return of $1 a week. In ten weeks they would have their original principal back, and then nothing but clear profits. In other words, he would pay them ten percent interest on their investments weekly, or a fantastic 520 percent a year.

Half the class—ten men—elected to beat Wall Street with Miller.

In reality, young Miller had no inside tips on the stock market and did not intend to invest a cent of the $100 he had collected. He would merely pocket it and pay the $10 weekly interest out of what would be paid in by new investors.

So long as he could turn up new $10 investors, the $1 interest payments would take care of themselves and he would quickly be rich.

Miller quit his job and spent his days making collections and soliciting new business. From house to house through Brooklyn he trudged, his office in his black derby. At first it was tough going. But as word of his phenomenal returns spread, his haul increased. By mid-February, business was booming—and Miller could not keep up with his daily rounds. Besides, he began to consider it undignified to tramp around after money. So he rented a room on the upper floor of a ramshackle two-story frame house and let investors come to him.

Now Miller wrote vivid advertisements to entice out-of-town investors, and mailed weekly newsletters to prospects from as far away as Louisiana and Manitoba.

They were calling him "520 Percent" Miller, but he felt he needed a rock-ribbed title. So he took his own middle name, embellished it with a photograph of Benjamin Franklin, and called himself the "Franklin Syndicate."

"My ambition," he stated in one issue of his newsletters, "is to make the Franklin Syndicate one of the largest and strongest syndicates operating in Wall Street, which will enable us to manipulate stocks, putting them up or down as we desire, and which will make our profits five times more than they are now."

Crowds lined up waiting for the office to open, and as the throngs swelled, police closed the street off to traffic. Three wagons delivered the daily mail, and Miller quickly expanded his clerical force to 50.

With a flair for the dramatic, the young man placed two roll-top desks at one end of the parlor. This was where the money would be received. In order to reach these desks, depositors passed a glass-windowed booth from which interest payments were handed out.

The sight of the interest being paid so excited depositors that by the time they reached the roll-top desks many doubled and tripled the amounts they had come to invest. And conversely, those who were receiving interest payments became so exhilarated by the long lines of waiting depositors that instead of collecting their interest they deposited it.

William Franklin Miller, who had never earned over $5 a week in any previous work, now went to a Fifth Avenue tailor and came away with nearly $1,000 worth of clothes.

The new tycoon overheard some investors asking why so affluent a syndicate was quartered in such a dingy house. He promptly explained in his newsletter:

"Your money buys neither mahogany desks nor oil paintings. It is put to work for you at ten percent a week. Our running expenses are small, our profits enormous and sure."

Still operating on nothing but his staggering nerve, Miller looked up a fly-by-night stock operator, Edward Schlessinger, made him a partner and established him in a branch office in a suburb of Boston. Immediately, the *Boston Post* openly denounced the Syndicate as a swindler's paradise.

Miller felt stirrings of alarm. He conferred with a lawyer named Robert Adams Ammon, known in legal circles as "Colonel" Ammon.

Ammon was everything Miller wasn't. Tall, athletic and hearty, he was skilled at skirmishing with the law over questionable stock-selling enterprises.

First, Colonel Ammon said, they would go to Boston and prepare for an investors' run on the branch office. Miller eagerly stuffed $70,000 in $5 bills into a suitcase and they left Brooklyn.

As Ammon had anticipated, depositors who had read the *Post* swarmed into the office, demanding refunds. Miller paid out about $28,000, but it stopped the run and restored confidence in the Syndicate. Ammon accepted $5,000 and the pair returned to New York. Nevertheless, Ammon knew the Syndicate could not last much longer. He selected the week beginning Monday, November 20, for the big kill.

Monday: Ammon told Miller to send this telegram to all depositors:

WE HAVE INSIDE INFORMATION OF A BIG TRANSACTION TO BEGIN SATURDAY OR MONDAY MORNING. BIG PROFITS. REMIT AT ONCE SO AS TO RECEIVE THE PROFITS.—W. F. MILLER

He sent the telegrams collect.

Tuesday: Miller was greeted at his office by Schlessinger, the suburban branch manager, who declared things were too hot for him in the Boston area. He left for Europe with $175,000 in a valise.

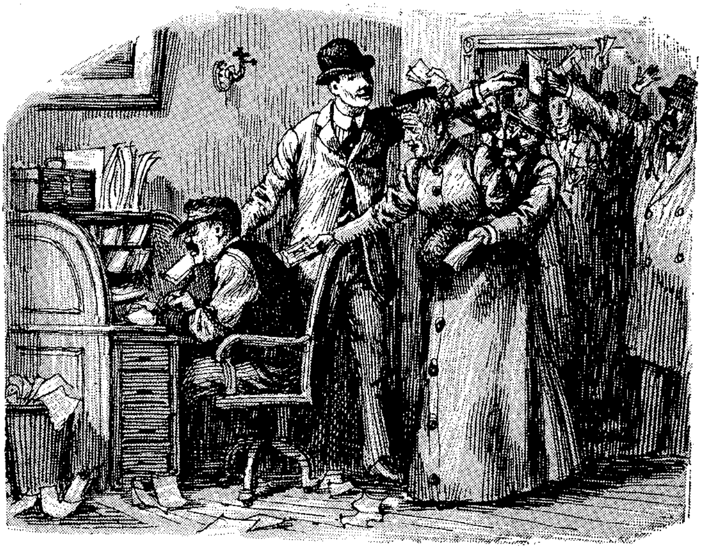
Wednesday: About 1,000 telegrams, for which investors had refused to pay, were returned. But when the mail arrived later in the day it was stuffed with cash from the faithful.

Thursday: Miller panicked. He took $30,500 and went to Ammon, who told him to get ready to flee to Canada and to give Ammon the money that was in various banks.

They went to the Wells Fargo & Co.'s Bank, where Ammon deposited the $30,500 in his own name, together with a deposit certificate for $100,000 Miller had previously banked. He then got from Miller a check for $10,000 and an order for $40,000 more in Government bonds.

Ammon told Miller to go home to his wife. As for himself, he went to his ornate house on Staten Island with bank receipts totaling $180,500.

Friday: Miller arrived at his office and saw a huge crowd. A run, similar to the one that had occurred at the branch office near Boston, was under way. Miller entered the house quickly and remained in a back



Completely hoodwinked, they piled in—demanding that Miller take their cash.

room until 1 P.M., when he started for home.

Suspecting that he was being followed, he boarded a street car, got off a block later, dodged through a drugstore and a Chinese laundry, raced onto an elevated train and reached Ammon's office at 2 P.M. As he walked in, Ammon was receiving a telephone message that a Brooklyn grand jury had indicted Miller for conspiracy to defraud.

"Leave for Canada right now," Ammon said. "I'll send your wife and baby later."

Miller went, loaded with money.

At 6 P.M. a brief fight broke out at the office when one man tried to deposit $150 and was told the Syndicate had closed for the day. When they agreed to accept $50, he went away quietly.

The announcement of Miller's disappearance did not dismay his more fanatic investors. One man told a reporter, "If Miller wants $500 from me . . . he can have it."

With Miller out of the way in Montreal, Colonel Ammon adopted the injured air of a lawyer whose client had run out on him. Meanwhile, he gathered in $65,000 more in bonds that Miller owned.

The District Attorney of Kings County suspected the lawyer, though, and asked him to appear before the grand jury. Ammon got Miller back in short order, telling him that he would get off lightly if convicted. He was. On May 20, 1900, Miller was sentenced to ten years in prison.

Miller didn't talk, because Ammon was the sole source of support for his family. Every week the lawyer sent $5 to Mrs. Miller. For a year and a half this went on, with Ammon increasingly confident that he was in the clear.

Meanwhile, however, the District Attorney of New York County quietly tried to get Miller to incriminate the lawyer. When Miller fell seriously ill, first with typhoid fever, then with advanced tuberculosis, he felt he would never leave the prison alive, and became bitter against Ammon.

In December, 1901, Ammon was indicted for receiving stolen funds. When Ammon was called for trial in June, 1903, word spread that Miller would testify in return for an eventual pardon.

When Miller took the witness stand, spectators were shocked. The swindler, now 26, was almost unrecognizable, with skin like parchment and his voice so weak that his testimony had to be repeated to the jury. The hand of death seemed hard upon him.

Colonel Ammon, never a quitter, riveted his eyes on the forsaken youth. The prosecutor, aware of Ammon's strength and Miller's weakness, jumped up many times and stood between them.

Miller testified that the first $30,500 Ammon had banked was stolen money, received from him. Then he collapsed.

Ammon was convicted on the first ballot and sentenced to four years at hard labor. He was disbarred, served his time and faded into obscurity. Edward Schlessinger, who had made off with $175,000, gambled and lived high in Paris and Monte Carlo for about seven years; then he died.

Miller received his pardon in 1905, after serving half his sentence. He came out broken in health, but probably not financially, since all that was ever recovered of an estimated $1,200,000 in loot was about $60,000. By 1914, Miller and his wife had separated.

In 1920, when the notorious swindler Charles Ponzi (who seemed to have taken a page out of "520 Percent" Miller's book) was making headlines, reporters rushed out to Long Island to ask Miller what he thought about Ponzi's technique. They found that Miller was then the proprietor of a small grocery store, and that his neighbors commonly referred to him as "Honest Bill." ♛

Good Questions

AS SECRETARY for a soil conservation program, it was my job to compose and mimeograph the programs for our annual banquet. Deciding on a before-and-after gimmick for the program cover, I selected two pictures. One depicted a pitiful-looking cow standing on scrawny legs in a patch of eroding land; the other portrayed, in a field of verdant clover, a paragon of bovine perfection. I traced these side by side on my stencil and lettered below them the slogan, "Conservation Makes the Difference."

I felt sure my artistic effort would remind every farmer at the banquet that proper land use could perform miracles. Still, I was hardly prepared for the stir my cover page created. Program in hand and eyes a-twinkle, one landowner approached me with the query, "Is it really true that soil conservation can turn a cow into a bull?" —ELIANA BEAM

WHEN I RAN AN AD in our local newspaper offering to sublet our apartment, an extremely dignified elderly lady responded. After looking the apartment over very carefully, she decided to take it. Just to make sure she passed muster with all parties concerned, I invited the owner of the building up to meet the lady.

The meeting was very pleasant and negotiations were completed. Then as she was about to depart, the new tenant apparently wanted one more question cleared up. Adjusting gold rimmed glasses to a patrician nose, she surveyed from left to right, the landlord, my wife and myself. "And now," she announced, grimly, "to whom do I complain?" —FRANK E. CARSON

From Russian roulette to Nevada's one-armed bandits, anything can happen when Lady Luck repeals the law of averages

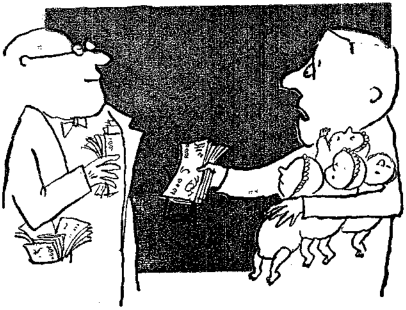
Goofy Gambles

by John Carlova

ONE DAY IN A LONDON betting establishment a young bookmaker announced happily to some friends, "My wife is expecting!"

"Bet she has quadruplets," one of the men laughed.

Like all true gamblers, they were immediately intrigued by the odds on such an off-beat bet. They called a medical statistics center and were informed that quadruplets are born in Britain once in 634,566 births.



One London gambler gave 634,566-to-one odds against his wife having quadruplets—and lost.

"Nobody can beat those odds—634,566-to-one," said the bookmaker. "All right," said his friend, "I'll bet a pound your wife has quads."

In due course, the bookmaker's wife gave birth—to four bouncing babies, all girls and all at once.

The bookmaker was appalled. Because he had impetuously accepted the bet, he owed £634,566, the equivalent of $1,776,784.80. Fortunately, he was able to settle for a lot less, and he quit gambling and went into the coal business.

Even when the odds are a million-to-one, someone is always willing to take a chance. In 1914, for instance, two horses named Tinto and Myriad ran a dead heat at Alexandra Park in England. It was decided to run the horses again. In the heavy betting that followed, a bookmaker was startled when a mild-looking little man walked up and timidly asked, "Can I bet that they'll run a dead heat again?"

The bookmaker recovered from his astonishment quickly enough to gasp, "You certainly can, mate!"

He accepted the little man's bet; and shortly afterwards was handing the money back—and plenty more with it. The horses had done the seemingly impossible—run two dead heats in one day.

In a New York night club not long ago, two dramatic actresses had a prolonged argument over their respective histrionic abilities. Finally, one shouted, "I'll bet $100 I can cry before you can!"

Both proceeded to squeeze tears from their eyes. The result was a tie, although one actress grumbled about the other, "She was on the verge of a crying jag, anyway!"

In one Gallup poll, it was estimated that 57 percent of all Americans indulge in some form of gambling. According to a survey made during the following year, however, 55 percent *opposed* proposals to legalize betting.

Anyone who thinks he can consistently call the coin against the odds is just plain goofy. Yet, there have been some spectacular runs of luck. For instance, the mathematical chance of hitting the jack pot in the average modern slot machine is one in 2,667. These are pretty heavy odds, but they meant nothing to a cowboy who entered a Las Vegas gambling house a couple of years ago with nine quarters in his pocket. He dropped them into nine different one-armed bandits—and hit the jack pot *in every one.*

In Macao, the gilded gambling hell of the Far East, strange tales are told of the lengths men will go to lure Lady Luck. One gambler was arrested for trying to hypnotize the dealer in a fan-tan game. Another was barred from bringing his "lucky" tiger into the casinos.

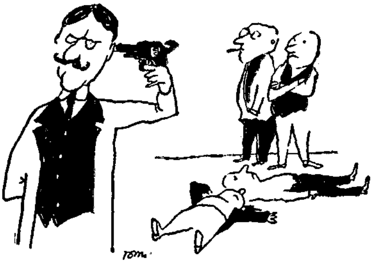
An amazing story concerns a Chinese named Han Sun Yee. In 1917, when he was 26 years old, Han came to Macao from Canton. His purpose was to gamble away his last few pieces of gold, then kill himself. His reason: his wife and three children had been burned to death in a fire that destroyed his furniture business. At the time of the fire, Han had been away, playing fan-tan. The gods, he believed, had shown their displeasure by wiping out his family and possessions.

In Macao, however, the more he tried to lose his gold, the more he won. In a monumental session lasting two days and nights, he won an entire gambling house. Taking this as a sign from the gods, Han forgot about killing himself and went into the gambling business. Today he owns many of Macao's casinos.

In West Africa, a European traveler once complimented a native chief on his fine array of wives. The chief replied with the local equivalent of "I won them in a crap game" —which was quite true. In West Africa, as well as the Sudan, natives often gamble away their families.

A vicious form of gambling is practiced on Mindanao, in the Philippines, where Moro chiefs raise stallions of spirited Mongol or Arab stock for fighting purposes. Before a fight—on which whole villages wager their all—the stallions' hoofs and teeth are sharpened.

Then the animals are excited by hot wine mixed with hashish and led into a pit where a mare has been tied to a stake. The resulting bloody



Russian roulette players court death when they pull trigger of gun with one bullet in cylinder.

battle over the mare usually ends in death for one of the stallions.

The Western world can be vicious in its gambling, too. Russian roulette, for example, has cost more than a few lives. In this unpleasant little pastime, a man inserts a single bullet in the cylinder of a revolver, spins the cylinder, holds the gun to his temple and pulls the trigger. If he wins—that is, the gun doesn't go off—he collects whatever has been wagered. If he loses, he gets his head blown off.

A curious "gambling" will was left by a British sportsman killed in a car crash. After listing a number of bequests to his nephews and godchildren, the sportsman specified that his brothers and sisters should roll dice—"new, unused and provided by the executors"—for the remainder of his estate.

The relatives were saved the embarrassment of this strange gamble. The estate came to $364—not enough to cover the initial bequests.

The gods of chance occasionally perform feats of magic that keep the suckers entranced. At Belmont Park in 1920, Man o' War was such a heavy favorite in the Lawrence Realization Stakes that bookies refused to accept bets on the great racer. In desperation, one big gambler offered to bet even money that Man o' War would win by 50 lengths. The bookies came alive on that and covered the gambler for $20,000. Man o' War romped home by 100 lengths—the widest margin by which a horse has ever won a stake race in the U.S.

The will-o'-the-wisp of chance inevitably leads into the realm of dreams. A Peruvian diplomat, once the Ambassador to the U.S., awoke in Lima's Hotel Maury with a vivid memory of having dreamed of the number 37832. So strong was the dream that he hurried out and tried to buy the ticket with that number in the national lottery.

It had been sold, he discovered, to about 20 peons who had each bought shares. Rather than track them all down and buy their shares, he let the matter drop—to his later chagrin. For number 37832 won the grand prize of $100,000.

In another direction, the challenge of a gamble often leads to strange adventures. For a bet of $1, a California tourist in Mexico leaped from his seat at a bullfight, whipped off his coat and made like a matador. For five minutes, until he was hustled from the ring by officials, he led the bull a merry chase—which wasn't too bad, considering that he had an artificial leg.

Tita Piaz, famed Alpine guide of Cortina, Italy, defied even more deadly odds. For a bet amounting to less than 50 cents, he climbed the awesome Winkler Tower—9,000 feet of sheer rock—*with his five-year-old son strapped to his back.*

Situation Redface

WHILE INSPECTING a city fire box, an Indiana fire chief accidentally sent in a false alarm. —W. E. FARBSTEIN

by R. Bass

"Dear United Nations . . ."

"Cheated," angry, despairing . . .
In letters from the remote corners of the world,
thousands pour out their stories of
injustice to the U.N. "complaint bureaus"

A FEW MONTHS AGO, Mbida Raphael, a young man from a remote village in the French Cameroons, dashed off a bitter note to the General Assembly of the United Nations. A personal matter was on his mind: his father-in-law had refused to hand over a formal marriage deed. Without it, Raphael's marriage was not quite regular.

"He has already received the bride-price," complained Raphael, "42,200 francs, 14 goats and four loincloths for the family; one castrated pig, one umbrella, one aluminum cooking pot and one machete for the women; and two castrated goats, two white cane armchairs, one machete, one plank four-and-a-half meters long by 35 centimeters wide, for the men.

"My father-in-law has four other daughters for whom he has not drawn marriage deeds," Raphael concluded. "He is simply trying to cheat the others in the same way he is cheating us. Will you please help me?"

It is not known whether Raphael got the idea of taking his marital woes to the United Nations from reading the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. But it would not be surprising if he had. For in many parts of the world the Declaration is, as President Eisenhower has said, ". . . a significant beacon in the steady march towards achieving human rights and fundamental freedoms for all."

Adopted by the U.N. General Assembly in Paris in December, 1948, the Declaration was intended to be, ". . . a common standard of achievement for all peoples and all nations, to the end that every individual and every organ of society . . . shall strive . . . to promote respect for . . . rights and freedoms . . ."

The document decries police state methods and calls for freedom of speech, press, religion, assembly and the right to free elections. Former Secretary of State George C. Marshall was in the forefront of those urging its adoption.

"Systematic and deliberate denials of basic human rights lie at the root of most of our troubles," Marshall told the U.N. "Governments which systematically disregard the rights of their own people are not likely to respect the rights of other nations and other people . . ."

Although the Declaration has not been universally effective, statesmen agree that it has had a profound influence on the new constitutions of such countries as Costa Rica, El Salvador, India, Haiti, Indonesia, Jordan, Libya, Pakistan and Syria.

Every year on December 10, U.N. nations mark the anniversary of the Declaration's adoption. At the tenth anniversary celebration, hundreds of governmental and private groups participated.

The Declaration has been translated into 53 languages, including Assamese, Gaelic, Tagalog and Urdu. The number of complaints about racial, political and religious persecution now stand at about 64,000, with almost 7,000 recorded in 1957—the date of the last compilation. Nearly 6,000 of these outcries were reportedly aimed at the Soviet.

Many other letters came from Africa, where people are rapidly awakening to their rights. Some of these messages, while sincere, have overtones of picturesque humor. Complaints from African and other trust territories go to the U.N. Trusteeship Council, whose records are public. Other complaints from other areas, including those from Europe and America, are handled by the Commission on Human Rights, whose files are for the most part confidential. An upheaval like the Hungarian revolt brings hundreds of tortured cries for help.

In a less secret category than the complaints are "suggestions" from citizens of Western nations. From a British cremation society came a plea that the Declaration uphold the right of any person to decide how his body be disposed of after death. And many Italians protested against legal prostitution in their country. (It was subsequently abolished.)

A Canadian woman felt that the right to found a family included in Article 16 of the Declaration should also recognize the right of mothers to decide whether a child should or should not be born. An American urged that the Declaration should guarantee the right to be "saved" from incurable illness by providing for voluntary euthanasia or "mercy killing."

It is a sad fact that many of these complaints do not get very far. One African, who was deported although one of his wives was pregnant, wrote despairingly that he had "ceased to believe there is such a body as the United Nations."

The U.N. Commission on Human

Rights is struggling to work out procedures by which these oppressed people can be given something more than sympathy. Up to now, the principle of national sovereignty has successfully blocked any real investigation of their complaints.

Meanwhile, the letters pour in, some of them on the fantastic side. (One charged that a schoolteacher had tried to feed his class poisoned bread and that 50 to 70 human heads had been found in the ruins of a burned house.)

But most of the letters leave the reader with a sense of injustice. An exiled chief of Bakoum village in the French Cameroons wrote that "the lands of my sub-chiefdom and some 250 inhabitants occupying them were divided among four neighboring chiefdoms . . . without consulting the population. Since that time, my villagers have been regarded as the slaves of those chiefs to whom they were allotted. Most of my people have been obliged to flee from persecution, and take refuge either in the English zone or in the bush."

And a native musician complained that he had been dismissed as police bugler in spite of the fact that he could blow 14 different calls. "I can blow better than some of the buglers who have been passed and sent to their provinces," he wrote. Unfortunately, correspondence with his superiors showed that they were of the unanimous opinion that he was indeed a bad bugler.

All of these pleas, outlandish as some of them may seem, call for a spirit of understanding and good will toward those whose problems are a world apart from ours. For, as U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld points out, "It is only in this spirit that we can defend the cause of human dignity and find the way to a world at peace."

Eloquent Reminder

FOR WEEKS, the Harritys sat by and watched while their front lawn was used as a short-cut by the new family next door, who never spoke to them.

But, when a path began to show in the otherwise carefully groomed grass, Mrs. Harrity dropped a friendly but firm note of protest at the neighbor's door. When that got no results, her husband placed a small "Keep Off the Grass, Please" sign by the path.

Even that didn't keep the trespassers off the now prominent path. It took the 12-year-old Harrity son, a great Western fan, to come up with a solution that soon made the short-cut obsolete.

He replaced his dad's sign with a bigger and bolder one, for *all* the neighbors to see. On it were three eloquent words:

CAUTION!
CATTLE
CROSSING

—JAY SHARP

by George S. Wells

Madcap railway of the redwoods

Thumbing its scarred nose at adversity, the mighty mite of the Northwest keeps riding roughshod over landslides, floods and fire

For 47 days during the flood-plagued winter of 1955-1956, no train went through on the main line of the Northwestern Pacific Railroad. Its 328 miles of track, reaching from San Francisco Bay north to the lumber port of Eureka, were cut in a score of places by landslides and flooded streams.

When service was finally restored, the Northwestern Pacific counted up the damage: $3,621,000—more than $11,000 for every mile of rail.

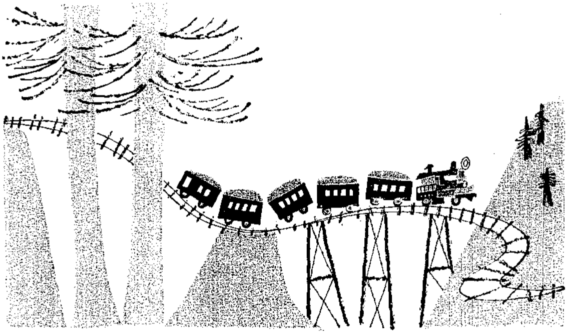
Yet this staggering sum was not outlandish for the Northwestern Pacific, often called the "Redwood Railroad." Built through the wild mountains and redwood forests of northern California, it was reputedly the world's costliest rail line to construct, and is now the nation's costliest to maintain. In an ordinary year, maintenance and repairs run to $10,000 a mile, more than double the national average.

Strangers to the redwood region often wonder why the Northwestern Pacific keeps operating when Nature seems intent on exterminating it. The answer is that valuable redwood lumber and other coastal forest products account for 85 percent of the railroad's business, more than compensating for the fantastic cost of maintenance.

Beginning in Tiburon on San Francisco Bay, the Northwestern Pacific tunnels north through hilly Marin County, wades across the sloughs of Sonoma, crawls through the dangerous canyon of the Russian River and then mounts a three percent grade with 15-degree curves—a railroader's nightmare—to cross a 2,000-foot divide and drop into the lumber town of Willits. From there, it joins the maelstrom of Eel River canyon and follows its hazardous, winding passage through near-wilderness to the Pacific Ocean.

This is the country of the redwoods, the world's tallest living things. But the mountains that shelter these giants are hostile to railroads. The mountains spout geysers and virtually "move" across the land, gulping up the shiny steel rails, treacherously uprooting and sinking the roadbeds and pouring down landslides. Adding to the peril are intermittent forest fires.

Along its route, the Northwestern Pacific crosses more than 300 bridges and trestles, and plunges through 40



tunnels ranging up to a mile in length. Maintenance of a railroad that leapfrogs and burrows through such a savage land requires skill, fortitude and ingenuity.

During the Christmas storms of three years ago, the Eel River ran 70 feet deep in spots, surging over the canyon walls to wash away whole settlements. The NWP's rails literally disappeared under millions of tons of sliding earth and angry water. "We had trouble enough just finding the railroad, let alone repairing it," says Division Engineer Charles E. Neal. "But more than 1,000 people were cut off by the flood from the outside world. We had to do something fast."

A hasty check revealed the line was covered by 24 separate slides. Several bridges and trestles were destroyed and sections of rail were under seven feet of water. "We were lucky," recalls Neal. "In every blocked-off portion we found some kind of rolling stock. Enough to put together a shuttle service to get people and supplies in and out."

For weeks thereafter, customers of the "shuttle" rode hand cars, rail motor cars, work train engines—whatever could be pressed into use. Whenever a landslide appeared ahead, they got out, walked around or across it and climbed aboard a railroad car waiting on the other side.

Shortly after the walk-and-ride system went into operation, Neal and roadmaster Arvo Ulvila pulled into remote Spyrock to check on emergency repair work. Up stepped an elderly man, his face pinched with worry. "My wife is in a bad way," he said simply. "I don't know what to do."

Slogging up the mountainside to the man's home, the rail executives found his 71-year-old wife critically ill of pneumonia.

"With some crewmen helping," Neal says, "we packed her down to the tracks and put her in an enclosed motor-driven railroad car. On the way to Dos Rios, the nearest town, we took turns carrying her around the slides to other waiting cars. It was too dangerous for more than one man at a time, so we couldn't have made use of a stretcher even if we'd had one."

In Dos Rios, a helicopter from the Air Force's 41st Air Rescue Squadron picked up the woman and flew her to the hospital in Ukiah. Then the Northwestern Pacific men headed back to tend to their other patient —a very sick railroad.

Disaster soon threatened; the long bridge crossing the Eel at Island Mountain began to sway dangerously under the battering of the torrent. "It's going to go," reported a harried maintenance man. "There's no way we can save it." Neal went to take a look. He walked out on the swaying deck and saw huge uprooted trees thudding against straining wooden supports. Returning, he said, "We're going to put a train on it to hold the bridge down."

"You'll lose the train," someone objected.

"It's worth the gamble," said Neal.

When the heavily laden train was ready, Neal climbed on the front of the engine. Trying to ignore the ominous creak of timbers, the crew inched the train onto the swaying bridge and left it in mid-span. It stayed there until the river receded. The bridge was saved.

The Big Storm of 1955-1956 was one of the worst in northern California history, yet its effects on the Northwestern Pacific were not as spectacular as those of some "ordinary" winters. Twenty years ago, for instance, winter rains washed a huge section of redwood forest across the right of way and closed the line for 72 days. "It was the longest stoppage of service in the NWP's history," says Superintendent Stewart J. Mackie, who has served the railroad 37 years. "There were more than 100 giant redwoods standing straight up over the tracks, with 30 feet of soil under the trees."

Even in normal weather, the NWP crews face such implacable enemies as the perpetual-motion earth glacier at Mile Post 190¼. Only 90 feet wide at the bottom, it reaches for nearly a mile and a half up the mountainside. "Nothing has stopped it," says Superintendent Mackie. "It's been moving ever since the railroad was built and has cost us a million dollars so far."

Equally infuriating are the "sinks" which disrupt service each winter. A "sink" in NWP parlance is an earth slide below track level. When floodwaters recede, the river banks crumble and the roadbed drops as much as 25 feet—or is simply left dangling in the air.

Although they were aware of these dangers, early railroad men were equally aware of the tremendous value of northern California's vast stands of virgin timber. So in 1907, the Southern Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroads went into partnership and jointly bore the cost of building the Northwestern Pacific through a mountain range so geologically young that it was still shifting like an insomniac sleeper. It took seven years to complete the job.

Despite the scars of many disasters, the NWP is one of the most modern railroads in the nation, which accounts for the fact that it can make money at normal freight rates in spite of its appalling maintenance bill. The Southern Pacific, which bought out the Santa Fe's interest after 22 years of partnership, operates the NWP as a separate company. In 1957, its 1,100 employees handled the impressive total of 620,786,000 ton miles of freight for a gross income of over a million dollars a month. Though many railroads are in financial difficulty, the NWP managed to eke out a half million dollar profit for the year.

Recently, the railroad received permission from the state public utilities commission to drop its money-losing through passenger service between San Rafael and Eureka. But service continues between Willits and Eureka, where the NWP is a life line for some 1,500 lumbermen, homesteaders and retired couples who inhabit a 100-mile stretch of wilderness.

On the regular runs, there's little formality when the railroad delivers its LCL (less than carload) freight. If a man is out lumbering when his groceries arrive, a crew member will cart the box into his house for him. If the house is locked or located too far back in the woods, the lumberman may arrive at the tracks to find his food hoisted up in a tree—to keep it safe from wild animals.

In the year of the Big Storm, hundreds of wilderness residents might have starved without the voluntary and often heroic aid given them by the NWP. Supplies ran out a few days after the floods began. But the shuttle service poured a stream of food and medicine into the stricken area. Nearly half a ton a day went in, transported across the earth slides by hand.

A few years ago, while Neal and several other officials were in Scotia investigating the loss of an engine and three crewmen near the treacherous Scotia Bluffs, a wire came in from Fort Seward. It reported that a pregnant woman had been taken aboard the train and might give birth en route to South Fork, where an ambulance waited. A few minutes later, another message informed them: "Birth in process. Coming on to Scotia."

"It seems the whole train crew was in on it," Neal recalls. "They brought hot water and towels and gave advice while the conductor (C. W. Renwick) helped in the delivery of the baby. There wasn't an NWP man anywhere along the line who wasn't following events as eagerly as if the child were his own."

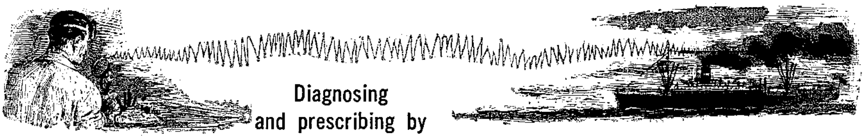
Responding to such neighborly deeds, the backwoodsmen of the region feel a strong tie of affection for the Northwestern Pacific. That's one big reason the wilderness has not yet been able to put the madcap railway out of business.

Oh, Come Now!

IN LONDON, THE PUNCTILIOUS *Times Literary Supplement* printed the following admission of error: "As readers will have noticed, in our article last week on children's reading, we said that it was Peter Rabbit who was tied up in a sack. This, of course, should have been the Flopsy Bunnies."

—*Saturday Review*

S.O.S. surgeon



Diagnosing and prescribing by radio from land, Dr. Guida has saved thousands at sea

by GEORGE W. HERALD

THE FREIGHTER *Milano III*, bound from Monrovia, Liberia, to Boston, was passing through a storm area when Steward Silvio Costanzo began to complain about terrible pains. His abdomen swelled and his temperature rose to 101°.

Capt. Chiesa, commander of the vessel, told his radio operator, "Send a MEDRAD message to Dr. Guido Guida in Rome, and let me know when you have reached him."

In international short-wave traffic, messages preceded by the letters MEDRAD (medical radio) have top priority (except for the standard S.O.S.). Thus the radioman was able to contact Rome shortly after he had put through his emergency call over wave length 6265/80 KC/S.

Capt. Chiesa described the steward's condition and Dr. Guida answered: "Your patient suffers from a throttled hernia with complications in the peritoneum. Please follow my instructions carefully for, if you cannot press back the hernia, we will have to operate."

The doctor gave a step-by-step briefing on the first-aid method commonly used in such cases. But it did not work on the suffering steward.

"Then we must arrange for surgery," the doctor radioed. "We will signal to all ships in your general neighborhood. Please reassure the patient and try to give him hope. Will be back in 30 minutes."

A quick check showed that the passenger steamer *Franca C* was nearest to the freighter and could reach it in about five hours. Capt. Chiesa was so notified and advised: "See to it that Costanzo stays asleep."

While he waited, Dr. Guida was joined by Dr. Grassi, one of Rome's leading internists. It was not until after midnight that a signal came through from the *Franca C*: "Approaching *Milano III*. Sea agitated and wind unfavorable but we hope to be in time. Board physician Azzali is waiting in operating room. A passenger, the Spanish surgeon Gallejo Izquierdo, will assist him."

An hour later Capt. Chiesa came on: "Our ship has stopped alongside the *Franca C*. Transfer will take place in 20 minutes. Patient is steady and asks me to convey his thanks to

(continued on page 177)

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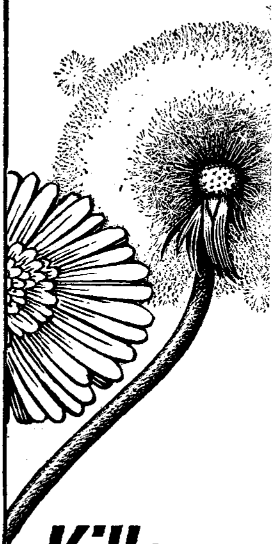

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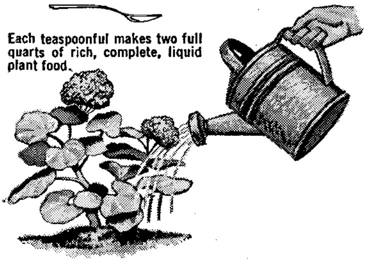

Each teaspoonful makes two full quarts of rich, complete, liquid plant food.

Use it in a sprinkling can. Spray it on the leaves. Pour it on the soil. It feeds through leaves or roots.

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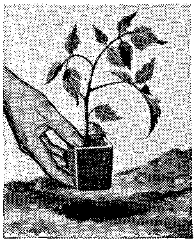
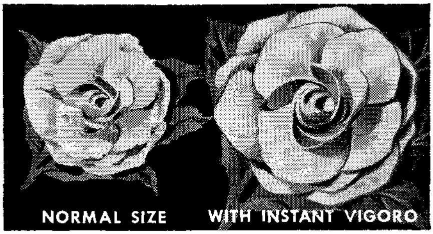


Transplants
For transplanting flowers and vegetables use Instant Vigoro solution. Helps prevent transplanting shock and wilt. Plants develop heavier root systems much faster.



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  Pour Instant Vigoro solution around early-blooming flowers—tulips, peonies, iris, roses, etc.—or spray it on the leaves, if you'd like. Ideal for begonias and geraniums, too.
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INSTANT
VIGORO
Complete Plant Food
for LIQUID FEEDING
OF LEAVES AND ROOTS

(continued from page 174)

you. You gave him the confidence he needed to hold out."

The electric wall clock in the message room showed 3 P.M. when Dr. Azzali broadcast: "Operation completed. Result positive. Patient Costanzo will live. Thanks for your help."

Dr. Guida had saved another sailor's life with the aid of shortwave. He can no longer figure exactly how many he has saved that way in the past two decades, but there have been thousands. For CIRM (Centro Internazionale Radio Medico) offers seamen of all countries a round-the-clock first-aid service, medical advice for non-urgent cases four times a day at fixed hours, radio consultations with eminent specialists on appointment, and transfer arrangements as in the case of Costanzo. During 1957 alone, CIRM received 7,289 messages in connection with 840 such emergency actions.

To speed communications, Dr. Guida has published a handbook that can now be found in captains' quarters on Italian, British and French ships. It lists all the drugs in common use, their ordinary doses and how they are administered. It also contains a medical chart of the body.

Some time ago, the Panamanian freighter *Saguaro* sent Dr. Guida an urgent signal because 32 of its 38 crew members had fallen ill with a mysterious itching rash and were unable to perform their duties. The rash symptoms did not fit any Dr. Guida had ever heard of.

"We are on our way from Venezuela to Sweden," the *Saguaro's* captain reported. "But we'll never get there unless we can quickly check this epidemic."

Dr. Guida was puzzled. "Any fleas or rats aboard?" he radioed.

"The itch is clearly not due to bites," came the reply.

"Is your drinking water clean? What have you eaten? How is the weather?"

The captain could come up with nothing abnormal here either.

"Please give an exact description of the rash."

The captain did so and was told to wait for further instructions.

Dr. Guida immediately got in touch with Professor van Eyck, Italy's expert on tropical diseases. As he listened to the symptoms, the professor had an inspiration. On his travels in the East Indies, he had observed clouds of butterflies whose wing powder caused a strong itch if it penetrated the human skin. The resulting infection could be deadly if not treated in time.

Thus, the next message to the *Saguaro* read: "Did any butterflies come aboard in the last port?"

The answer was: "Yes. Yellowtails. Thousands of them invaded the ship in Caripito, Venezuela."

Once the diagnosis had been made, the cure proved a simple matter. Dr. Guida prescribed applications of olive oil, alcohol and borax talc; and all hands were quickly cured.

Dr. Guida, who created this unique radio clinic, is a balding 58-year-old man who comes from a seagoing family. His father was a well-known Sicilian skipper, his elder brother was a naval captain. Both often told young Guida about high-sea tragedies caused by the lack of medical aid. And although he became one of the world's top throat specialists, the problem of the unattended seamen never stopped bothering him.

Few shipping lines feel that they can afford the cost of having a physician on board ship. Even freighters manned by 60 to 70 sailors often dare cross oceans without any trained medical officer. Often they do not touch a port for weeks and, until the creation of CIRM, men who fell ill could do little but pray.

"For the captain usually knew only two sorts of remedies," says Dr. Guida. "He prescribed aspirin for pains above the belt and castor oil for pains below."

A CHANCE CONVERSATION he had with a Sicilian fisherman in the summer of 1935 spurred Dr. Guida to change that state of affairs. The man told him:

"One day when I was working on a coaster, an anchor chain smashed my right foot. The board pharmacy contained nothing but cotton and alcohol, and the nearest port was 48 hours away. For two days and nights I lay in agony without anyone being able to do anything for me."

On his return to Rome, the doctor called together the capital's 50 best physicians and submitted the project that became CIRM to them. All agreed to contribute their services free. Dr. Guida spent 50,000 lira of his own to get the ball rolling. The authorities granted him a license to install a two-way radio station in his flat at Via Torino 22. Before long he was known across the seven seas as "the sailors' Good Samaritan."

Today, all MEDRAD messages are received in Rome's official radio station and immediately teletyped to his desk. There is hardly a day when he does not receive at least eight to ten emergency calls.

In case of atmospheric disturbances, the big cable companies keep CIRM in touch with the ships at sea. Italcable and Radio Corporation of America transmit MEDRAD texts free to all parts of the world.

"The government now finances most of our operations," Dr. Guida explains. "We also receive voluntary contributions from various shipping lines. In particularly urgent cases, the Army puts helicopters at our disposal. It even has happened that units of the Italian fleet went to sea in order to save one of our patients."

In exchange, the doctor takes care of numerous islets off the Italian coast which are still without any doctor. But most calls for help continue to come from distant sea lanes. A German freighter in the Indian Ocean wants to know how to take care of a man with parrot fever. Fishing boats off the coast of Greenland, which are 1,000 miles away from any settlement, seek advice for the treatment of their sick. A sailor with acute appendicitis is rescued from the middle of the South Atlantic because Dr. Guida has coaxed the Brazilian Air Force into sending out a flying boat.

One of the strangest episodes he can remember took place on April

(*continued on page* 182)

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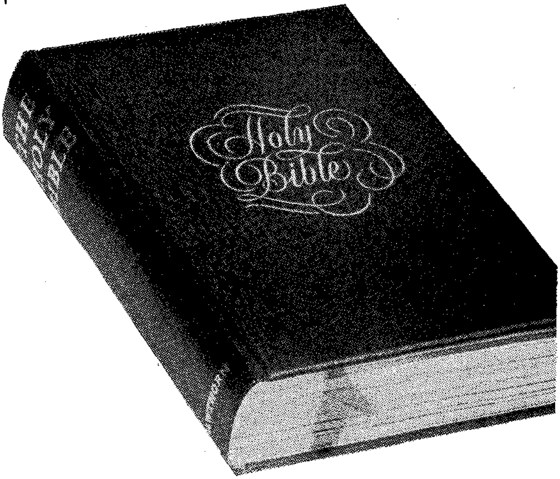

The Coronet editors annually examine and judge hundreds of books, both new and old, in their search for the best material to present to readers.

Among these books, various editions of The Bible come to the attention of the editors. One of the newest editions of The Bible greatly impressed the staff—and it was agreed that here was a Bible that all Coronet readers of the Protestant and Catholic faiths should know about and have the opportunity to own.

Thus, special arrangements were made immediately with the Publisher—and because of the potential from Coronet's vast audience, the Publisher agreed to allow a 50% reduction in cost from the solid leather-bound edition (which sold for over $50), and to set up an easy payment plan.

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MAIL TODAY: Coronet, Box 402, Radio City, New York 19, N. Y.

(*continued from page* 178)

15, 1953, when the Italian tanker *Montallegro* sighted a small motor bark drifting aimlessly in the Pacific. It seemed to be unmanned; but when the tanker gave a whistle signal, two human beings crawled into sight from below a canvas cover and waved weakly.

They were a boy of 20 and a girl of 15, both natives of Africa, whose boat had been drifting on the open sea for 74 days. Originally there had been nine passengers, but one by one the others had died from exposure and starvation. The two survivors had thrown the corpses overboard, except the one of the girl's father.

"Both these young people were living skeletons," Dr. Guida recalls. "They did not even have enough strength to lift a cup of water to their mouths. The tanker captain realized that the slightest mistake in treating them could lead to their death. That's why he asked us for guidance."

The radio clinic obliged and, over a distance of 5,000 miles, slowly nursed the two survivors back to health.

Dr. Guida draws the strength to keep up his good work from memories such as this and from messages like that of French Comdr. Jules Dubois, who signaled after CIRM had saved a member of his crew: "You and your radio accomplish miracles. You are the guardian doctor of world's greatest hospital. God bless you forever and ever."

Speaking of Taxes

IN THE RUSH TO MEET A FILING DEADLINE, an Albuquerque, New Mexico, taxpayer forgot to list his wife and 12 children as dependents.

A DULUTH, MINNESOTA, INTERNAL REVENUE official was amazed to find a deduction of $20 for "mice" on a payer's return. The item turned out to be an abbreviation for "miscellaneous."

IN MISSOURI, A TAX COLLECTOR posted this notice: All persons are hereby notified to pay their dog tax by April 1: otherwise they will be killed.

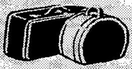
A PITTSBURGH INTERNAL REVENUE AGENT was awarded $50 for a suggested revision of income tax forms. He received his check—minus $9 in taxes deducted by Internal Revenue.

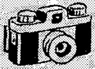
A RESIDENT OF MILLVILLE, NEW JERSEY, charged with a $23,000 income tax evasion, explained: "I didn't understand income tax forms."

—FRANCES RODMAN

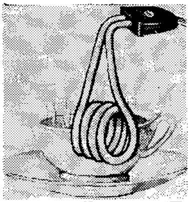
Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities, offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.



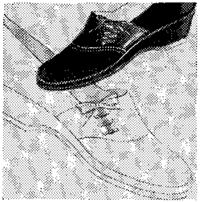


BOIL WATER INSTANTLY—$1



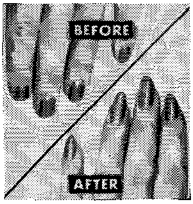
Simply plug in your pocket-sized Electric Heater, immerse in liquid, in seconds it prepares soup, coffee, baby's bottle . . . any instant food for regular or emergency use. 6½" x 2½" chrome plated heater complete with cord and carrying case. 110 volts, AC-DC. Reg. $2.98, now only $1 ppd. Guar. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-E Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.

SIZE-FAMOUS 1 TO 13, AAAAAA TO EEEEE



Enjoy buying good shoes by mail! Our enormous variety of styles and vast range of sizes insures perfect fit! The side-tie shown comes in alabaster punched pig; red or white calf; camel or black shag. AAAA to D for sizes 3 to 10, $13.95; for 10½ to 12, $14.95. Add 35¢ per pair postage. Write for free catalog. Solby Bayes, 45T Winter St., Boston 8, Mass.

GROW LONG NAILS IN MINUTES!

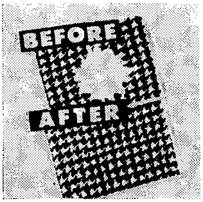


Brush on Magic Liquid easily. Change ugly, short, split, bitten nails into hard, long, glamorous nails in minutes. Stronger than your own! Can be trimmed, filed, and beautifully polished. Stops nail biting & splitting! Stays on until own nails grow. Used by millions! Large $5 kit only $1.98 ppd. COD's accepted. Charles of 5th Ave., 550 5th Ave., Dept. C, N.Y. 36.

FREE—THE BEST OF FLORIDA IN COLOR

Get this photo-story about the unique part of Florida. See where Floridians are rushing to invest, vaca*tion, retire! Find out how* you can buy a king-sized homesite in the beautiful orange grove and lake country, only $10 down, $10 monthly. For free booklet write: Information Center, Leisure Lakes, 4479 NW 36th Street, Miami Springs 66, Florida.

MAKE BIG MONEY AT HOME

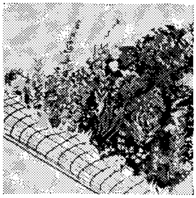


Invisible Reweaving pays up to $10.00 in an hour! Be the invisible reweaver in your community. Make cuts, burns, moth holes, tears in suits, coats, all fabrics—disappear! Do it at home in spare time. Steady demand from tailors, cleaners, stores, etc. Write for full details sent *Free!* Fabricon, Dept. 395, 6238 Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois.

BUY DIAMONDS THIS NEW WAY...

"The talk of the country." Save up to 50% buying direct from one of the world's well known diamond cutters. Over 5000 diamond ring styles $50 to $50,000. Ring mailed to you for inspection without payment if reference given. Credit Terms. Write for Catalog C-5. Empire Diamond Corp., Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y. Free Diamond Catalog C-5

ROLL-OUT FLOWER GARDEN—$1



Unfurl it like carpet, sprinkle with soil and water to enjoy a glorious flower display. 12-ft. mat is impregnated with premium flower seeds—marigolds, aster, petunias, etc.—grows automatically! Plant flower beds in minutes! 8" wide jiffy planter can be cut to any size. Only $1 ppd. Guar. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-E Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.

MAKES HOME CEMENT JOBS EASY!

Anyone can build, repair or patch with "professional-looking" results with Sakrete Ready-To-Use Ce*ment Mixes. Just add* water. Free 32-page ill. booklet tells how to build outdoor grill, 5 other home projects. Get Sakrete at lumber, building material or hardware stores. Free booklet at dealers, or write Sakrete Inc., Box I, St. Bernard, Cincinnati 17, O.

(Continued on next page)

BIG TOWEL BARGAIN

That's right; Two dozen large, soft, fluffy white towels for only $1.00 (plus 10¢ for extra postage and hdlg.)—large-size unwoven cotton and rayon towels for less than a nickel apiece! All orders on a first come, first served basis, so order all you'll need. Money back guarantee. Murray Hill House, Dept. T-49, P. O. Box 251, Bethpage, L. I., N. Y.

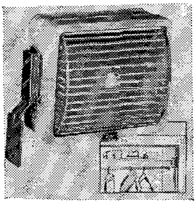
24 LARGE NEW TOWELS Less than **5¢** ea.

101 HAIR STYLES FOR $1.00

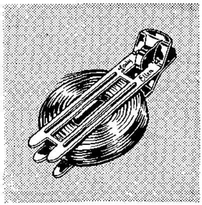
Hair Crowns help you determine the hair style that is best for you. 101 of the latest styles for only $1. Place each printed cut out crown on your head, look in the mirror and you'll know exactly which style is most becoming to you. Eliminates the guess work from hair styling. Complete set of crowns is $1. Shirl Ann's, Dept. H-7, 11 E. 47 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

AUTOMATIC CLOSET LIGHT—$1

No wiring, switches, or electricians needed! Just attach to door jamb and powerful beam goes on to illuminate entire area when door opens. Close door and light goes off! Also portable hand light for stairways, attic, etc. Operates on standard flashlight battery. Only $1 ppd. Guar. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-E Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.



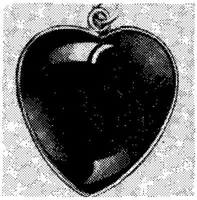
HOW TO SET PIN CURLS—IN SECONDS



Have time to spare—and spare your hair! Use Lady Ellen Klippies pin curl clips. They're kind to your curls—never crimp or pinch delicate hair. Klippies slide on and off quickly, hug curls gently yet firmly. Write for 16-page illustrated booklet, "How to Set a Pin Curl." Send 10¢ to Lady Ellen, Department CF-52, Los Angeles 51, California.

PRECIOUS JADE HEART—$10

Genuine, precious jade, age old token of affection, good luck. Ideal gift. Heart circled in gleaming 14K gold, wear it as pendant, on charm bracelet. Perfectly cut, polished jade, approx. 1", weighs 10 carats. $10 postpd. & tax incl. Larger heart, 20 carats, $12.50. Highly fashionable. Guar. International Gem Corp., 17A Maiden Lane, New York 38.

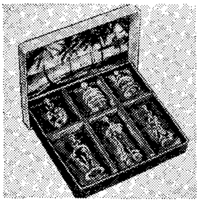


Silver

AS MOTHER'S DAY approached last year, our elderly maid commented that she and her husband planned to attend church that Sunday. As a gesture of appreciation for her many kindnesses, my wife and I gave her a white carnation corsage to wear and also a white carnation boutonniere for her husband to wear in his lapel.

As they left for church, her husband stopped to pick a lovely red rose from the garden. This he pinned to his coat, under the carnation. His wife, thinking this an odd combination, said, "You should

TROPIC TANTALIZERS!



From Puerto Rico! Six rare perfumes in the Beachcomber Pack. Six different one dram bottles. $6.75 prepaid. Exquisite fragrances! Smartly gift-wrapped. Supply names, addresses, dates. We send airmail, parcel post. Write today for illustrated list of exciting, exotic Indies Perfumes. Indies Inc. Department F, P.O. Box 725, San Juan, Puerto Rico.

HAND CARVED WOODEN BIRDS

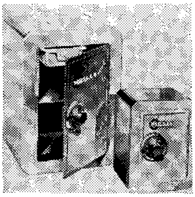
Remarkably life-like, these hand carved & hand painted wooden birds are used in a variety of ways to make stunning decorations. They can be easily tacked to candles, branches, centerpieces & flower arrangements. Set includes 9 assorted birds, 3 each in 1, 2 & 3 inch lengths. Only $2.95 ppd. Standard American, Dept. C-4, One Park Ave. N.Y., N.Y.

Linings

wear only a white flower since your mother isn't living." He simply told her that he preferred to wear it this way, and without further comment they proceeded to church. When they returned, she told us this story:

By the time the service began, a number of people had told him he shouldn't be wearing the red rose with the white carnation. Then at the end of the service he arose and asked the minister if he could explain why he was wearing both the white and red flowers. Permission granted, he touched his lapel and

MOSLER JR. SAFE WITH BURGLAR ALARM



Attractive steel saving bank or jewelry case with combination lock, piano hinge and money bags. 3 models and 2 sizes available. #496 at $5.95 has battery-operated burglar alarm. #495 without alarm, $4.95. Both models are 6"x7"x9". Model #494, 4"x4¾"x6", is $2.95. Order from Brumberger, Department C. 34 34th St., Brooklyn 32, New York.

HAND LOOMED EVENING STOLE

Something every lady would be proud of. The ever popular, butterfly panel stole, hand-loomed, 100% washable nylon. Truly an $8.95 value for $4.95 direct from distributor. Specify white, pink or baby blue. Money back guar. Ck. or M.O. $4.95 Ppd. Free brochure of other garments. American Knit Garment Dist's. Inc., P.O.Box 3711, Phoenix, Ariz.

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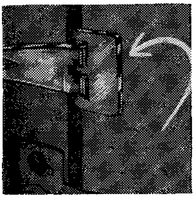
Look and feel normal again . . . even in bathing suit, sweater. Like natural breast, Identical Form adapts to body movements. Fits any well-fitting bra, never slips. Doctors recommend its equalized weight, normal contour. Regain complete comfort and confidence. Write for free lit., where-to-buy. Dept. C, Identical Form Inc., 17 W. 60 St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.

LIVE LONGER, BETTER IN FLORIDA

$10 down, $10 monthly buys your homesite in Central Florida's finest retirement & vacation community in the high ridge section near Sebring. On 84 sq. m. Highlands Lake. Free parks, beaches. Get free color brochures, plans; learn how we help plan, finance, build low cost, tax-exempt home. Write Florida Realty Bureau, Inc., Dept. P-1, Lake Placid, Fla.

PORTABLE DOOR LOCK—$1

Protects you wherever you are. Place against door, "flip" it and no one can enter. No fasteners, or tools needed—goes on and off instantly. Fits in pocket or purse. A proven safety measure against intruders. Ideal for home owners, travelers, etc. Lasts a lifetime. Only $1 ppd. *Satisfaction guar.* Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-E Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.



TRANQUILIZING PILLOW

Wash your cares and aches away with your head cradled in this patented Relaxapedic pillow. Adjusts for height and softness. Waterproof, held by suction cups. Keeps hair dry. White, blue or turquoise, with gay daisies. Adds distinctive touch to every bath. Lovely, practical gift. $2.25 ppd. Guar. Better Sleep, Dept. 388, New Providence, N. J.

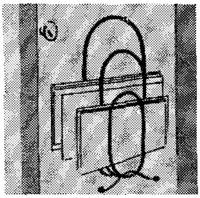
WERE YOU BORN BEFORE 1900?

If under 80, you can still apply for a $1000 regular Old Line Legal Reserve life insurance policy. Entire transaction handled by mail. No one will call on you. Mail post card or letter today. Give name, address & age. Complete info. sent by return mail. Address Old American Insurance Company, 1 West 9th Street, Dept. L525M, Kansas City, Missouri.

(Continued on next page)

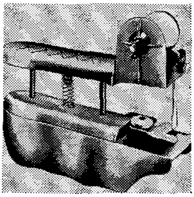
KNOW WHAT TO PAY FOR ANTIQUES!

With this 336-page antique guide, you'll have no more worries about what to pay for antiques. The only accredited antique dealers' handbook, it lists value of more than 25,000 American antiques. Incl. pictures, prices of glass, china, furniture, toys, metal and pewterware, more than 200 other groups. $4.95 ppd. Madison House, Dept. C, 305 Madison Ave., N.Y. 17.



HANDY PAPER BAG KADDIE—$1

Holds over 3 doz. paper bags between springy oval racks, eliminating cluttered cabinets and drawers. Fastens in a jiffy to back of door, wall or closet door. Can also be used for place mats, napkins, mail, newspapers, etc. Solves 1001 paper storage problems. Only $1 ppd. Satisfaction guaranteed, Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-E Damar Building, Elizabeth, N. J.



HANDY HAND SEWING MACHINE—$2.98

It hems! Bastes! Blind Stitches! Ziz-Zags! Seam drapes while they're hanging . . . hem without taking off your skirt. It even sews on buttons! Sews through any weight fabric. Uses standard spool of thread and needle. No experience needed. Guar. Sew-Handy Machine, $2.98 ppd. Sunset House, 2836 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, Calif.

MARBLE POLISH

IT'S WONDERFUL, IT'S MARBLE-LUS

Keep marble top tables beautiful with brand new Marble-Lus. Protects all shades against grease, dirt, discoloration, dull film in a jiffy. Prevents scratching and staining. Wipe it on, let it dry, wipe it off! Leaves a gleaming lustrous protective wax and silicone finish. 6 oz. bottle $2.00 ppd. Decorama, Dept. C5, 240 E. 92, Bklyn 12, New York.

YOU CAN STRENGTHEN YOUR VOICE!

Improve the power of your speaking and singing voice in the privacy of your own room. Self-training program, mostly silent. No music required. Tested method praised by TV star Bob Cummings and thousands of grateful men, women—since 1916. Free booklet in plain wrapper. State age. Prefect Voice Institute, 210 S. Clinton St., ER-58, Chicago 6, Ill.

Silver Linings continued

said, "The white flower is to show that my mother is not living, but the red rose you see underneath is to show that she is still living in my heart."

—JAMES H. PARRISH

RECENTLY, WHILE I WAS visiting my husband who was recuperating in the hospital from surgery, a young lady wearing a lovely blue waltz-length dress with head-piece and veil to match, started into the room. Seeing she was in the wrong room, she excused herself and disappeared.

Curious about her being in a hospital in formal attire, I stepped to the door to see where she went. Then, to my amazement, I noticed a complete bridal party assembled in the room across the hall. They were grouped around an elderly gentleman's bed. The three bridesmaids all wore the same shade blue gowns over hoops and the bride was beautiful in

YOURS FREE

Set of 3 magic clam shells that open up to display a beautiful array of colorful flowers. A thrill and surprise to see the clams open. Free to you. Enclose 25¢ in coin to cover handling and postage. Special! We will send you 5 sets for friends and neighbors. Send only $1 for handling charge. Giftways Co. Dept. CS-667, 121 East 24th St., New York, N. Y.

NUTRIA . . . NEWEST OPPORTUNITY

New fur-bearing animal now being bred in U. S. Offers huge profits to breeders. 15 to 20 young per yr. 1½¢ per day to feed. Any Climate, disease resistant. The Cabana Marrone strain is obtainable Only through Cabana Nutria, Inc., & its authorized dealers & distributors. For free bklt. write: Cabana Nutria, Inc., Dept. 48, 636-C, W. Lemon Ave., Arcadia, Cal.

a floor length satin and lace gown.

They visited a few minutes with the elderly man and then left, the bride saying, "Hurry and get well, Granddad."

As they went down the hall, I peeked in at him and grandfather held in his hand the boutonniere from the groom's coat. He was beaming with pride. Well-deserved pride, no doubt, because a young couple had unselfishly remembered him on such an important day in their lives. —WINIFRED DE PEAL

THE TIME IS WORLD WAR II; the scene, Burma. The Indian Army company under my command had just been subjected to a vicious Japanese air attack.

At the start of the attack I prepared to leap into my personal foxhole only to find it occupied by my Muslim orderly, Fazil Dad. His action was against all regulations, since each individual was responsible for

REAL ADDING MACHINE ONLY $2.95

Only machine of its size & price that counts to 999,999,999. Adds, subtracts, mult., div. Ideal for business, home, students, tax work. Send name, address. $2.95 plus pstg. COD, if ck. or M.O., we pay pstg. ($3.04 in Pa. incl. 3% tax). Leatherette case. 10-day money bk. guar. Agents wanted. Calculator Machine Co., Box 126, Dept. T-95, Huntingdon Valley, Pa.

BABY CALCULATOR

SHAG-BUCK CASUAL FOR BIG MEN ONLY!

Sizes 10 to 16 and choice of widths in this smart new King-Size Shag-Buck Casual! Dozens of shoe styles for dress, work, sport, in sizes 10 to 16, widths AAA to EEE! Sport and dress shirts with sleeves to 38 and 4" extra body length—for tall men! Fine quality! Satisfaction Guaranteed! Write for free style book! King-Size, 410 Brockton, Mass.

AMAZING STAR-FINDER—$1.98

Now you can identify 135 stars and 45 constellations instantly with this precision optical instrument that projects 30 different charts into the sky. Absorbing, accurate, educational for children and adults . . . a "must" for scouts. Easy-to-operate. Only $1.98 ppd. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-E Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.

1959 CREATION IN SHIRT ELEGANCE

Unusual box pleats with chain silk stitching on each pleat makes this shirt a new star in Lew Magram's collection. Perfect for business or dresswear. Lustrous white broadcloth. French cuffs. 14 to 17 neck, 29 to 35 sleeve. $6.95. Send check or M. O. No C. O. D. Member Diners' Club. Lew Magram, 830-7th Ave., Dept. CS-5, New York 19, New York.

552 DIFFERENT STAMPS $1

Just picture them! 12 Roosevelt memorials; United Nations mint issues from Laos, Liberia; Monaco honoring Pres. Eisenhower, Washington, Lincoln. Grace Kelly set of 5; Queen Elizabeth, Duke of Edinburgh issue; Hindenburg set of 17—552 all different—these and more for $1.00 to introduce our approvals. Dept. 5, Elmont Stamp Co., 61 W. 35 St., N. Y. 1.

MONACO

FOR $1.10 YOU GET 11 RUBBERSTAMPS

on 1 handle, all stamps you see on photo. Every stamp ready with a turn. No looking around to find the right one. Printing is 1¾" wide in big type. This is a factory-sellout and will never be repeated for this low price, so rush your order today! $1.10 ppd. Send Check or Money Order. Victor Schlesinger, 1212 6th Ave., New York 36, New York.

SALE

NEED AN OUTSIDE ELECTRICAL OUTLET?

UINSTAL-only do-it-yourself outdoor electrical outlet. Mounts in minutes on any house. Permanent, weathertight, no hot wires. Barbecue, lawn mowers, hedge trimmers, patio lights, all the convenience of electricity out-doors. Save $20 to $25. Only $4.95 pstg. pd. inclu. state and local taxes, if any. UINSTAL 4401 No. 22 St., Dept. C., Omaha 11, Nebr.

(Continued on next page)

MOTHER! VALUABLE BOOK FREE

"8 Mistakes Parents Make". Every parent should have this new book about child training. Covers all ages. By Ray C. Beery (Columbia & Harvard), author of "How to Bring out the Best in Your Child!" If you want to be prouder of your children both now and later, write today. Free. No obligation. Parents' Association, Dept. 1355-D, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

DON'T ENVY TALL MEN . . . BE ONE!

You "grow" almost 2 inches taller . . . instantly . . . when you step into "Elevators." These amazing height-increasing shoes are so smartly styled not even your closest friends will know you're wearing them. "Elevators" add to your height, your poise & confidence. For free booklet showing over 30 styles, write Stone Tarlow, Dept. 2-59, Brockton 68, Mass.

FREE KODAK FILM

We keep your camera loaded. For each b&w or Kodacolor roll you send for processing, we give you a fresh roll of same film free! B&W: 8 exp. roll developed & jumbo prints —89¢; 12 exp. roll—$1.09. Kodacolor: 8 exp. roll dev. & jumbo prints—$3.50; 12 exp.—$4.25. Send for free mailers. Film Craft, Box 2-CB, Mad. Sq. Sta., New York 10, N. Y.

Kodak
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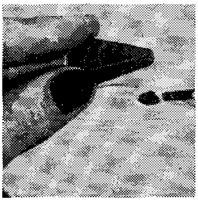
SAFE, SURE INSECT KILLER—$1

In two hours your home is completely rid of pests. Light Incense cone, place in ashtray. Airborne chemical penetrates every corner, kills flies, ants, moths, gnats, roaches, spiders, bed bugs, etc. Harmless to humans, pets, plants. No after odor. 17 cones. $1 ppd. Money back guarantee. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-E Damar Building, Elizabeth, New Jersey.



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Amazing new Turnword language boxes help you learn French, German, Spanish, Italian, Swedish quickly, easily. With 300 small self-pronouncing English-into-foreign word cards, pocket card-case, vocabulary booklet, pick up new language in spare moments. Each only $3.95. From your bookstore or Taplinger Pub. Co., 119 W. 57th, New York 19, N. Y.

Silver Linings continued

digging his own foxhole; under no circumstances was he to occupy another.

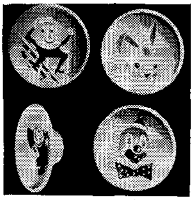
I was determined to make an example of the soldier for this serious infraction, in spite of his previous proven courage.

The last plane could still be heard departing as I called the wretched man. With great heat, I denounced him for cowardice and jeopardizing my life. He uttered no word, but mutely pointed to my trench which he had just vacated. Looking into the pit, I saw an immense cobra reposing where I might have been—its head neatly severed by the sharp kukri of the noble Fazil Dad. Ever since, I have appreciated fully the phrase, "Greater Love Hath No Man . . ." —W. H. L. SELLINGS (*Major, Ret.*)

RECENTLY, WHILE substitute teaching in one of our junior high schools,

STORY BOOK LAND IN BABY'S BEDROOM

Bring fabulous fairy-land characters like Humpty Dumpty, Peter Rabbit, Choo Choo Train, Happy Clown into your child's bedroom in the form of these beautiful 2½" pull knobs made of sturdy steel, durable colors; baked on enamel finish. Set of four only $1.00 postpaid. Order from: Monte Cristo Enterprises, P.O. Box 312, Goshen, Indiana.



GROWS 10 FT. FIRST YEAR—$1

Why wait years for a shade tree? Beautiful Tree of Heaven produces large branches with colored blossoms, after established. Mrs. Ogden, Rosemead, Cal. says: "Tree of Heaven I planted grew ten feet in 4 months." Enough seeds for an orchard of Sheltering trees—only $1 postpaid. Western World Products, 2611-C Tilden, Los Angeles 64. California.

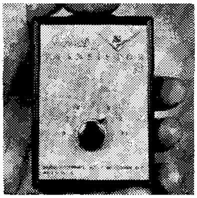
I found a textbook as I tidied up after class one day. Upon opening it, I recognized the last name of a little fellow whom I thought I knew. I showed him the book later and said, "I believe this belongs to you."

He opened the book, looked at the name and said, "It belongs to my brother." To my question asking what grade his brother was in, he replied, "He's a half a grade ahead of me because he's six months older than I am."

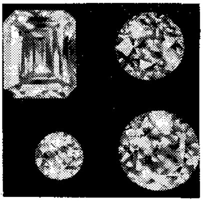
Before I had recovered from this remark, he volunteered, "One of us is adopted, but I've forgotten which one it is."

The words haunted me throughout the day as I tried to visualize the home where being adopted made so little difference that the child had actually forgotten. —PEARL SELLARDS

I CAME TO NEW YORK from a small Pennsylvania town. During the first few weeks in this enormous city, I


TRANSISTOR RADIO $7.95 POSTPAID

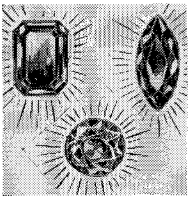
Most fabulous radio value ever offered! Size of cigarette package, yet thrilling performance! Includes Hi-Fi speaker-phone for private listening. Free 10 day trial. If not delighted, return for immed. refund. Uses two 10¢ batteries (included) which last up to 1000 hours. Order while supply lasts. Fred Klein, Dept. C-3, 528 E. 87th St., New York 28, New York.


MORE BRILLIANT THAN DIAMONDS!

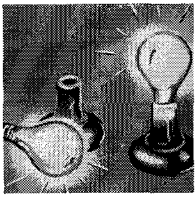
What could be finer than the new, man-made miracle gemstone? Here's Titania. Only $12 the carat. 1-carat in masculine 14K mounting $32. For the lady 1-carat in 14K mounting $25. Ideal for setting in mountings of your choice. Prices plus 10% F. T. Free ring size chart and brochure. Regent Lapidary Co., Dept. CD-41, 511 E. 12 St., N. Y. 9, N. Y.

WOMAN FINDS RELIEF FROM ITCH

"I nearly itched to death. Then I found Lanacane . . . Now I'm happy," says D. Ward. Here's blessed relief from torture and itch of vaginal irritations, hemorrhoids, chafing, rash, eczema, with amazing Lanacane Creme. Fast-acting medication kills harmful bacteria, soothes inflamed skin tissue. Stops scratching, speeds healing. Get Lanacane at Druggists.


AMAZING NEW GEM DISCOVERY

Brilliant fire & sparkle, blue white color. No one will believe it's synthetic, 58 facets, expertly cut, guar. for life against scratching, chipping, breaking. Ready to mount in ring, etc. Round, marquise, or emerald cut. Only $4.95 per carat. 1 to 7 carats. Money back guar. Specify number of cts. and cut. La Vive Co., 6 No. Third Ave., Mt. Vernon, New York.


GLOW-IN-THE-DARK LAMPS—$1

Light nighttime danger spots with these self-illuminating bulb-ettes that light up dangerous steps, sharp furniture, etc. No electricity or batteries needed—recharge themselves during day. Suction base attaches anywhere. A handy bedside night light. Set of 8. Only $1.00 ppd. Guaranteed. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-E Damar Building, Elizabeth, N. J.

SANITROL
Disposable
Flytrap

KILL FLIES OUTDOORS

Sanitary, disposable Fly Trap kills flies outside before they get indoors. For home, farm, business. Hang the chemically treated baited trap in tree or bush. Holds over 25,000 flies. No cleaning, messy handling. When filled, destroy entire trap. Set 30 ft. apart. Money back guar. 3 Fly Traps $1, ppd. Sunset House, 2836 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

JOHNNY GRASS HEAD—$1

A whacky touch of green to amuse your guests! Realistic bust of Johnny boasts a full head of live green grass "hair" 12 months a year. Apply seed we send, water—then watch Johnny's dome spout with living color. Easy to care for—only occasional "haircuts" needed. Only $1 ppd. Guaranteed. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-E Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.

(continued on next page)

NEW INVENTION FOR HARD OF HEARING

Exciting new invention gives hard of hearing the answer to their most dreaded problem . . . Eliminates "telephone embarrassment." Like a doctor's stethoscope, Twinfone conducts sound to both ears, feeds voice directly into ear canal. Fits any phone in seconds. $4.98 (2 for $9.00) North American Industries, Dept. NT4 101 West 31 St., N. Y. 1, N. Y.

MORE DAZZLING THAN DIAMONDS

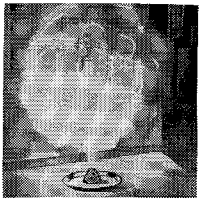
Diamonds cost at least $1000 for 1-carat, yet comparable selected 1-carat Capra Gem is only $27, tax incl. — 1/30 of diamond cost! Brilliantly beau. hand-cut & polished, amaz. Capra Gems acclaimed miracle of modern science. Priced within reach of all. Write for bklt. of easy-pay details. Send no money. Capra Gem Co., Dept. CT-59, P. O. 5145, Phila. 41.

STOP DOG & CAT DAMAGE—$1

Watch your pets and stray animals shy away from the spots you place Dog-Wick, the effective repellent. Use indoors and out on shrubs, trees, furniture. Ideal for pet training. Eliminates messy sprays. Long lasting, absolutely safe to pets and humans. Jar of 20 wicks. Only $1 ppd. Guaranteed. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-E Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, New Jersey.

$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME

and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box RA, Lynn, Massachusetts.



MOTH-KILLER TABLETS—$1

Just put one tablet on a dish, light with match, and a clean, white insecticidal cloud penetrates every corner to kill moths and larvae instantly. Ideal clothing protection in closet and storage areas. Leaves no tell-tale odor—perfectly safe. Jar of 25 tablets. Only $1 ppd. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-E Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.

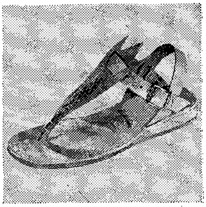
Silver Linings continued

was very depressed as the hustle and bustle and seeming aloofness of the people bewildered me.

Returning from work one blowy, rainy evening, I climbed the subway stairs slowly, for I was reluctant to face the long walk to my apartment in the driving rain. Coming down the wet stairs at the same time was an old man literally dressed in rags. In his hand he held a cap that contained a few coins. The man didn't see the policeman behind him as he held out the cap to me and asked, "Can you spare a penny, Miss?"

The policeman gently prodded the beggar, "Move on, Pop, you know it's against the law to panhandle."

The thoroughly frightened old man turned suddenly. Too suddenly, as he slipped and fell two or three steps, the cap and coins flying in all directions. Both the policeman and I



MADE ENTIRELY BY HAND

Men and women, for that casual feeling, choose the easy, airy comfort of natural color Water Buffalo sandals, entirely handmade of leather imported from India. Leather covered cork wedge, hand shaped to fit the arch. Women's version 3-11, $7.65. Men's sizes 6-13, $8.20. Ppd. Bloom's Dept. CO-59, 311 6th Ave., New York 14, N. Y.

WEAR MINK IN YOUR PONY TAIL

Luxurious, genuine mink adorns new Pony Pin-Up coated elastic band. Slips on and off painlessly, never tears the hair, molds contour of pony tails. If Mink Pony Pin-Up is not available at your department store notions counter, order direct, postpaid. Send $1.00 today to Lady Ellen, Department CF-56, Los Angeles 51, California.

rushed to his assistance. He wasn't hurt, but as he sat on the steps, his eyes filled with tears. "My money's gone," he said. "It was all I had."

As I searched for his pennies and nickels, I placed a bill in the cap and handed it to the policeman who put in the few coins he had found and returned the cap to its owner with a gruff warning, "Find a place to sleep tonight or I'll run you in." With that he left. How cruel, I thought as I started up the stairs only to be stopped again by the beggar. "Miss," he said, "thanks to you I'll have that place to sleep tonight. Six dollars will last a long while."

Seeing the five and one dollar bill he had taken from his cap convinced me that New York was a wonderful place after all.

I had given a dollar. But the gruff policeman had given five.

—FLORENCE MICHELONE

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

NEW MAGAZINE FOR WELL DRESSED MEN

Meet the new GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY. For the man who has a flair for living well and proves it by the way he dresses. Brimming with top fashion news; gift ideas; shopping tips; fashion-related topics. A handsome, king-size magazine, lavishly illus. Excellent gift. Appears 8 times a year. $6 by subscription. Write: GQ, Dept. C, 488 Madison Ave., N. Y.

NEW 5-FT. LONG BALLOONS

Delight Kiddies-Grown-Ups, too! Made of live latex, almost 5-Ft. long inflated. Balloons this size usually sell up to 25¢ each. Send only $1 now, plus 25¢ pstg. and hdlg. for 200 in variety of gay colors! Supply limited at this low price, so order several sets Now. Money Back Guar. Murray Hill House, Dept. B-49-A, P.O. Box 251, Bethpage, L. I., N. Y.

Twist into a Thousand Shapes

200 for $1.00

Giraffes — Dachshunds

Pets of All Kinds

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Your new world
for a better tomorrow
CAPE CORAL
FLORIDA

Get free book! See why thousands have purchased over $11,000,000 worth of waterfront homesites in Cape Coral! Cape Coral challenges comparison! Invites inspection! As little as $20 down & $20 a month! Send for free copy of "the Cape Coral Story" & read exciting facts. Gulf Guaranty Land & Title Co., Dept. D-2, 1771 N. Tamiami Trail, Ft. Meyers, Fla.

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Atlantic City combines all the elements of a good, carefree, funloving time—a threefold paradise of health, climate and entertainment—recreation for every age—amusement for every taste—fine accommodations in hundreds of hotels & motels for every pocket. For information write to Department C-3, Convention Hall, Atlantic City, New Jersey.

MIAMI BEACH

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Treat yourself to vacation perfection at the world's most-copied hotel. Luxurious room, lavish food, lively day-and-night diversion! 200 of 400 rooms: $10 daily per person, double occupancy, from May 1st. Why settle for less? Consult your travel agent or write The Saxony Hotel, On the Ocean at 32nd Street, Miami Beach, Florida.

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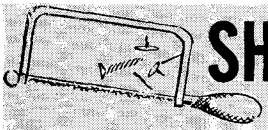

SHOPPING GUIDE

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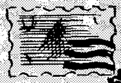

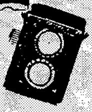

The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

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TALL-GALS of all ages buy shoes Direct by Mail. Smart 5th Av. styles as low as $9.95. Perfect fit. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 28-page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

MAKE Money Spare Time, Sewing Babywear, Play-Time Dresses; lacing Leather Moccasins; New Baby Sandals. Make $50.-$100. and more; fast, easy! No house selling! Free information. Send name to Cuties, Warsaw 151, Indiana.

FREE wedding catalog! Everything for the wedding, reception! Invitations, gifts for bridal party, table decorations, trousseau items. Unusual, exciting personalized items. Write: Elaine Creations, Box 824, Dept. 310, Chicago 42.

BARGAINS! Save money! Tremendous Values! Free illus. catalog. Savings up to 70%—jewelry, toys, watches, giftware, apparel, vitamins, luggage, furniture, etc. Buy for self or resale. Write for free catalog. The Norris Co., 445-C Broome St., N. Y.

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SEW? Save up to 50% or more with pre-cut Dresses, Skirts, Aprons, Children's Wear, Baby Wear. Finest materials and sewing supplies at big discounts. Catalog Free. Redikut's, Loganville 26, Wisconsin.

PERSONAL counsel on your figure and beauty problems. Add inches to bust, lose hip & waist bulges. Safe Hollywood methods by former film designer. For booklet send 10¢, your name & address to Charlene of Calif. Dept. CN, Box 98, Sunnymead, Calif.

$3.00 HOURLY possible for man or woman assembling rustic pump lamps at home spare time. Simple. Easy, no house canvassing. Write: Ougor Enterprises, Box 67, Caldwell, Arkansas.

FREE Catalog of Mexican imports. Purses, shoes, jewelry, gifts, etc. Save-buy direct from importer. Write: Northern Import Co., Reed City 94, Michigan.

NARROW FEET fitted! New Spring-Summer fashions in widths to AAAAAA (yes, 6 A's), sizes to 12. Write for Free style booklet. Order by mail. Perfect fit guaranteed or your money back. Mooney & Gilbert, 17 West 57th St., New York, N. Y.

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FREE 24 page "Family Shopper": lowest discount for jewelry; housewares; movie equip.; tools; electronics; appliances; Hi-Fi. Shopper Special reg. $10 "White Christmas" French perfume $1. Free copy: Lektron, 131C Everett Ave., Chelsea, Mass.

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NEW! Ladies! Electric Shaver, with leatherette case. Fully tested for extra close dry-shaving comfort. One year guarantee. Order now and save on special price of $2.98. Send check or M. O. to Excel, 59 Twelfth Ave., Newark 3, N. J.

FOR THE WOMEN

WIDE shoes for women. Now showing newest Spring styles & colors for all ages. Choose from all heel heights, widths C to EEE, all sizes 4 to 12. Only $4.95 to $10.95 money-back guarantee. Send today for free 16-page catalog showing all styles. Syd Kushner, Dept. C, 733 South St., Phila. 47, Pa.

$2.00 HOURLY possible, sewing our ready cut aprons at home. Spare or full time. Experience Unnecessary. Free details. Write: A & B Company, Caldwell 1, Arkansas.

MAKE $25 to $35 weekly addressing envelopes. Our instructions reveal how. Glenway, Dept. C, Box 6568, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

KILL the hair root! With the famous Mahler Hair Removal Epilator, you can destroy unwanted hair permanently in the privacy of your own home. Send 10¢ for "New Radiant Beauty" booklet to Mahler's Inc., Dept. 329F, Providence 15, Rhode Island.

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FAT men—tall men . . . Free new complete style catalog! Fat men sizes 44 to 60, tall men sizes 38 to 50 (6' to 6'11"). Complete apparel selection at low prices. Write Dept. 111, B. R. Page Co., 272 Ferris Ave., Providence 16, R.I.

EXCLUSIVE shirts for men. If you are proud of being "first with fashion," write to "Shirtmaker to the Stars" for free catalog. Frank Sinatra, Jackie Gleason, Bob Hope, Steve Allen, are some of customers. Lew Magram, Dept. CCC, 830-7th Ave., N.Y.C.

PROTECTS Your Car: a new solution to the vandalism problem. Vibrator alarm sets off horn the minute anyone tampers with car. Stops when tampering stops. Easily attached under hood. $9.95 Guar. Gregory, 316 Marion Bldg., Cleveland 13, Ohio.

GAME Warden, Government hunter, Forestry, Park & Wildlife Services announce job openings. All states. Enjoy outdoor work, good pay, real security. Compl. information. Free! Write Forestry & Wildlife Course, Dept. CC-905, 1038 S. LaBrea, Los Angeles.

ABRASO magic razor blade reconditioner gives you 100 clean, smooth, easy shaves from 1 blade. Lasts a lifetime. Guaranteed or money refunded price $1.49 postpaid. Raysol Products, 103 C. So. Broadway, Poplar Bluff, Mo.

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IF your child is a poor reader—See how The *Sound Way to Easy Reading can help him to read* and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course drills your child in phonics with records and cards. Easy to use. University tests and parents' reports show children gain up to full year's grade in reading skill in 6 weeks. Send postcard for free illustrated folder and low price. Bremner-Davis Phonics, Dept. J-16, Wilmette, Illinois.

DANCING Shoes-Costumes, Tap, Ballet, Toe and Acrobatic, Leotards, Tu Tus, Opera Hose, Tights, Fabrics, Skating Skirts, Baton Twirling Supplies, Boots, Plumes, Flame Batons, Uniform Supplies. Catalog 25¢. Quincon, Box 422T, Quincy, Mass.

FOR THE HOME

FOAM Rubber furniture cushions. Factory seconds—50% discount. Replace old spring and down cushions with comfortable lifetime Foam Rubber at ½ price. Send for free illustrated catalog. Perma-Foam, 390K Nye Avenue, Irvington, N. J.

KILL Lawn Weeds with R-H Weed Rhap Granular 2, 4-D. Ready to use—no mixing, measuring, spraying, drifting. Will not harm grass. $1.50 size covers average lawn. Reasor-Hill Corporation. Box 36-CO, Jacksonville, Arkansas.

MAGIC in its application this patented fastener replaces buttons on upholstered furniture in seconds, no tying or sewing, guaranteed to satisfy, 3 for $2 instructions inc. cash, ck, M.O. Tuft-Hold-Tite, Box 4127, Glendale 2, Calif.

REFRIGERATOR—2 cu. ft. for den, bar, office. Usually $129.95 only $98 in white. Mahogany, blonde $10 extra. Resists acid & stains. AC/DC. 5 yr. warr. Check w. order. Shipping collect. Active Equipment Supply, 1308-C Jericho Tpke., New Hyde Park, N. Y.

RUBBISH Bags, Heavy Duty 10 oz. New Burlap. Equipped with brass rings for easy hanging in garage, basement. Holds bushels of rubbish. Ideal for leaves, grass, papers, cans, etc. $1.69 or 3 for $5.00 ppd. No COD's. Atlas, 1283 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland 8, Ohio.

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GENUINE hand-painted oil portraits on silk or canvas—in full natural color—made from your favorite photo or snapshot—at surprisingly low cost. Write for full particulars. Amber Portraits, 758-A1-1 No. 27th St., Camden 5, N. J.

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CLEAN comfort for your pet, sling bed with removable canvas, black, green, red, white, on black wrought iron frame, 18x18—6.95, 27x21—8.95 both P.P. 36x27—12.95, 48x32—16.95, both Exp. charges collect. The Hitching Post, Sea Cliff, L. I., N. Y.

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WIN contest money. Every issue of the General Contest Bulletin has helped others win; gives hundreds of tips. Lists current contests and rules. Sample copy of magazine 25¢. General Contest Bulletin, 1609 East 5th, Dept. 400, Duluth 12, Minnesota.

FREE copy of "Prize Ideas" the publication that has launched many successful winners. Packed with prize winning aids, entries that have won, news of current contests. All-American School, Dept. CO, 1429 Spruce St., Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania.

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SAVE on Kodachrome & Kodacolor processing. *Kodacolor dev. 75¢; Jumbo prints, 25¢. Black &* white rolls—8 Jumbo prints in wallet 50¢, 12 exp. 65¢. Write for complete price list & Free mailer. Photo Whiz, Box 227-K, Mineola, N. Y.

KODACOLOR Trial Offer: enlarged prints from your Kodacolor negatives 15¢ each; or your 8 exposure Kodacolor film developed, enlarged only $2.00; 12 exp. $2.50. Return this ad with trial order or send for price list. Bell Color, Dept. C, Englewood, N. J.

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200,000 COLOR-SLIDES in stock covering the United States, Brussels Fair, & 75 foreign countries. Send 15¢ for 88 page US catalog; 3¢ for each foreign list to Capt. M. W. Arps, USN, ret., Box 1715, Washington 13, D. C.

TITLES and sub-titles add a professional touch to your show. Colorful illustrated 2 x 2 slides such as—"Let's start the show," "Want to see more," "The end," "My masterpieces," etc. Sample and color catalog—25¢. Filmfax (Dept. C2), 10 E. 43rd St., New York 17, N. Y.

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8MM., 16MM. COLOR movies, 2" x 2" color slides—biggest selection anywhere! Big discounts on cameras, projectors, supplies! Get free—every month—big, new 24-page newspaper-size bargain list! Blackhawk Films, Davenport 13, Iowa.

SEE the world in color. 8mm-16mm. Kodachrome movies. America, Europe, Africa, South Seas, Alaska, Hawaii. Also war films. 175 subjects. Low prices. Write World in Color, Box 392 C, Elmira, N. Y.

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SEND $1.00 for unique kit of materials to make a beautiful, colorful, 1½ x 3' wall decoration in 3-dimensional, 8-color design. Assemble this exciting conversation piece from simple illus. instr. Adell's P. O. Box 182, Westminster, Calif.

FOR HOBBYISTS

MAKE 3D true-to-life bird & dog models with ply-craft. Easy to do. Looks as if handcarved. No tools needed. New, exciting hobby. Special trial offer: 4 models $1.—12 models $2. Money-back guarantee. Zenith Corp., Dept. T-12, Queens Village, N. Y.

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"HOW To Train Horses"—A book everyone who likes horses or ponies should have. Free. No obligation. Simply address Beery School of Horsemanship, Dept. 1455, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

FOR THE GARDEN

10 ROSE BUSHES ONLY $3.98 ppd. Direct from nursery, 4-reds, 3-pinks, 1 white, 1 tutone, 1 yellow. Guar. to satisfy! Send $3.98 check, cash, or M.O. today for each 10 desired. Last call! Supply dwindling! Flint Rose Nurseries, Box 83-C3, Tyler, Texas.

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COLLECTIONS of gorgeous modern varieties tall, bearded Iris. For beginners, fanciers, dealers, garden clubs, hybridizers. Pool orders for lowest price. Best rhizomes anywhere. Guaranteed to grow or we replace. Send for free catalog describing over 500 beauties. Iris Test Gardens, Inc., 2307 Butterfield Road, Yakima, Washington.

(Continued on next page)

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80 Different U. S. Stamps, includes 19th Century, Commemoratives, High Values. Plus 1943 Flag Stamp of occupied Nations. All for only 25¢. Approvals included. Willett Co., Box 338D, Yorktown Hts, N. Y.

WORLD'S best buy! 1000 different world-wide stamps valued over $20.00. Offered to introduce our unique services to beginning and semi-advanced collectors for only $1.00. U. S. and Packet price lists included. Universal Service, Box 6, Kenosha 15, Wisc.

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Jolly Judges

by Will Bernard

A KANSAS JUDGE lived on a farm near the Missouri border. His back fence was located squarely on the boundary line between the two states. One day he was perched on the fence when his son and a farm hand got into a fist fight.

"Gentlemen," chided the judge, "in the name of the State of Kansas, and by virtue of the authority vested in me, I command you to desist."

Just then the fence collapsed and the judge landed in Missouri. Arising, he yelled: "Give him hell, son! I just lost my jurisdiction!"

SALMON P. CHASE, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, visited the South during Civil War Reconstruction days. At a public function, he was introduced to a Southern beauty who remained fiercely loyal to the Confederate cause.

"Mr. Chase," she told him defiantly, "you see before you a rebel who has not been reconstructed."

With a gallant bow that let him scan her handsome figure, Chase replied: "Madam, in your case reconstruction would be blasphemy."

A NEW YORK JUDGE once invited a colleague to join him for an afternoon of sailing. Unaccustomed to the sea, the guest paled noticeably as a brisk wind caused the vessel to pitch and toss.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" his host asked solicitously.

"Yes, Your Honor," was the reply. "Please overrule this motion."

WHEN THE GREAT John Marshall headed the Supreme Court, the justices usually lunched together. No wine was served at these luncheons except in rainy weather.

One day, Marshall said hopefully to Associate Justice Story: "Brother Story, step to the window and see if it looks like rain."

Story returned glumly with the news that the sun was shining brightly.

"It doesn't matter," Marshall shrugged. "Our jurisdiction extends over so large a territory that it must be raining somewhere."

A PENNSYLVANIA judge was invited to address the graduating class of a Southern law school. As he entered Commencement Hall, he saw on the swinging door the word "push." The thought struck him that this would make a fine theme for his speech.

"Gentlemen," he began, "as I entered this beautiful hall, a word met my eye which I wish you all to take as a motto in your professional careers."

To a man, his audience turned and looked back at the door. Inscribed there in bold letters (since this was the reverse side of the door) was the word—"Pull." ♛

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